

December 20, 1961

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CHRISTMAS
EVE
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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● City-dwellers who spent most of the recent big Wet wondering whether even the windows would hold will sympathise with Mrs. Ron Miles. She has 43 windows.

MRS. MILES, with her husband and three children, lives on Troughton Island, off the Western Australian coast (page 5).
She said: "When a storm comes up I have to go around locking and barring everything and closing those 43 windows."

★ ★ ★
THE illustration for our aboriginal house names feature (pages 28, 29) is a detail of a painting by Australian artist Charles Roderick Purnes-Smith, which is now in New York.

Because of the different aboriginal dialects, spellings, and pronunciations we consulted several sources:

- "Australian Aboriginal Words and Their Meanings," by H. M. Cooper.
- "Australian Aboriginal Place-Names and Their Meanings," by James R. Tyrrell.
- "New South Wales Aboriginal Place-Names and Euphonious Words with Their Meanings," by F. D. McCarthy.
- "Australian Aboriginal

Our cover

● Recognise the girl with the bowl of cherries? She's Sydney's 1961 "Model of the Year," 21-year-old Pamela Quinn. But if you didn't recognise her, don't be surprised. For our cover picture Pam is wearing a brunette wig, which is very different from her own reddish-auburn hair. Pam uses the wig to change her appearance for different model assignments. Pam has been a model for 2½ years. Now, after her success as "Model of the Year," she plans a trip to the U.S. in June. Cover picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

Words and Place-Names and Their Meanings," by Sydney J. Endacott.

● "Vocabularies of Four Representative Tribes of South-Eastern Queensland," by F. J. Watson.

CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT

● The annual Carols by Candlelight Festival will be held in Hyde Park, Sydney, next Sunday, December 17. Proceeds from the sale of programmes, candles, and holders will benefit the Rachel Forster Hospital.

The programme contains the words of ten Christmas carols.

A carillon recital from Sydney University will open the programme at 6 p.m. The Lord Mayor will light the Christmas tree at 8 p.m. to start the carol singing. There will be four choirs and two bands at the Festival, which is sponsored by the Daily Telegraph, the Sunday Telegraph, and Radio 2UW.

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RON RANDELL AND LAYA



● When Australian-born actor Ron Randell arrived in Sydney last week for the premiere of the film "King of Kings," it was his wife, Laya Raki, who attracted most of the attention.

JAVANESE-GERMAN actress-dancer Laya is always likely to end up in the headlines, although her career is negligible compared with her husband's.

Ron Randell starred in the Australian-made "Smithy" 15 years ago, then went to Hollywood. Today, at 41, he is an American citizen with an international accent and somewhat battered masculine international-style good looks.

In "King Of Kings" he plays Lucius, the Roman centurion who is converted to Christianity.

Ron has been married twice before; first to an American girl he met in his early years in Hollywood, then to wealthy Melbourne-born Marie Keith.

He and Laya were married four

years ago in London. Both were an hour late for the wedding.

Soon after, he tried to get Laya the lead in "The World Of Susie Wong," but instead was himself signed to play opposite France Nuyen in the play's Broadway production.

Since then they've been constantly on the move with Ron's stage and film-making commitments — Laya's luggage always overweight, Laya always searching frantically for some shoe or vital part of her wardrobe mislaid in the hotel suite.

With her natural black hair recently blonded as the result of a moment's whim, Laya now looks a little like Brigitte Bardot.

And, as friends claim for Brigitte, Laya, too, is child-like, disorganised, unrestrained, friendly, and quite winning.

Picture by staff photographer RON BERG.

Worth Reporting

ELECTRICAL engineer Mr. Lloyd Owen, of Concord, N.S.W., has long been unhappy about the way beds take up too much of today's diminishing floor space.

Beds, decided Mr. Owen, normally occupied for only eight out of 24 hours, should be made to "work" during the rest of the day.

So he has emerged from his workshop with a bed that is really useful all the time.

Folded up against the wall, his bed makes a handsome 16-inch-deep cabinet against the wall. The bedhead makes a spacious 6ft. 6in. long shelf for, say, flowers, knick-knacks, books.

Opened, it is a 6ft. x 3ft. bed. Without the bedclothes it makes an elegant black and gold upholstered settee for day use.

Swing the cabinet front up and flick down two legs and you have a 6ft. x 3ft. dining table.

This can seat five people (or, pushed out from the wall, three more); it can be used as a work-table or desk.

All those changes can be made in a matter of seconds.

Friends of Mr. Owen have suggested variations to make the bed also become a cocktail cabinet and a double bed.

Mr. Owen is working on these ideas. Meantime, estimated retailing cost of his "bed that never sleeps," in its existing form, is £70 to £80.

THE sight of two angels representing good and evil precariously perched high above either side of the stage made audiences at performances of Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus" at the Old Vic, London, somewhat apprehensive. However, they were unlikely to fall. But not because of faith in the strength of either vice or virtue. They were wearing safety-belts.

Would do for the Earl

LIKE to try a recipe that couldn't be more topical—Snowdon Pudding?

It used to be served in a hotel at the foot of Welsh Mt. Snowdon to hungry climbers and became famous about 60 or 70 years ago.

Mrs. Muriel Hamilton, of Singleton, N.S.W., came across it in an old copy of an English magazine.

YOU NEED: Three ounces raisins, 4oz. suet, 4oz. breadcrumbs, 1oz. cornflour, a pinch of salt, grated rind of a lemon, 3oz. orange or lemon marmalade, 3oz. pale brown sugar, 3 well-beaten eggs.

METHOD: Ornament a well-buttered basin with flattened raisins, pressing them firmly into butter. Mix suet, breadcrumbs, cornflour, and salt, the grated lemon rind, marmalade, and sugar. Add the well-beaten eggs and beat thoroughly until mixed. Spoon very gently into the basin so as not to displace the raisins.

Cover with buttered papers and steam 50 minutes. Traditionally served with wine sauce.

Girls win on points

NEXT to judo and a high-scream, stiletto heels can be a girl's best weapon in repelling the male molester—according to an interesting encyclopedia, "Woman's World," recently published in Melbourne.

Discussing the stiletto defence in a chapter called "If Attacked," the editors advise: "Stamp down with all of your strength on his instep or toes . . . kicks on knee, shin, and ankle are equally good."

"Woman's World" is beautifully produced, is priced at 10 guineas, and covers feminine interests such as beauty, home-making, babies, and budgeting.

Engaged couples deciding to pool resources for a business venture or for the joint purchase of property are advised to do so "only on a strictly business basis."

"Don't," the book says, "rely on your emotions to guide you . . . no young man worthy of your love will be offended at your request for business dealings on a legal basis."

Along with "Happy Housekeeping" hints, there are interesting work schedules not only for "Full-time Housewife" but for "Two On Their Own" and "Part-time Working Wife."

We liked the "Two On Their Own" suggestion "Weekdays (before work) A gets breakfast, B puts away left-over food, scrapes and soaks the dishes. Both make beds and tidy bedrooms."

There you are—as easy as A, B, see!



• The bed becomes a dining table (right), a settee, or a cabinet.

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YOUR BOOKSHELF

By JOYCE HALSTEAD

"On Top Of The World"

Lesley Rowlands (Ure Smith) 22/6.

"Set in Finland, this "autobiographical novel" tells of the Australian "Miss" who went to teach English to business groups in a small Finnish town. Since the war English has replaced German as the language of trading. Very funny dialogue brings the Finnish characters engagingly to life, starting with Mister Haukalaiki, who was Organiser-in-Chief of "Our Miss." Upon her arrival in the town, Miss was put in a modern flat and solicitously treated to constant phone calls as to her welfare from "English class" welcomers.

An ability to laugh at herself provides some quite hilarious passages, as for instance when she was roped into the "all-town" skiing race. Entrants started according to age groups—the youngest first. Miss, going flatteringly near the beginning, was soon passed by the thirties, and forties. Finally, the nineties glided by, quite some time before she reached the post to be greeted by the kind, under-

standing Finns with a polite, if quiet, cheer. The book conveys a sense of being right in there among the ice and snow, the cosy comfort of well-heated rooms, the entertaining English classes, and the gay parties.

"The Saturday Book"

Edited by John Hadfield (Hutchinson), 43/6.

This unique annual scrapbook celebrates its 21st birthday with a retrospective issue. Born as the bombs began to fall, with Georgian silver spoons and Victorian flower pieces between its pages of high-quality paper, it never allowed war-time restrictions to alter its first handsome appearance. This edition contains a picture history "of our own times"; 21 years of Fashion—how awful the "New Look" looks; 21 years of films—remember Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy, and "Citizen Kane"; of jazz; of travel (see page 60 for wrong spelling of Sydney). Four famous writers look back to their 21st birthdays, and an alphabetical picture parade shows many curiosities.

An island where money grows

By WINIFRED MUNDAY, staff reporter

● If you want to save money do what the Miles' of Sydney did. Find yourself an island with no television, no cinema, no restaurants, no visitors to have to dress up for—and watch your bank savings pile up.

THE hope of saving money was one reason why Ron Miles took a job as wireless operator on remote Troughton Island, off the Western Australian coast, two and a half years ago.

Now he and his 24-year-old wife, Patricia, have a nice little four-figure nest-egg in their bank account.

Troughton appears only on navigation maps, is about 100 miles north-west of Wyndham, nine miles off the mainland, and is only three-quarters of a mile square.

It is small and low, rising out of the ocean and surrounded by a coral reef.

The Miles', with their three-year-old daughter, Vicki Maree, and seven-month-old twins, Sheryllyn Anne and Carolyn Dianne, live in a prefabricated fibro house.

Their only neighbors are a fellow-employee of the Department of Shipping and Transport and his wife.

Ron's job is to guide ships around the north of Australia through the radio direction-finding station and the automatic marine radio beacon on the island.

Now the Miles' are in Sydney on three months' leave. There was a reunion party at Pat's parents' Lakemba home the day they arrived.

While the couple's parents made friends with Vicki, who was five months old when they last saw her, and the twins, whom they had never seen, Pat's sisters admired Ron's thick blond beard.

He was clean-shaven when he left Sydney and they teased him about going native.

Pat told me something of what "going native" really means on Troughton Island.

"The lighthouse ship s.s. Cape Ottway calls six times a year," she said.

"It brings us all our groceries and deep-frozen meat and frozen vegetables, flour, and tinned food.

"Then once every four or five weeks the State ship comes in with fresh fruit, fresh vegetables, mail, and books.

"Even then the ships can't come right in, because we have no landing stage. They just lower a boat and bring the supplies in that way.

"The rest of the time we see only the neighboring couple.

"Our main entertainment is the radio (the commercial station at Darwin), but there is a concrete tennis court and, of course, swimming, fishing, and

coral-reef exploration for those who want them."

Pat said one of the joys of living on an island was the informality it enabled in dress.

She wears shorts all the time, and Vicki wanders round in tiny pants—minus shoes.

Until the twins were born Pat's only hobbies were knitting, sewing, and reading.

"But now I don't get time," she said.

"The last five books I had brought from the mainland are still in their wrappers."

The Miles' house has all mod. cons. — hot-water service, refrigerator, two deep-freezers, washing-machine, electric light operated from a diesel-powered generator.

"But I have to bake all my own bread and biscuits — I have the flour delivered in

50lb. bags — and make ice-cream for Vicki," said Pat.

"The only thing I really miss is having relatives and friends visit me and visiting them in their homes."

At Lakemba, between playing with her young cousins, Vicki kept taking time off to watch her grandparents' TV set, a wonder she was seeing for the first time.

"This is the first opportunity she's had to play with other children," said Pat.

"On the island she talks to the lizards. They are such friendly little things and her only playmates. She doesn't really understand yet what birthdays and Christmas are.

"Last year the men on the M.V. Koojarra bought her a walking doll for Christmas, but otherwise it was much like any other day.

"While we're on leave here we are making it up to her, taking her round the stores to

see Santa Claus and to the Zoo.

"I'm looking forward myself to seeing the sights. I'm sure I'll be afraid to cross the roads after all this time.

"As soon as I reached the mainland I rushed into a shop to buy a bottle of lemonade, it was such a thrill to pay for something over the counter."

Pat admitted that, much as she loved her isolated home, lack of a child-welfare clinic could be troubling.

For instance, when the twins were born, Pat was reckoning on having only one baby right up to the minute that the first twin was born, and the doctors at the Derby hospital had detected only one heartbeat when she'd arrived there six weeks before the expected birth.

The Flying Doctor had landed on the island to take Pat to the hospital. Vicki went, too, for an operation.

"She'd had a hernia for some time," said Pat, "but, as it didn't require immediate attention, we waited until I had to go to hospital before taking her to have it put right."

Pat laughed when she remembered that while waiting for the twins to be born she had a craving for rich French pastries — one thing she couldn't have on the island.

Catering isn't easy there.

"We have chickens for fresh eggs, and sometimes kill one to supplement the meat supplies," said Pat.

"But if I miscalculate on the food list we sometimes have to spend the last day or two on spaghetti and baked beans. I refuse to eat them while we're on leave!"

There are no trees on the island apart from mangroves, but Ron has managed to raise a few shrubs and tomatoes.



TROUGHTON ISLAND, off the Western Australian coast, is surrounded by a coral reef.



MR. AND MRS. MILES (left) with three-year-old Vicki. New additions to the family are twin girls. One (above) is weighed in makeshift fashion — in a washing-up basin atop kitchen scales.

NEXT WEEK: OUR CHRISTMAS ISSUE

● "Australian Christmas"

How Australia celebrates Christmas—so different from the traditional Christmas of older countries. An eight-page picture-book illustrated with glowing color to send to relatives and friends overseas.

● For holiday reading

Big fiction section with special Christmas stories by best-seller authors Pearl Buck and Elizabeth Goudge, a suspense story by H. E. Bates, and another long instalment of Agatha Christie's new mystery, "The Pale Horse."

● Hats—of hair

For a new look at Christmas parties, hair-hats designed by Hollywood actress Shirley Jones. All you need — your own shining hair, a pretty style, and artificial flowers.

● In Teenagers' Weekly

Color cover of Patsy Ann Noble and Tony Brady in costume for Sydney's Phillip Theatre pantomime, "Alice In Wonderland." Also: Debbie's recipes for Christmas drinks and biscuits.

● Christmas tables

In color: Three decorative Christmas tables, with full directions for setting them.

● Featuring ham

How to make the most of every slice of your Christmas ham in savory main-course dishes.

● Christmas with the Limbs

Full-page color picture of TV husband-and-wife team Bobby Limb and Dawn Lake with their daughter Debbie and a glittering Christmas tree.

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And then there were twenty ...

● A simple half-hour wedding ceremony in Carmel, California, recently joined two people together plus 18 children.

THE man is Chief Warrant Officer Francis L. Beardsley, a navy career man, who was a widower with ten children, and the bride is Helen North, a 31-year-old widow with eight children.

The former Mrs. North's husband, Navy Lieut. Richard North, died in a plane crash last year.

Chief Warrant Officer Beardsley's wife died last year after a brief illness, and they were brought together after Mrs. North sent Beardsley a prayer "which had been a source of comfort for me, and I thought it might help him."

The newlyweds are adding three bedrooms to the five-bedroom Beardsley home and increasing the bathrooms from three to five.

On the Navy's books, Chief Warrant Officer Beardsley, aged 45, is now listed officially as a "restaurant" because of the number of meals served at his home, and the family is entitled to buy at wholesale prices from the commissary.

The family buys 50 loaves of bread at a time.



● Family group in the historic old Carmel Mission immediately after the ceremony. Oldest of the children is Michael Beardsley, aged 17, and the youngest is Theresa North, one year. "This," said the new Mrs. Beardsley, "is my happiest day."



● Left: The newlyweds with baby Theresa North, accompanied by best man, Larry Slattery, and his wife (sister of bride).



● The Beardsley home on a hill near the Spanish church. To accommodate the eight new members of the family three new bedrooms, two new bathrooms are being added.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 20, 1961

NEXT WINTER'S SHOES

● The new winter shoes are boots. They are called Bois Bottines (literally, woods boots) in Paris, where they have stalked back into fashion under the impetus of Dior shoe designer Roger Vivier. As shown here, they're practical and chic.

Local manufacturers say that these, or shoes like them, will be available in Australia by early in the coming year. Their name? Bush Boots.

Meantime, in the United States, the sturdy, low-heeled shoe is making a big comeback, not only for daytime but also for evening wear.



LEFT: Low-heeled winter boot by Dior designer Roger Vivier in black patent and red cloth. Note chisel toe. ABOVE: High-heeled Vivier design, curved round the ankle, with a ribbon tie.

"East Lynne" in Sydney

● The combination of a Melbourne man's enterprise and a new production of "East Lynne," the hoary melodrama based on Mrs. Henry Wood's 100-year-old tear-jerker novel, has restored tears and laughter to one of Sydney's sad and empty suburban picture shows.

THE theatre is Neutral Bay's old "Southern Cross," a veteran from the days of silent movies, which for a while, before its lights finally went out, became both a rock-'n-roll dance hall and a roller-skating rink.

Melbourne musician George Miller got the brainwave of converting the theatre into a replica of an English music hall of the Victorian era and of staging "East Lynne" as after-dinner entertainment.

It wasn't a new field for him, for he has had the play running at his Bowl Music Hall in Melbourne for 18 months — and it's still drawing packed houses.

At Neutral Bay, in keeping with the new Victorian decor of the old "Southern Cross" (potted palms, velvet drapes, and mock marble), the tearful melodrama is presented with all the traditional flourishes of villainous asides, pathetic hand-wringings, and soulful songs.

In youthful patrons this produces gales of spontaneous laughter. But some older ones, with memories of the book, have been seen to wipe away a few tears.

The old music-hall spirit of the evening is maintained by waiters in

shirtsleeves and fancy waistcoats moving among the tables where members of the audience sit drinking and smoking as they watch the play.

Shouted words of warning and advice to the heroine, jeers and hisses to the villain are all the order of the evening.

The late English actor Philip Stainton, a lifelong "East Lynne" devotee, who had played many of its roles, originally produced the play in Melbourne.

His widow, Bette Bailey-Stainton, is producer for both companies, and in Sydney plays the second Mrs. Carlisle, mistress of the stately home East Lynne.

The company which treads the boards at the Music Hall is youthful and high-spirited. Off-stage, its members break readily into Goon sounds, charleston steps, the carolling in tremolo voices, of sentimental drawing-room ballads, and hip talk.

Their backgrounds include Shakespeare, little theatre, radio, "My Fair Lady," TV, and ballet.

But whatever their experience, it's safe to say that they've never enjoyed themselves so much as they have with the dated dramatics of "East Lynne," played straight-faced—for laughs.

— AINSLIE BAKER



THE VILLAIN of "East Lynne," the debonair cad Sir Francis Levison, elopes with lovely Lady Isabelle, causing her downfall. In the Neutral Bay production the villain is played by Barry Creyton (above).

BEFORE DISASTER STRIKES. East Lynne's youthful master and mistress pose (below). They are the upright lawyer Archibald Carlisle (Andrew Lodge) and his wife, Lady Isabelle (Fernande Glyn).



THE AUDIENCE WATCHES a scene from "East Lynne," now being staged as after-dinner entertainment in a converted picture theatre in Neutral Bay. In the melodrama, after Archibald Carlisle remarries, Lady Isabelle (deserted by Sir Francis Levison) returns in disguise to her old home as governess to Little Willie, her own child. He dies and so, after a reconciliation with her husband, does Lady Isabelle. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



"CLOSE THE SHUTTERS, WILLIE'S DEAD." Surrounding the deathbed of East Lynne's Little Willie, "a sweet, frail lad," who is played by Katharine McGarrity, are several members of the talented cast of the Neutral Bay production.



GOSSIPS AT WORK. The straitlaced Aunt Cordelia (Cecilia Sands) and Mr. Dill (Philip Ross), a nosy confidential clerk.

"WHEN OTHER LIPS." The second Mrs. Carlisle (Bette Bailey - Stainton) sings the number once sung by the Lady Isabelle.



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MARY COLES' SOCIAL

A SINGLE strand of real pearls inherited from her grandmother noted Sydney hostess the late Mrs. T. H. Kelly, will set off the haired Carol Kelly's white delustrated satin gown at her marriage to Lieutenant Terry Jones, R.A.N., on December 15.

It's to be a full naval wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, and Carol will be attended by Lynn Rainbow, who has just returned from abroad, Jill Kinsela, and Judy Lee Solomon.

They're wearing long dresses of white silk shantung and carrying creamy-yellow roses.

Carol is the daughter of Mrs. Carleton Kelly, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. Kelly, and the bridegroom is the son of Mrs. H. Jones, of Darling Point, and the late Dr. Jones.

After a reception at the Carlton-Rex Hotel following the ceremony, Carol will change into an absolute pet of a pale lilac chiffon frock and jacket, trimmed with deeper lilac and blue flowers, to wear when Terry whisks her off on their "destination unknown" honeymoon.

WHIRL of pre-wedding parties for Carol Kelly and Terry Jones include a cocktail party for about twenty friends given by Major and Mrs. Paddy Russell at their new town residence—a dream of a home unit at Winslow Gardens, Darling Point. The furnishings reflect Mrs. Russell's striking personality, with wonderfully vivid colorings and specially designed custom-built furniture.

THE lovely young Duchess of Kent wore a simple turquoise-blue blouse when Judy Cassab painted her in London a few weeks ago. Judy emphasised the Duchess' youth and radiance with a sunshiny-yellow background—the feeling of sunshine even showing through the blouse. The portrait was completed in five sittings (spiced with conversation and coffee) at Judy's one-room studio flat in Knightsbridge. During her two months abroad Judy also completed an unfinished portrait of Princess Marina, who came from Kensington Palace for the sittings, and she also had a showing of her abstract paintings at the Crane Kalman Gallery, in Brompton Road. Art-lovers who shopped for canvases at her exhibition included the Leader of the British Labor Party, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell. He bought "The Desert." Judy is now putting her painting aside to spend Christmas in the Blue Mountains bush-walking, swimming, and relaxing at Blackheath with her husband, John Kampfner, and their sons, John and Peter.

HIGHLIGHT of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Webber's recent trip to Japan was spending four days as the guests of Mr. Yoshitake Mikimoto and his wife at their magnificent home in Tokio. Mr. Mikimoto is a grandson of the founder of the cultured pearl industry in Japan. He claims he's the largest employer of labor in the world—with five million oysters working for him! Two were specially recovered from the ocean bed in the presence of the Webbers and their pearls extracted as a present for Mrs. Webber. They're now being set into a piece of jewellery which Mrs. Webber will give to the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital for use as a fund-raiser.

ATTRACTIVE Elisabeth Mulley will wear a Sydney-made white silk gown when she weds American Dr. Frank Trotto at St. Alban's Church, Washington, D.C., on December 16. Elisabeth's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mulley, took the dress with them when they left recently for the United States to attend the wedding. Elisabeth has been on the secretarial staff of the Australian Embassy in Washington for the past two years. She and Dr. Trotto will have a brief honeymoon in Mexico and a delayed longer one next June, when they'll make a trip to Australia.

A HOUSE in Melbourne Avenue, Cottesloe, will be the home of the Officer in Charge of the Australian Fleet Rear-Admiral W. H. Harrington, and his wife and their family when Admiral Harrington takes up his new appointment as First Naval Member early in the New Year. They have four children, Susan, Simon, Tom, and Teresa. Before her marriage Mrs. Harrington was South Australian Miss Janet Winsor, a daughter of Mr. Leigh Winsor, a noted personality in Government House, Adelaide, for many years as private secretary to South Australian Governors.

IT'S my guess that the gayest Christmas party of the week is the one Dr. and Mrs. I. A. Listwan are giving at their beautiful waterfront home at New Piper on December 14. Two hundred guests will be entertained indoors and in the garden, which will be ablaze with flaming torches. There'll be champagne cocktails served from huge punchbowls, carved ice and wonderful Polish samosas made from recipes brought by the bride from her homeland when she and her husband settled here fourteen years ago. The Listwans' garden will be in a festive mood again next week, when the St. Lighthouse Committee has its children's Christmas party there on December 15.

BRIDE-ELECT Margaret Rogers, Roseville, who weds Bernard Harris, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harris of Pymble, on December 15, is a granddaughter of Boer War Victoria Cross winner the late James Rogers. Margaret will be attended at the ceremony at St. John's Church, Gordon, by her mother, Caroline (who is leaving for abroad on the Orion on December 30), Susan and Mrs. Robert Costello. After a reception at the Roseville Golf Club, given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Rogers, the young couple will set off for the Queensland Gold Coast. Bernard's grandmother, Mrs. Western Walsh, is coming down for the wedding, is going to stay on in Sydney for several weeks, that Margaret and Bernard can be moon at her lovely home at Southport.

MRS. JAMES CONNOLLY, of Roseville, is on the hunt for some super in the boomerang line to send Mr. and Mrs. Cicin Yiloiz, Turkish Consul of her daughter Felicity and Margaret Newham. It is to say "thank you" to them for their wonderful hospitality to the girls, who were recently guests at the lovely home in Istanbul following a chance meeting with their son, Yiloiz. He travelled in the same compartment as Felicity and Margaret on train to Istanbul, and on arrival he asked his parents if they would drive the girls to their hostel. Mr. and Mrs. Yiloiz promptly went one better, and said, "We'll be with us instead of at the hostel." One of the thrills of their visit was going up at 4 a.m. and driving several miles to see the unforgettable sight of the rising over the Bosphorus. Felicity asked her mother to send Mr. and Mrs. Yiloiz a boomerang, knowing that they'll have mastering the art of throwing it—and also for the novelty value of something so very Australian in Turkey.

I HEAR Marcia Nock and Jack Clark have chosen January 25 for their wedding at Wesley Chapel. Marcia is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Nock, "Nelungaloo," Nelungaloo, and a daughter of the late Hon. H. K. Nock, a one-time Federal Member for Rosebury and Assistant-Minister of External Affairs.

ROUNDABOUT

JUST WED: Dr. Malcolm Lane Brown and his bride, formerly Miss Penny Horn, arriving at the home of the bride's parents, Commander and Mrs. J. S. Horn, at Woolahra, for reception following their wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. With them are best man Mr. Gary Seaton (at left) and page boys Simon Crane and Nigel White (right) and bridesmaid Miss Julia McFarlane. Guy Griffin, aged three, was also a page at the ceremony. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lane Brown, of Austinmer. The young couple left later to spend a month honeymooning in Tahiti.



GUEST-OF-HONOR Lady De L'Isle, wife of the Governor-General (centre), chatting with Mrs. A. H. Chartres and Sir Charles Moses (on the right), at the Sydney Symphony Orchestra's Christmas party at the A.B.C. Orchestral Studio, King's Cross. At left are Lady Moses and Dr. J. R. Darling, chairman of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.



BETWEEN DANCES. From left, Mr. Robert Smith, Miss Marion Medcalf, Miss Pamela Orr, and Mr. John Pigott, chatting together at the University of New South Wales' "Recovery Ball" in the Union Hall. Amusing pink elephants, made of cardboard and huge packets of headache tablets, were a feature of the decor at the ball.



AFTER their wedding at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, on December 15, Miss Bettina Madden and Mr. Bill Henty (couple at left) will leave for abroad in the Oceania. Miss Madden is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Madden, of Bellevue Hill, and her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Henty, of Launceston, Tasmania.



AT RANDWICK. Pictured at left, Mrs. Paul Martin, of "Rotherwood," Cassilis, Mrs. Rupert Moxes, of "Wandewoi," Singleton (centre), and Mrs. Harold Bishop, of "Bando," Gunnedah (at right) were a smart trio at the A.J.C. twilight meeting.

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Here's a gift
she'll love...



Every woman knows that Three Flowers is a truly luxurious and fragrant talcum. It's *super-fine*... *super-absorbent* and gorgeously feminine. That's why, when you give Three Flowers Talcum this Christmas, she'll appreciate your gift as a very special one. *Decide now... this Christmas give Three Flowers Talcum!*

Three Flowers—gaily wrapped
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IDEA! Give her Three Flowers in the new
large size—it's three times larger and she'll
appreciate your gift that much longer! **ONLY 6/11**



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FATHER



"BRAVO!"

MOTHER



"We're going to give all our toys
to poor little kids who haven't any
... so Santa will see we need lots
more!"

It seems to me

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL began his 87th birthday with a breakfast of oysters and white wine.

Sir Winston, who already belongs to history, will be remembered as a great leader and a great orator. He deserves to be remembered also as a man with an independent outlook on food.

I can never see why people who like oysters for dinner should reel back if offered them for breakfast.

The wine is perhaps unsuitable for those who still go out to earn their livings. Wine for breakfast might lead to a frivolous approach to the morning mail on the desk.

But personally, though I commonly eat the conventional tea and toast, I would eat a plate of oysters if they were "put in front of me," as people say.

When I have a party I usually finish up the olives for breakfast. Savories get soggy, but salami isn't bad.

Of course, one can see the reason for the restricted approach to the morning meal. If you have to serve five or six people you can't encourage a wide choice of menu.

"How do you want your eggs done?" is as far as the cook can be expected to go when she has the day in front of her.

THIS new microwave cooking will cause a revolution in the kitchen when it becomes general.

Using this method it is possible to cook a leg of lamb in four minutes.

Women should be pleased about this, but it has disadvantages. If there is no occasion for grumbling about hours spent over a hot stove, there may be no occasion for pride, either.

You could argue that the art of cooking is in the preparation, the mixture of flavors. Maybe so.

But when an author tells you that he wrote a novel in a week instead of a year, you have an uneasy feeling that what you're going to read is no masterpiece.

WHEN Alderman R. S. Luke said in Sydney that the Elizabethan Theatre should stage more popular and less highbrow productions, Alderman F. Moran commented: "We can't sneeze at culture."

No, but we can cough, as many a harassed musician and actor can testify.

THE people of Sierra Leone gave the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh a live boa-constrictor and a £7000 diamond as farewell presents.

I wonder what you say when someone gives you a live boa-constrictor?

Just a formal "Thank you" might be safest. And the diamond would help.

By



Dorothy Drann

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself simply "Your Boy From The Bush" (and what could be nicer?) asks three unanswerable questions:

1. "Why do fashion models take up such stupid poses usually with one leg twisted behind the other? If any well-respecting male saw his wife or girl-friend waiting for him in public in this stance, he'd be justified in sneaking behind her and giving her a good kick."

2. "Why do girls spoil their appearance with rats' tails of hair hanging across their foreheads?"

3. "Why are women such darned fools as to wear extra-high heels and pointed toes? From the side the shoes look like gondolas. From the back the wearers with their ankles wobbling look laughable."

I said the questions were unanswerable, though you could, of course, give the single explanation—fashion.

And perhaps I should say a word in defence of the fashion models.

You know who thinks up those poses for them? Photographers.

And most fashion photographers are men. They are always aiming for the striking picture. One day one of these boys says to the model: "I'm sick of pictures with your legs spread out. Let's do something different. Can you stand on one leg like a stork?"

The girl (who would stand on her head if it would put her ahead of competitors) obliges. And thus a new fashion in poses is born.

STUDYING the alcoholic tendencies of various animals, Finnish scientists put two drinking vessels in each of the cages. One contained water, the other water mixed with alcohol. Rats and mice, said the scientists, did not like the alcohol at first, but took to it "when subjected to psychological experiments bringing about conflict and worry."

A worried mouse, a maladjusted rat. Both of them haunted by a spectral cat. And fearful of a future short of cheese. They take to drink with troubles such as these.

Now, there's a subject which should surely be

Material for some hilarity.

They live in cages, all those mice and rats,

Like humans in their offices and flats. Beset by tensions, competition, fear.

Some drink, some don't, some go a little queer.

Well, having thought this far, I'll tell you what —

It ought to be amusing but it's not.

Now the girls will do the racing

● Following the advice of the old adage "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," the wives and sweethearts of Australia's amateur stock-car racing drivers are having a go themselves.

THE first-ever (in Australia) all-ladies' motor race on December 17 at Warwick Farm has attracted a full entry of 25.

Young office workers, pharmacy assistants, and school-teachers in their twenties, wives and mothers in their thirties and forties are among the entrants.

Although most of the women are beginners, they are taking the race very seriously. The cars are handicapped on performance capacity around five laps of Warwick Farm's two-and-a-half-mile circuit.

Men jibbed

Gail Holmes, of Drummoyne, an organiser and competitor, told me: "When the race was suggested some months ago the men promised to lend their wives and girlfriends their cars."

"By the time the closing date for entries came they tried to back out. I had quite a few verbal battles on the telephone persuading husbands

and boy-friends to honor their promises."

Not that one can blame them, for car racing is a very expensive sport. Many of the women entered in the race have had to depend on local garages to sponsor them.

The cars are mainly Holdens, Morrises, Simcas, Peugeots, MG A's, with a couple of Jaguars, a Lotus, and a Swallow Doretti. But under the bonnet these sports cars and sedans bear little resemblance to those in city streets.

By
**WINIFRED
MUNDAY**

Improvements and modifications to the engine to enable the driver to keep up with the leaders can cost about £500, suspension modifications about another £125. In a ten-lap race it's common to wear out a set of new tyres — another £40.

Crash helmets are compulsory for racing and cost from

£5 to £10. Drivers must also wear good-fitting, strong shoes. Cheap shoes or sandals can be dangerous if a foot slips off a pedal at speed.

Though this is the first attempt at racing for many of the women, most have driven in trials and hillclimbs or followed their husbands around racing circuits in the role of helper.

Gail Holmes has travelled 30,000 miles in the past 18 months, either competing in trials or supporting male club drivers.

Only about a dozen women in Australia hold full competition licences.

A first-timer must get a provisional racing licence signed by an official of the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport. For a full licence she must get three signatures over a period of 12 months saying she is a capable and safe driver.

Careful check

Every competitor must undergo a stiff medical check-up, including tests for eyesight and color-blindness.

She must also understand every flag signal, for a racing course is littered with officials waving flags to tell what is going on around the corner. For instance, a white flag is waved when there is an ambulance on the course.

Four of the entrants are travelling some distance to compete. Mrs. Ann Thompson is travelling down from Queensland, Mrs. Carmen Gorman from Canberra, Miss Beth Billett from Newcastle, and Miss Lorraine Hill is coming from Bowral.

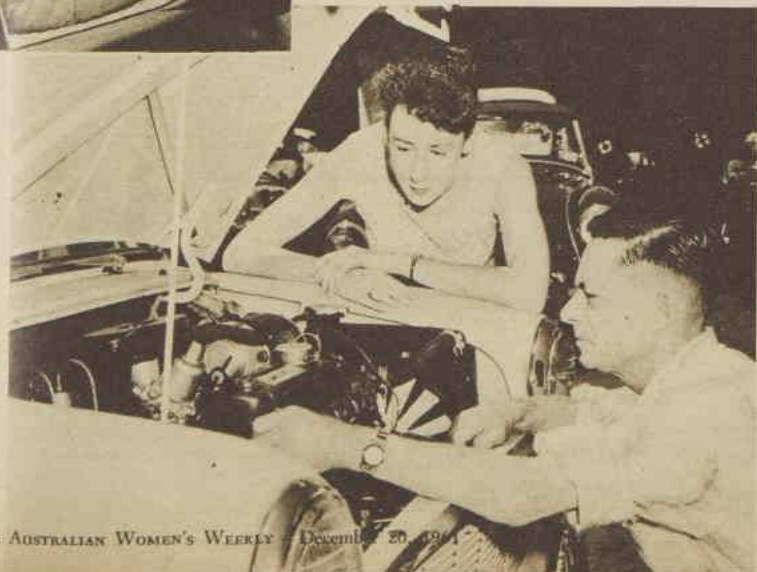
Lorraine Hill, at 22, is one of the select handful of women in Australia who hold a full competition licence. In a race at Warwick Farm she came seventh in a field of 12 men.



● Lorraine Hill, of Bowral, N.S.W., who is one of the few women racing drivers in Australia to hold a full competition licence.



● Gail Holmes, of Drummoyne, is organising as well as competing in the all-ladies' race at Warwick Farm. Below, she looks on while her sponsor, Ron Ward, of Strathfield, checks over the engine of her supercharged Morris Mini Minor.



YOUR OWN MOTHER-AND-BABY PHOTOGRAPH MIGHT WIN £50

AMONG the pictures your husband took of you and your baby, have you selected one to enter in our picture contest?

As a follow-up to Tony's pictures of Princess Margaret and baby David (right) we are offering two prizes of £50 for your own best mother-and-baby picture taken by the father.

The pictures can be either color transparencies or black-and-white. We can't accept color prints.

The baby in the picture should not be more than 12 months old, BUT IT DOES NOT MATTER HOW OLD THE PICTURE IS. Your baby may now be grown up.

Twins or triplets are eligible, too, as long as they are shown with their mother and the picture was taken by the father. Address entries: "Baby Picture," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

On the back of the picture, or on a slip attached to it, print in block letters the names of baby and yourself and your husband, your address, and phone number if you have one. This must be signed by either parent.

Example: "Mrs. John Doe and baby John, 7 months, taken 1958 by Mr. John Doe, 2 Smith St., Brownsville, Vic.—XA9163. (Signature.)"



THE PRIZES:

- £50 for best color transparency.
- £50 for best black-and-white picture.
- Four prizes of £10. Four prizes of £5. Consolation prizes of £2/2/- each for any other pictures published.

If you want your picture back, send stamped, addressed envelope for return.

Black-and-white pictures may be any size as long as they are sharp. Color transparencies should not be smaller than 35-millimetre.

The competition is open to all except members of the staff of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their immediate families.

CLOSING DATE: Monday, January 8.

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Soap and scrape shaving is troublesome . . .
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Rollecombs will give him a really clean shave
faster, more comfortably, more conveniently than
a blade can ever do. Whether his problem is tough
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Rollecombs to get a perfect shave every time. This
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REMINGTON ROLL-A-MATIC DELUXE

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Now he can enjoy Cordless shaving freedom!

Here's the ideal gift for a busy man—Remington
Lektronic! No wires, no water, no sockets, no soap,
no batteries to replace. With the new cordless
Remington Lektronic he can shave anywhere, any-
time . . . while he reads, plays with the children,
moves from room to room—even outdoors. Stores
power for up to two weeks of shaves, recharges in
own unit on any voltage—wherever he goes. And the
exclusive Rollecombs adjust to every face and beard.



REMINGTON LEKTRONIC CORDLESS SHAVER RR912M



PIRATE CHIEF Sessue Hayakawa cuts down an outspoken rival during a squabble over the division of spoils.

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

A JOHANN WYSS classic filmed by Walt Disney, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Swiss Family Robinson" is an exciting adventure in the South Seas. To escape the oppressions of Napoleon, a Swiss family sets sail for a New Guinea colony and a new life. But pirates chase them into a storm, their crew deserts and ship is wrecked — short of their destination. Father (John Mills), mother (Dorothy McGuire), sons Fritz (James MacArthur), Ernst (Tommy Kirk), and Francis (Kevin Corcoran) salvage supplies, animals, firearms — and land safely on a deserted island, where the swashbuckling thrills really begin.

SHOW BUSINESS



MOTHER (Dorothy McGuire) and father (John Mills) take a first look at their island after a night of shipwreck terror.

ELDEST SON Fritz (James MacArthur) discovers the cabin "boy" he rescued from a buccaneer camp is a girl, Roberta (Janet Munro). The castaway couple fall in love.



TV is "cruel" to a female compere

By NAN MUSGROVE

● I went to see Miss Doreen Stephens, Women's Editor of the British Broadcasting Corporation, who is visiting Australia briefly, carrying an outsize chip on my shoulder.

SHE was the woman, I was told, who said women were no good on TV—and got rid of all the women on the B.B.C.

I was disarmed when, after a few questions, I found that the statement was a long way from the truth.

After a while I was a Stephens fan. She is no ordinary woman. She gives off a vitality and driving force that is awe-inspiring.

She is so clued-up and on the beam about everything that I am sure she would never underestimate the ability of women or hesitate to use it.

She feels that TV is particularly cruel to women, emphasising all their mannerisms, gestures, heightening any high or shrill voices.

She agrees that young women and old women are good on TV, but said that in their middle years women generally like to seem much younger. They try too hard and come over as coy.

This is one of the main reasons she favors male compères.

She uses them on all women's programmes, although she has women producers and many women appear on the programmes.

She has entirely reorganised the women's programmes—which she prefers to call afternoon programmes—to a level where London critics and others are demanding that they be put on in good evening time-slots.

She believes that the greatest TV development during her eight years as Women's Editor of the B.B.C. is the dropping



of the coy approach in women's programmes.

"What I call the 'church bazaar' attitude has gone and the B.B.C. is now treating women viewers as adults," she said.

"I think, on the whole, men tended to underestimate what they should give to women in the way of material.

"But men can't be altogether blamed. Women are fools. Men get away with the poor material they give women on TV because women keep on accepting it.

"There is now a tendency to give them something better, something less cosy."

Miss Stephens says that after eight years she has at last got the women's programmes to a stage where she feels a blueprint has been laid down for years of good TV.

Of the five programmes of the week, only one is given to practical homemaking; the others are all panel shows with a difference.

Monday's programme, "Table Talk," is a discussion between seven journalists (five men and two women) about the expected news of the week.

"We find out what is to come up in Parliament each week, what's going on at the United Nations and what is scheduled to happen, and give women a foretaste and background to the news," Miss Stephens said.

Lively talks

Wednesday's programme is topical. "If, for instance," Miss Stephens said, "an interesting new book is published by a really good writer we get him with an aggressive critic. Instead of a stereotyped interview, we have lively discussion between two people of equal calibre."

Thursdays, "Perspective": "Recently we did a 'Perspective' on multiple births," she said. "As well as doctors and psychiatrists we had three sets of twins, including the cricketer Bedders, who talked about what it feels like to be a twin."

The week ends on Friday with "Let's Imagine," which is "very gentle" adult education. An example is, "How will our grandchildren think of us in 100 years' time?"

It sounds a very satisfying

DOREEN STEPHENS, left, Women's Editor of the B.B.C., talks with Elaine White, producer-compere of Channel 9's "Family" programme.

blueprint, which Miss Stephens hastens to say she is not entirely responsible for.

"You could say I am the captain of the team from which these ideas come," she said.

Visit to son

"I feel happy with the programmes today. The No. 1 idea behind them is entertainment, but our hope is that at the end of them no one has wasted time by watching. My ambition is to get them better and better."

Miss Stephens' visit to Australia is primarily to spend Christmas with her son, Christopher Holden, on his property at Mt. Barker, W.A., and meet two of her grandchildren, but on the wing through our cities she is having a look at Australian TV.

In private life Miss Stephens is Mrs. Jacob Gorsky.

"Ned Kelly" was a gem

THE TV gem of the week was undoubtedly Channel 9's documentary "The Ned Kelly Story." It was beautifully scripted by Tom Prior, beautifully produced.

Roger Climpson did an excellent job as narrator. I found it completely absorbing, although I could have done without the unnecessary interpolation of the voice of Leonard Teale as Ned Kelly.

I'd like to see it repeated soon in a prime evening time-slot—given the same treatment as the recent Hemingway documentary. This was shown at 8 p.m. on a Wednesday.

Ned got the 10.30 p.m. Friday time-slot, although TV ratings show that a very large percentage of viewers go to bed by 10 p.m., and was repeated on the following hot, sunny Sunday at 2.45 p.m. I'm sure there is still a big audience anxious to see it.

Her husband is a doctor, now semi-retired. He was a police surgeon for the London Metropolitan Police for 35 years, a deputy coroner, a lecturer on forensic medicine, and is also a barrister.

He is her second husband. They have no mutual children. She looks so young that she amazed me when she said she had four grandchildren and five step-grandchildren.

She does her big job at the B.B.C., and is glad to get home to cook the dinner and relax, and, when they are not entertaining, watch TV.

She appears on TV for "a special occasion like announcing the winner of a competition."

"But I don't like it," she said. "I am trying to pitch my voice lower to take the touch of 'high' out of it."

"It is a cruel medium for a woman," she said. "It emphasises any mistakes in taste, any weakness in character."

Film Reviews

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★ KING OF KINGS

By trying too hard not to offend anyone, this religious epic tells an over-restrained story of Christ. A joyless testament, its inspiration comes from the script—not its delivery. However, great interest lies in period documentation and high praise must go to producer Samuel Bronston for costuming, sets, and detailed research. As Jesus, young star Jeffrey Hunter seems to have been chosen for his compelling blue eyes rather than his acting. His portrayal cannot hope to satisfy all personal conceptions of Christ. Siobhan McKenna is strong in the role of the Virgin Mary, but most other Jewish characters—including the disciples—are ineffectual, and all Romans, except centurion Lucius (Ron Randell), are brutal. — St. James, Sydney.

In a word . . . STUDIED.

★ THE BIG SHOW

A Munich circus is the setting for this colorful big-top drama. The story centres around proud owner Nehemiah Persoff and his top-bill trapeze family's problems. Star of the family act, Cliff Robertson, is the envy of his talentless brother, Robert Vaughn. His jealousy starts a landslide of violence. But the glittering show goes on. — Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . BUSTLING.

★★ WOMAN OF ROME

There's nothing about this Italian woman-of-the-night drama to distinguish it from many Roman predecessors—except that curvaceous Gina Lollobrigida is the woman. Her varied clientele involves Gina in political intrigue, robbery, and murder. — Savoy, Sydney.

In a word . . . REPEAT.

★ HELL TO ETERNITY

This time Jeffrey Hunter is a marine who takes 1000 Jap prisoners single-handed. It's a U.S. war story with a difference—sympathy for both sides. The authentic facts are interesting, but the plot—tracing a tangle of incidents in his Japanese-American boyhood, his marine training and pre-action "flings"—is slow to fire imagination. Acting is ineffectual. — Prince Edward, Sydney.

In a word . . . MISSES.

★ DOUBLE BUNK

This British comedy grinds out laughs in the "Carry On" style. It has a honeymoon cruise in an old houseboat with newlyweds Ian Carmichael and Janette Scott, navigator Sidney James and his "girl," Liz Fraser. It's wacky, obvious fun for kids. — Lyceum, Sydney.

In a word . . . JOLLY.



She's a color-glo girl!

She's elegant . . . she's exquisite . . . she's eloquent in her praise of COLOR-GLO—the hair colouring chosen by 700,000 fashion-conscious girls! COLOR-GLO is shampoo-simple, lasts for weeks, gives vibrant colour and beauty, conditions as it colours, makes hair easy to manage. And there's never a hint of telltale rub-off on pillow, brush or chapeau.

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For advice on colour selection, send a 2" snippet of hair to Marigny L'Oréal Advisory Bureau, 177 Collins St., Melbourne.

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Slim off your overweight—write for a free FORD PILLS DIET CHART to G.P.O. Box 4155, Sydney.

Get your Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere

FORD PILLS



Tanya Halesworth

RETURN SOON BY TANYA

FEW things have caused as much dislocation in my life as A.B.C.-TV announcer Tanya Halesworth's Sydney University exams.

Every time I start something, the phone rings and an anxious televiewer asks why she's not on.

Sometimes the inquirer speaks as though I had sprinkled disappearing powder on her just to mark him.

A viewer with a very nice voice asked: "Please find out what has happened to Tanya. My husband and I miss her badly. We always felt she was speaking to us."

Something is missing from our viewing.

Tanya will be back on December 18. She is on leave doing her second-year Arts exams, making "Six O'Clock Rock" her only TV chore for a while.

I feel those two bright-eyed announcers Bruce Webber and Kevin Arnett would be twice as popular if they wore cards saying "Tanya is on Holidays"—even if it did damage their egos.

made specially for you and You

Ingola

lambwool & cotton fabric. Shrinkproof, colourfast, in Cream, Baby Pink, Baby Lemon, and Baby Blue.

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At all good stores.

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LET'S MAKE THIS AN ALL AUSTRALIAN CHRISTMAS

so we can all enjoy a prosperous New Year!



The glitter of tinsel ribbon, the gay and colourful stocking, the wonderful look in the eyes of a child . . . the joy in the *meaning* of Christmas. Let's make this Christmas the best there has been—let's make it an all-Australian Christmas by choosing gifts that are Australian-made. Never before has there been such a wealth of good things carrying the Australian-made label, nor such value for your money. Money spent on Australian goods helps to maintain our Australian way of life, too. It creates jobs for other Australians. It ensures a safe, secure future for our children. It works its way back to us in those precious little wage packets! This Christmas, think twice before you choose. Look for quality and value in goods that bear the Australian-made label before you buy. Then we all have an opportunity to enjoy a prosperous New Year! **Buy Australian**—and your money comes back to you!





FINALE OF "ALADDIN." The Emperor's Court, where Aladdin (Kenneth Shorter), holding lamp, in centre, is reunited with Princess Badroulbador (Gail Thompson).

Christmas Day panto

"ALADDIN"

• Christmas and pantomimes go together like bacon and eggs. "Aladdin," A.B.C.-TV's Christmas offering, to be seen on A.B.C.-TV everywhere at 5 p.m. on Christmas Day, is a pantomime with just that little extra bit of magic charm. There is a beautiful princess who falls in love with a commoner (a plot that has a great deal of reality these days), a wicked magician, a cave glittering with gold, jewels, and a magic lamp that when rubbed produces a genie who makes wishes come true. "Aladdin," set in old Peking, was presented by the Mina Shelley company from A.B.C.-TV's Sydney studios. The gorgeous costumes and sets made me long for the far-off days of color TV.

—Nan Musgrove


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Christmas *Knights*

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Hurry, go see them by  ,  ,  or even

by  Shanks' Pony — but hurry! Buy Christmas

Knights  for all deserving  on your gift list

* Every Christmassy pair is made and guaranteed by the famous House of Goodchild



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Knight Style No. SL015
in hide. Pagan Red, White,
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BE002 in hide. Testa-de-Moro,
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Sea Foam, Pagan Red,
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Knight Style No. SA486
in Lustre Hide. Gardenia,
Sea Foam, White,
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Softee Style No. KM067 in
Fabric, Red, Blue, Black.



Softee Style No. KV150 in
fabric. Black, Red, Blue.



39/11
Contessa Style No. CT047
in hide/suede. Gardenia/
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White/Natural, Sea Foam/Black,
Pagan Red/Natural,
Chamois/Natural, All Black.



22/11
Knight Style No. KM082 in
embroidered velvet, trimmed
with Gold. Spring Green, Red,
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girl" sizes (KG005) at 17/11.)



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FIVE-PIECE
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Sew a resort wardrobe for 38/-

● Even with all the hullo about color, we select black - and - white-striped mattress ticking as a natural for holiday separates.

The merits of this fabric are its price (5/11 a yd.), its width (56in.), and its durability.

The entire five-piece wardrobe would cost — with pattern — 38/-.

The five separate designs are exclusive to us. They are sleek and appropriate for resort as well as at-home wear.

Note the chic line of the slim, no-collar cardigan jacket and the slender skirt with its hint of ease.

The non-fitted over-blouse is worn with ankle pants — the newest trouser length. We would like to say right now: To wear pants well, get the facts right. That means the correct size, starting with a snug waist.

Another point about our separates. They're timeless and can be worn for many seasons.

● Pattern No. 7461, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (five pieces), 5½yds. 56in. material. The garments separately require: Over-blouse, 1½yds. 56in. material or 2½yds. 36in. material; pants, 1½yds. 56in. material or 2½yds. 36in. material; jacket, 1½yds. 56in. material or 2½yds. 36in. material; skirt, 1yd. 56in. material or 1½yds. 36in. material; blouse, 1½yds. 56in. material or 1½yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 4/-.



● Holiday separates, five garments in one pattern (see details at left). The pattern is budget-priced at 4/-. It is available at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney, or by mail to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● A dress with a belted waistline is an incoming fashion. One in floral fabric would be right up to the moment.

THIS fashion item answers a query taken from a reader's letter. Here is the query and my reply:

"Would a coat-dress with a waist and belt look old-fashioned? All the patterns seem to be Kookie styles, and they don't suit me. I take SW."

No, the coat-dress wouldn't be out of date. More shape is gradually creeping into fashion. The design illustrated (below) could be made now in silk or cotton and be repeated in the autumn in light-weight wool. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Could you suggest a pretty headdress for my two bridesmaids? One girl is 19 and the other is 10. The girls will be dressed alike in bright blue dresses."

Despite the difference in the bridesmaids' ages, I think it would be a pretty idea if both the girls wore circle skirts of white flowers, tied at the back with streamer ends. The flowers could be real or artificial. Fresh flowers would be prettiest and the girls could then carry a white bouquet made in the same flowers.

"Mainly I wear navy and dark grey but feel I would like to buy a brighter color. I am in my early fifties and have dark eyes and dark hair."

An age group does not confine you to dark colors. Personally, I think it is an excellent plan to wear a shade out of your usual color range. How about pink? A light or dark shade in this color should be very flattering to your dark eyes and hair.

"I am thick above my waist and my waistline is rather large. Would it be possible for you to find a style to cover up this fault?"

You can disguise your figure fault with a one-piece dress made with a slightly lowered waistline, a bloused bodice, and a slim or flared skirt.

"My wedding is just a family affair with a few close friends and a reception at my family's house. For such an occasion, could I wear a floor-length wedding gown and a bridal veil?"

Why not? After all, you are only a bride once, so make it a glamorous occasion.

GIVE EVERYBODY ON YOUR LIST Dri-Glo Towels

Beautifully absorbent towels for bath or beach — Bond's Dri-Glo

Do your Xmas shopping at one counter in half an hour



Dri-Glo Towels



DS466. — Front - buttoned coat-dress in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. of 36 in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



AUSTRALIAN NATURE

WILDFLOWERS in this striking picture are Red Bottlebrush (*Callistemon citrinus*) and Flannel Flower (*Actinotis helianthi*). Often cultivated in gardens nowadays, Red Bottlebrush is a native of the coastal regions from Queensland to Victoria. The shrub grows to about 15 feet high, often in swampy areas. The Flannel Flower is one of the best-known wildflowers in eastern Australia and is a member of the carrot family. This species grows two to three feet high, blooms mainly in late spring and early summer.

Picture by staff photographer Adelle Hurley.

Frypan & detachable Cookstat:
£12/19/6. Also 8 pt. Saucepan, (fit same
Cookstat): £9/15/-.



Deluxe Jug:
complete with spilltray,
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Pop-Up Toaster:
—just dial the toast you want
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Prices include flex and plug!



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The Steam 'n' Dry would iron out the problem beautifully.
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modern homes
—from 85 gns.

The Pale Horse

Second instalment of our murder mystery serial

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

TIRED of working on my novel, I, MARK EASTERBROOK, found myself late one night in a Chelsea espresso, where I witnessed a fight between two girls, one tugging at the other's hair. The proprietor told me the girl whose hair had been pulled out came from a good family and her name was THOMASINA TUCKERTON. A week later I found it a strange coincidence when I saw her name in the death columns.

While visiting MRS. OLIVER, popular author of detective novels, to ask her on behalf of my cousin RHODA DESPARD to attend a village fete, I mentioned the hair-pulling incident and she told me about a friend of hers, MARY DELAFONTINE, who was sick and was losing her hair.

Meanwhile, unknown to me, in another part of London, FATHER GORMAN had been summoned to attend a dying woman, MRS. DAVIS, a widow who had worked for a consumer research association. Later the priest had made a list of names, which he put in his shoe. On his way home he was murdered.

The police surgeon, DR. CORRIGAN, and DIVISIONAL DETECTIVE - INSPECTOR LEJEUNE are puzzled by the names—ORMEROD, SANDFORD, PARKINSON, HESKETH-DUBOIS, SHAW, HARMONDSWORTH, TUCKERTON, DELAFONTINE?, and CORRIGAN? Question marks after the last two intrigue the police, but investigating the most unusual name first they find a LADY HESKETH-DUBOIS had died of a brain tumor five months before.

While Corrigan concentrates on the list, Lejeune calls on MR. OSBORNE, a chemist who had noticed Father Gorman leave the cafe. Although a fog had been coming up, it had not prevented him from seeing a man following the priest. Osborne gives a good description and says if he sees him again he will contact Lejeune immediately. NOW READ ON:



A FEW days later I, Mark Easterbrook, came out of the Old Vic, my friend Hermia Redcliffe beside me. We had been to see a performance of "Macbeth." It was raining hard. As we ran across the street to the spot where I had parked the car, Hermia remarked unjustly that whenever one went to the Old Vic it always rained.

"It's just one of those things."

I dissented from this view. I said that, unlike sundials, she remembered only the rainy hours. "Now at Glyndebourne," went on Hermia as I let in the clutch, "I've always been lucky. I can't imagine it other than perfection; the music — and the glorious flower borders — the white flower border in particular."

We discussed Glyndebourne and its music for a while and then Hermia remarked: "We're not going to Dover for breakfast, are we?"

"Dover? What an extraordinary idea. I thought we'd go to the Fantasia. One needs some really good food and drink after all the magnificent blood and gloom of Macbeth. Shakespeare always makes me ravenous."

"Yes. So does Wagner. Smoked salmon sandwiches at Covent Garden in the intervals are never enough to stay

the pangs. As to why Dover, it's because you're driving in that direction."

"One has to go round," I explained.

"But you've overdone going round. You're well away on the Old Kent Road."

I took stock of my surroundings and had to admit that Hermia, as usual, was quite right.

"I always get muddled here," I said in apology.

Having at last successfully negotiated Westminster Bridge, we resumed our conversation, discussing the production of "Macbeth" that we had just been viewing. My friend Hermia Redcliffe was a handsome young woman of twenty-eight. Cast in the heroic mould, she had an almost flawless Greek profile and a mass of dark chestnut hair coiled on the nape of her neck.

My sister always referred to her as "Mark's girl-friend" with an intonation of inverted commas about the term that never failed to annoy me.

The Fantasia gave us a pleasant welcome and showed us to a small table against the crimson velvet wall. The Fantasia is deservedly popular, and the tables are close together. As

Poppy dropped the flowers with a violent start as Mark said, "Can you tell me something more about The Pale Horse?"

we sat down, our neighbors at the next table greeted us cheerfully.

David Ardingly was a lecturer in History at Oxford. He introduced his companion, a very pretty girl with a fashionable hairdo, all ends, bits and pieces, sticking out at improbable angles on the crown of her head. Strange to say, it suited her. She had enormous blue eyes and a mouth that was usually half open.

She was, as all David's girls were known to be, extremely silly. David, who was a remarkably clever young man, could only find relaxation with girls who were practically half-witted.

"This is my particular pet, Poppy," he explained. "Meet Mark and Hermia. They're very serious and highbrow and you must try to live up to them. We've just come

To page 42

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Completely protects personal freshness and keeps underarms dainty 24 hours a day—it's not only the perfect deodorant, it checks perspiration, too.

EXTRA APPEAL. It's ice-pink, cool and refreshing to use in its fashionable "young look" pack.

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stick outdates
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Go ahead and be downright proud of your gleaming Goddard's-dipped silver. No need to tell that those stubborn stains and tarnish went with no work at all—even between fork prongs and filigree. Good silver stays good forever with Goddard's Silver Dip. 7/9.



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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

War on wildlife

NEWS of the opening of the duck-shooting season in N.S.W. and Victoria makes depressing reading. It's a strange nature that finds sport in the slaughter of harmless wildlife. The waging of war—for which Hitler was loathed—is accepted by us when waged against wildlife. The haunts of ducks can be invaded, the birds terrified, killed, or wounded for pleasure. Shooters should try to imagine themselves in the place of their victims. Perhaps the worst feature of the barbarity is the wounding of birds that escape to perhaps lingering deaths. The same practice among humans would not be tolerated; why is it allowed because creatures are dumb?

£1/1/- to H. Tossell, Prospect, S.A.

The "true" Australia?

DURING a recent holiday in England I watched a TV programme "depicting" Australia—presumably for migrants. It showed a two-up game in a cemetery, the boisterous noise of a Snowy Mountains hotel, barren countryside, and recorded comments of Aussies embarking on a visit overseas—such as, "English women are surty!" Friends with whom I watched the show were, to say the least, disappointed. Programmes of this kind should be censored in Australia before being televised overseas.

£1/1/- to "Globetrotter" (name supplied), Northgate, Qld.

Hard bargain

WHEN a friend lost her watch, she advertised in the paper—giving her phone number. Someone rang her saying she'd found the watch, and asked how much the reward was. On being told two guineas the caller said, "Unless you make it five guineas, you won't get your watch back!" My friend paid the asked amount. Is this a form of blackmail?

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Mordialloc, Vic.

Not so different

HOW is it some people—particularly women—are so bad-mannered when they see someone on crutches? I've used crutches for some years now after having polio, and, no matter where I go, I'm constantly stared at as though I'm a freak. In a city store recently a group of women turned, whispering to each other, to watch me make my way down the length of the shop. People should be a little more understanding. Nowadays nobody knows from day to day what lies ahead. They may have to use crutches themselves one day.

£1/1/- to "Sensitive" (name supplied), East Victoria Park, W.A.

Brides' pride

SO Mr. B. Dennis (W.A.) thinks it extravagant for a girl marrying a working man to pay a large sum for a wedding dress that can't be worn again? If he'd apply more romance and less logic to the matter he'd realise a woman feels like a queen, and tries to look like one on her wedding day. This is particularly so in the case of a girl about to marry a working man. It's probably her last chance to be so gloriously extravagant.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. M. Lawton, Newport, N.S.W.

HOW I wish I'd hired, not bought, a wedding frock. Some beautiful frocks can be obtained for hire. I'm sentimental—but could be much more so about home furnishings, if I had kept all that wedding-frock money.

£1/1/- to "Hard Bitten" (name supplied), Cannon Hill, Qld.

I WISH I had sold my beautiful wedding gown to the girl who wanted to buy it a few weeks after my wedding. At the time I was appalled at the thought. Two years later I had the train cut off to wear the dress to a ball to which I didn't have the money to go. Now—12 years and two children later—I could do with that £30.

£1/1/- to "Live and Learn" (name supplied), West Heidelberg, Vic.

I'M one of those extravagant creatures, Mr. Dennis—and I can't bear to part with my wedding dress. I don't regret the expense one bit. Now a mother of two, I still bring it out now and then to look at it and recall the happy memories of that wonderful day.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. R. Yelland, Murray Bridge, S.A.

BOUGHT for half-price at a sale, the material for my wedding dress cost me £4/10/-. I made it up myself, and have worn it on several occasions since. How useful the money I didn't waste has been—and how "terrific" I feel when friends, in need of money now, regret their extravagance.

£1/1/- to "Think-Before-You-Buy" (name supplied), East Balmain, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS rummaging in the food cupboard for a tin of sardines.

"You'd better put sardines on the grocer's order," I said. "We're out of them."

"Have you looked behind the Crunchy Flakes on the top shelf?" my wife asked. I looked, and there was indeed a tin of sardines behind the Crunchy Flakes.

Her voice had a sharp note in it, and I knew why. It was because I had implied that she was neglecting to order enough sardines.

I was interfering in her department. I was poaching on her side of the domestic tennis court.

This is not meant to imply that my wife is one of the get-out-of-my-kitchen type, who will not permit any male dabbling in housekeeping affairs.

Women of that kind are rare now. Most women are glad to let a man into their kitchen for a bit of conversation and possibly a hand with the washing-up.

I am allowed to perform various unskilled chores. Some are traditional masculine jobs, such as carry-

NO POACHING

ing the garbage tin to the gate and carving the meat. I am encouraged to shell peas, make instant coffee, and even leave the note out for the milkman.

But there are some matters in which, I have found, it is advisable not to meddle. Ordering food items like sardines is one. My wife takes



a pride in not running out of things, and it is unwise to hint that she has.

Bread is a touchy subject.

Sometimes we run short of it before the weekend is over. But when I last drew attention to this I received a chilly reply:

"If I order more, there is miles

of it left over. How can I tell how much bread people are going to eat? Sometimes they don't touch it; sometimes they eat bread the whole weekend."

Another aspect of her game which it pays not to criticise is the ironing. Since converting to drip-dry shirts I have not been concerned with the ironing much. But now and then a schoolgirl complains during the breakfast rush: "My chumic is not ironed, Mummy."

Mummy's retort is: "I wish you wouldn't think of these things at the last minute." She hates ironing, and any suggestion that she is behind with the ironing has the sting of truth.

As for the garden—that is very much on her side of the tennis court. I am cautious even in saying nice things about the flowers. It is too easy to get the names mixed up.

"Those stocks are making a lovely show," I remarked once.

"They're rhododendrons, and they'd been out for three weeks before you noticed them," was the reply.

Lovely shot, partner — lovely shot!

This Christmas give and serve...

McWILLIAM'S WINES



From the first sip of McWilliam's Cream Sherry you will recognise the smoothest cream sherry you have ever tasted. Here is a truly different sherry—rich, mellow and with a delightfully smooth body. Buy McWilliam's Cream Sherry and join the thousands of people who enjoy Australia's most popular Cream Sherry.

McWilliam's Vintage 99 Port—for entertaining . . . for dessert . . . with cake and nuts . . . as a fitting climax to a perfect meal. Generous, mellow and rich with a flavour only age can give, McWilliam's Vintage 99 Port is perfect any time. When you wish your friends the best, give the best . . . McWilliam's.



Animals

Aldinga	Place for hunting.
Arramagong	Wombats run into holes.
Balagorang	Kangaroo feeding ground.
Billinudgel	Home of the king parrot.
Bimbimbie	Place of many birds.
Birdup	Place of many birds.
Boggabri	Emu with young.
Boorongong	Hunting grounds.
Buloke	Place of frogs.
Bungawittia	Home of the possum.
Bungobittah	Many flying squirrels.
Buni	A bird's nest.
Burbagate	Many owls.
Burlamatta	Plenty of possums.
Burrendah	Place of the swan.
Caltowie	Sleepy lizard waterhole.
Canungra	Place of owls.
Carriebe	Where emus drink.
Connewarre	Home of the swan.
Coobowie	Wildfowl waters.
Coomalong	Plenty of possums.
Coombell	Bunyip in water.
Cumbalum	Flathead caught here.
Curramulka	Emu drinking place.
Currawidgen	Plenty of possums.
Carrabulbone	Many white cockatoos.
Eurie Eurie	Many kangaroos.
Gulargambone	Place of galah parrots.
Guyra	Fishing place, or cockatoo.
Illabunda	Place of swallows.
Joalah	Haunt of the lyre bird.
Kangaloon	Kangaroo feeding place.
Katandra	Song of birds.
Keurong	Home of the flying fox.
Laanecoerie	Home of kangaroos.
Laanepyramul	Home of emus.
Lowanyeri	Place of grey geese.
Merrigang	Playground of dingoes.
Nangkita	Place of little frogs.
Noamunga	Fishing place.
Orara	Home of the perch.
Parraweena	Parrots' nesting place.
Tallagandra	Many cows.
Tandanya	Home of the red kangaroo.
Tanunda	Creek with wildfowl.
Tarrowonga	Mating place of pigeons.
Terrigal	Place of little birds.
Ulamambri	Possum country.
Wambalangang	Many grey kangaroos.
Warialda	Place of wild honey.
Yarramalong	Place of wild horses.

Plants, Trees

Araluen	Place of waterlilies.
Bambara	Forest country.
Bampi	The bush, <i>ti rest</i> .
Bennabra	Place of the water beech.
Bilarong	Place of the swamp oak.
Boonal	Plentiful blade grass.
Brinawa	Where rocklilies grow.
Bungendore	Home of the gum blossom; big hill on the plain.
Carramar	The shade of trees.
Collarendabri	Many flowers.
Derribong	Green trees.
Dhulgai, Dulgai	A dead tree.
Duneba	Wattles.
Girra(h)ween	Place of flowers.
Jabbarup	Plenty of grass.
Jerematta	Scrub.

Jerilderie	Place of reeds.
Kadlunga	Honeysuckle hills.
Kerta	Forest, scrub.
Koorunga	Creek with sheoaks.
Kyabram	Thick forest.
Loombrak	Grass in water.
Merriwa	Plenty of grass seeds (and the flour made from them).
Miketymulga	Trees struck by lightning.
Minmi	Home of giant lily.
Mimosa	Place of wattles.
Mulawa	Shadow of trees.
Mutyi	Bushy forest, ghost or spirit.
Narang	Forest.
Narrung	Big place of sheoaks.
Nerrigundah	Where edible berries grow.
Nundalla	Thistle island.
Oodlawirra	Hill and tree country.
Parawirra	River scrub, river forest.
Patawalonga	Eucalyptus-tree scrub.
Pimpala	Native pine-tree place.
Punari	Shade of trees.
Quandine	Plenty of big trees.
Quirindi	Dead tree on mountain top.
Tantanoola	Boxwood-tree hill; a camp.
Tooloomba	A hollow tree.
Uambi	Pine scrub.
Utingu	Place of big trees.
Wallamurra	Camp by rushes.
Willowic	Green tree water.
Winani	Hollow tree.
Wirrabara	Tree place.
Wirraminna	Wattle trees.
Wirreanda	Place of big trees.
Wittonga	A reedy place.
Yackerboon	Green grass.
Yallaroo	Beautiful flowers.
Yanagin	Green trees growing.
Yarrabee	Gum forest.
Yarrabin	White gumtree.
Yarrimbah	Clumps of trees.
Yarrowee	Gums growing in water.

Water Places

Adaluma	River.
Adjungbilly	Permanent stream.
Atunga, Arltunga	Waterhole.
Arriemutha	The sea.
Ballin	River.
Barceinal	Large waterfall.
Barrabadeen	Large deep waterhole.
Barralong	Meeting of waters.
Baronga	Large waterhole.
Barwon	Great, awful river.
Batmaroo	Deep creek.
Beela	River.
Belbourie	Scrubby creek.
Bejubula	Stony river.
Bemurrah	Waterhole.
Billabong	Stream.
Billerooy	Running creek.
Bilpop	Large lake.
Boggabilla	Rivers and swamps.
Boloke	Lake.
Boobera	Large waterhole.
Bucan	Running stream.
Buckalow	Little lake.
Bunna-bunna	Big creek.
Burrabogie	Big bathing hole.
Canowie	Stony waterhole.
Caragarang	The sea.
Carawa	Creek.
Corowa	Rocky river.
Coolalinga	A spring.
Coonah	River.
Coonong	Creek; dirty water.
Coorabin	Creek; barking lizard.
Coorumbong	Creek with rocky bottom.
Culbara	Sandy creek.
Cullaculla	Lagoon.
Curragundi	Waterhole.
Dirkala	Bank of a creek.
Dundundra	Waterfall.
Dungulup	Gully with running water.
Eungai	Singing creek.
Eurobin	Lake at foot of mountain.
Gabeegong	Fresh water close to sea.
Gilai	Waterhole.
Gilgandra	Long waterhole.
Gilghi	Small, natural waterhole.
Gulgong	Deep waterhole.
Gundamain	Home on a stream.
Ilaroo, Illaroo	Track near the sea.
Iluka	Near the sea.
Jilliby	Where two creeks meet.
Jilloong	Small waterhole.
Kadumba	Falling water.
Kapunda	Rocky waterhole.
Karalee	Waterhole near grass.
Karu	Creek.
Keera, Keira	Big lagoon (also mountain).
Kondoparinga	Twisting river place.
Koorrong	Creek dry in summer.

Kurrabi	Creek in gully.
Kurriiri	A creek.
Kuruwa	The sea.
Larapinta	Creek with flowing water.
Lawali	Waterhole.
Liamena	Lagoon.
Lirambenda	Creek.
Malloga	Deep waterhole.
Mandurama	Waterholes.
Mangowa	Lagoon.
Miandetta	Bend of the river.
Morala	The sea.
Nanda	A lake.
Nangara	A spring; also to sleep.
Narang, Narangi	Little creek.
Nariel	Small spring.
Nimitybelle	Source of many streams.
Nirripa	The sea.
Nita	Spring.
Nyanda	Lagoon.
Olunda	Sea.
Palall	A creek.
Panamuna	The ocean.
Pantowora	Opposite the lake.
Para	River or creek.
Parachilna	River with steep banks.
Paringa	Place at the river.
Parri	River.
Pirranyallock	Small river.
Pokataroo	Wide river.
Pooraka	Dry waterhole.
Tarana	Large waterhole.
Tarcoola	Bend in the river.
Tarun	Lagoon.
Tatura	Small lagoon.
Terang	Fresh lake; a tree bough.
Terenga	Lagoon.
Terowie	Hidden waterhole.
Terragalonga	Where two creeks meet.
Timbrebringle	Big river bend.
Tingara	Sea.
Tuckarimba	Junction of two creeks.
Ulmarra	Bend in the river.
Unanderra	Junction of two creeks.
Uringa	A long beach.
Wagana	Waterfall.

Chiniala	A hill.
Cobhadah	Place on a hill.
Coorong	Narrow neck of land.
Corcen	Last of the hills.
Corrodgerly	Sandy country.
Coryule	Hill by the sea.
Cundumbul	Big mountains.
Dakara	Hard ground or earth.
Darby	A large hill.
Dungulup	Gully with running water.
Durimbil	Round hill.
Elgata	Hill, mountain.
Eurobodalla	Land between waters; small haven for boats.
Gabec-ellia	Gully with running water.
Girilambone	Place of stars; flintstone.
Goonedah	Corroboree ground.
Gralunga	Sandy spot.
Gullallie	A ravine.
Gulomogo	Stony ground.
Gunnamatta	Beach and sandhills.
Gunungai	Flat open country.
Gunyerwarildi	Home of white stones.
Illalangi	House or camp on a hill.
Illalong	Plain; swampy place.
Ilya	Open space.
Irkanda	Scrub country.
Jindabyne	A valley.
Jindalee	A bare hill.
Kalawa	Flat country.
Kanyaka	A stony place.
Kariboo	Hill.
Karnang	Low-lying place.
Karralika	On a height.
Kinka	Many hills.
Krambrak	Sandy place.
Kunari	Flat country.
Kyoga	Plain within a forest.
Malkana	Sandy country.
Mallawa	Flat country.
Maloga	A sandhill.
Malumba	Rocks.
Manooka	Hill.
Merrigum	Little plain.
Minimine	Clear country.

ABORIGINAL

Warrain	Belonging to the sea.
Warren	Sea.
Warreparinga	Windy river place.
Warriparr	Windy river.
Willawong	Junction of two creeks.
Winderlup	Permanent stream.
Wingara	Spring of water.
Woorabinda	Camp by a deep waterhole.
Yaringa	Near the sea.
Yarramie	Little creek.
Yertala	Waterfall.

Land, Sites

Adelong	Plain with a river.
Akeringa	On the plains.
Algonia	A mountain.
Aperta	A hill or mountain.
Arla	The sand, land, or earth.
Arlarkna	The clay.
Arltunga	Place of claypans.
Arrabri	A high mountain.
Arwakurra	White cliffs.
Badaminock	Place of spirits.
Balanada	White man's settlement.
Baloo	A hill.
Bandalong	Junction.
Bangalee	Sandy beach.
Bangalla	Low hill.
Barakee	Place of stone.
Barrabooka	Hunting-ground.
Barree	Mountain.
Beelong	Bay.
Bembooka	High peak.
Benwerrin	Long hill.
Berriwerri	Crossing-place.
Bethungra	Black mountain.
Bibanup	White rock.
Bibbenlukke	Big look-out.
Birru	Small plain or flat.
Binya	Mountain.
Boonderoo	Stony country.
Bundanoon	Place of deep gullies.
Burrangarra	Sea beach.
Callemondah	Hilly.
Cambewarra	Mountain on fire.
Minka	Cave.
Moonah	Island.
Moonarie	Cliff.
Moorda	Blue mountain.
Moorilla	Pebbly ridge.
Mullumbimby	Small, round hill.
Mungala	Sandhill.
Murrabinna	Stony, scrubby place.
Mypolonga	Cliff look-out.
Nalya	Circle of hills.
Nanimah	Rough, stony country.
Narrabutra	Rough country.
Naturi	Sandy soil.
Nimbin	Pointed rock; big stone.
Nioka	Green hill.
Nurragi	Scrub; south country.
Omco	Mountains.
Oolburra	Mountain peak.
Palara	Flat country.
Palparu	Large plain.
Parukala	Flat country.
Patawita	Small hill.
Pattarnda	Open place in scrub.
Pertaka	On a hill.
Pertaringa	Belonging to the hills.
Pindari	High ground.
Piralilla	Beautiful hill.
Pitaru	Desert country.
Porpanda	High hills.
Rupari	Rounded hills.
Talinga	Sandhill.
Tepko	Hill.
Terama	Mountain.
Tibooburra	Heap of granite rocks.
Tora	Land near creeks.
Totola	Hill.
Tulong	Mountain.
Tyagarah	Open grass country.
Uleela	Mountain.
Unkulara	Valley.
Uralla	Big hill; running water.
Uringa	Long beach.
Wallenbeen	Stony hill.
Wamara	A plain.
Wambiri	Seacoast.
Wanda	Beach sandhills.
Wandarri	Sandy country.
Warili	Lonely track.

Warrawoona . . . Undulating grassy plain.
 Wilerri . . . Plain country.
 Willuti . . . Gully.
 Woolandoon . . . Little plain.
 Yalamurra . . . Peak of a hill.
 Yarabab . . . Hill with red gum trees.
 Yarawini . . . Gully.
 Yarraldool . . . Plenty of stones.
 Yathong . . . Big sandhills.
 Yungarup . . . Range of hills near the sea.
 Yuric . . . Coastal bay.



Descriptive

Adina . . . Good.
 Aldoria . . . West.
 Alkira . . . Bright, sunny.
 Alkoome . . . Very nice.
 Allonga . . . Distant, a long way.
 Amaroo . . . Beautiful place.
 Aminya . . . Quiet.
 Ankua . . . Sleepy.
 Antakira . . . South.
 Ariyuna . . . Long way away.
 Arinuna . . . " "
 Aruma . . . Happy.
 Attunga . . . High place.
 Ballina, Ballina . . . Distant.
 Barabali . . . To the east.
 Baroona . . . Place far away.
 Benbullen . . . A high, quiet place.
 Berrina . . . To the south.
 Billandry . . . Far away.
 Billabourie . . . A good place.
 Binnowie . . . A green place.
 Booligal . . . Windy place.
 Carinya . . . A happy, peaceful home.
 Choogowarra . . . Place of rest.
 Coonda . . . A happy place.
 Corandirk . . . A good place to live.
 Croajingalong . . . Facing east.
 Gudjee . . . A very good place.
 Dalpura . . . Quiet, calm.
 Dandarabong . . . Very pretty country.
 Dandaloo . . . Pretty; also Hail!

Mawarra . . . A pleasant place.
 Merindah . . . Beautiful.
 Minnarka . . . Far, distant.
 Miri Miri . . . High up.
 Mirreca . . . The south.
 Moorooobah . . . Beautiful, good.
 Murlali . . . Peaceful, friendly.
 Murruba . . . Beautiful.
 Murrumbung . . . Very pleasant.
 Narbethong . . . A cheerful place.
 Narriah . . . A bare place.
 Neerim . . . High, elevated.
 Nentoura . . . Secluded, out of the way.
 Ning Ning . . . Quiet.
 Noonamecca . . . Sleeping place.
 Numbulen . . . Quiet.
 Nunana . . . Little.
 Onkara . . . Far away.
 Ooliekirra . . . New and bright.
 Oomool . . . Pleasant.
 Oorigoo . . . Distant.
 Panaroo . . . Small.
 Parari . . . Long way.
 Paruparu . . . Grey.
 Patharu . . . Thither.
 Pannaroo . . . Resting place.
 Quinbalup . . . A happy place.
 Talkook . . . Very good.
 Tatiara, Tattiarra . . . Good, beautiful country.
 Toogoolwa . . . Place of the heart.
 Undara . . . Long way.
 Waitpinga . . . Windy place.
 Walkandi . . . North.
 Wangara . . . West wind.
 Warrara . . . Long way away.
 Warawara . . . Far away.
 Warekila . . . Happy valley; place of changing winds.
 Warrambucca . . . A warm place.
 Warruga . . . Good view.
 Weemala . . . Distant view.
 Werona . . . Quiet.
 Winmalce . . . North.
 Winnima . . . Close by.
 Wombalano . . . Pretty, beautiful.
 Workara . . . South.
 Wotama . . . Quiet, calm.

Larundel . . . Camp.
 Lenna . . . Dwelling.
 Lingi . . . Camp.
 Luprena . . . Hut.
 Maggea . . . Camp.
 Mia Mia . . . Native shelter.
 Minimbah . . . Home of the teacher.
 Minka . . . Cave.
 Mirra . . . Camp.
 Moonya . . . Dwelling.
 Nalyilta . . . Hut.
 Narchara . . . Camp.
 Ngoora, Noora . . . " "
 Nooria, Noorong . . . Home.
 Nyunoo . . . Grass humpy.
 Ooria . . . Camp.
 Pandawerle . . . Hut.
 Piltaka . . . Camp.
 Tabulam . . . My native home, my home.
 Umbana . . . Hut.
 Wahratta . . . Camping-ground.
 Walarba . . . Camp, hut.
 Waritya . . . Hut.
 Warranyah . . . My house.
 Wongabeena . . . Our home.
 Wongaburra . . . Our home.
 Woonan . . . Home.
 Wyanda . . . Hut.
 Wyangari . . . " "
 Wybalena . . . Home or resting place.
 Yandiah . . . Camp of lively talk.
 Yaralla . . . Dwelling, camp, or home.
 Yarilla . . . Camp.
 Yurla . . . Home.



Water

Adnamira . . . Running water.
 Akoonah . . . " "
 Apamurra . . . Fresh water.
 Arcoona . . . Underground water.
 Aroona . . . Running water.
 Banoon . . . Sweet water.
 Banyandah . . . Home on the water.

Wattamolla . . . Near running water.
 Wilima . . . Running water.
 Wollondilly . . . Water trickling on rocks.
 Wyarama . . . Running water.
 Yallakool . . . Clear water.
 Yanco . . . Song of running water.



Miscellaneous

Allawah . . . Rest, or camp here.
 Allomba . . . You and I.
 Anuna . . . We.
 Anunaka . . . Ours.
 Apalka . . . Dream.
 Apanina . . . Come here.
 Aputaringa . . . He who lives on a hill.
 Arrana . . . Mine.
 Balaka . . . Content.
 Balamara . . . Morning Star.
 Crana . . . Welcome.
 Coolalie . . . The south wind.
 Cullenya . . . Here it is.
 Cumbalya . . . Come here.
 Danina . . . Farewell.
 Dhindi . . . Nest.
 Dulili . . . Together.
 Ettamogah . . . Have a drink.
 Gwandalan . . . Rest, quiet, and peace.
 Ilina . . . We two.
 Inala, Indura . . . To rest.
 Karoeban . . . Together.
 Kardinia . . . Sunrise.
 Karkawarri . . . The evening breeze.
 Kumali . . . Sacred.
 Koomoorang . . . Hill of clouds.
 Kurpinta . . . Rainbow seen after rain.
 Lumeah, Lumeah . . . Here I rest.
 Malparara . . . Two friends.
 Mappiti . . . To rest.
 Merriwee . . . Come here.
 Mirambeek . . . Mine.
 Mirambeena . . . Welcome; you, yours.
 Mirikata . . . The morning star.
 Monomeith . . . Welcome, rejoice, beauty.
 Mycumbene . . . Here I sit down.
 Nallak . . . Come on.
 Nangarim . . . Dream.
 Nanowie . . . A corner.
 Nayuka . . . Mine.
 Nerang . . . Little.
 Ngalla . . . We two.
 Nganalak . . . Mine.
 Nindethana . . . Ours.
 Noojee . . . Content.
 Nullegai . . . We two.
 Nundah . . . The north.
 Nurungi . . . Remember.
 Nyendanni . . . Well and happy.
 Orana . . . Welcome.
 Ouyamunna . . . Remembrance.
 Pabunbari . . . Dream.
 Pangari . . . Shade, shadow.
 Pankina . . . Be happy.
 Piltanga . . . Together.
 Pirakanta . . . Spread out.
 Tallawalla . . . Sit down.
 Taworri . . . Evening breeze.
 Thooruna . . . Together.
 Tirrike . . . Laughter, joy.
 Ukanali . . . Always the same.
 Wallawa . . . Stop here.
 Wandandian . . . Home of lost lovers.
 Warrawee . . . Come here.
 Werai . . . Look out!
 Wirrina . . . Somewhere to go.
 Woambra . . . Remembrance.
 Yallambee . . . To dwell; stay, tarry.
 Yallul . . . Always.
 Yoothapina . . . Much good luck.

HOUSE NAMES and their meanings

The words in this list are from various sources, which are given on page 2 of this issue.

In Australia there were many tribal languages and dialects, so that words differed from tribe to tribe.

Explorers and early settlers recorded words as they heard them, spelling them in English according to their idea of the sound. Consequently, spellings vary.

Then, too, European usage has altered spellings and changed pronunciations so that it is not possible to give an authoritative guide to either spelling or pronunciation.



Dwellings

Dandaraga . . . Very good country.
 Eleehana . . . Sweet, fragrant.
 Elongera . . . A pleasant place.
 Gadara . . . Cold, windy, draughty.
 Garie . . . Sleepy.
 Gerogeri . . . A pleasant place; a magpie.
 Gerri . . . Sleepy.
 Gidya . . . Little; species of acacia.
 Illoga . . . Far away.
 Illiliwa . . . Setting sun; the west.
 Impara . . . The sun rising red.
 Ingara . . . Long way.
 Itharu . . . Thither.
 Kalinya . . . Good.
 Kallioota . . . Green country.
 Kamhora . . . Sweet.
 Kanandah . . . The west, where sun sets.
 Kara . . . High up.
 Karalta . . . Green place far away.
 Kariwara . . . West.
 Karraree . . . High.
 Kiah . . . Beautiful place.
 Koolkuna . . . Place of safety.
 Kooyong . . . Resting place.
 Lalwinya . . . Quiet.
 Lenkunya . . . Beautiful.
 Lowanna . . . Beauty.
 Mankina . . . Happy.
 Marralameda . . . Best place on earth.
 Mathoura . . . Windy.

Akora . . . Dwelling, camp, hut.
 Apmarra . . . " "
 Arura . . . " "
 Baanga, Baanya . . . Camp.
 Bungarie . . . Hut, tent.
 Bulumba . . . Camp, hut.
 Canowindra . . . A home.
 Caringal . . . Elevated camp.
 Dardurr . . . Shelter made of bark.
 Doogan . . . Camp.
 Garema . . . " "
 Gooyong . . . " "
 Gundowring . . . Camping spot.
 Gunya . . . Shelter or hut.
 Hlalangi, Illangi . . . Camp on a hill.
 Illira . . . Hut.
 Ilta . . . Camp, hut.
 Kalganyi . . . Camping ground.
 Karingal . . . Happy camp.
 Kirami . . . Camp.
 Kunji, Kungie . . . Hut.
 Kooranowa . . . Camping ground.
 Lambruk . . . Homestead.
 Langi, Laingi . . . Camp, hut.
 Lara . . . Hut on stony ground; also Milky Way.

Bareki . . . Water.
 Barellan . . . Meeting place of waters.
 Barongarook . . . Running water.
 Beltana . . . Running water.
 Binda . . . Deep water, seaweed.
 Bombala . . . Meeting of waters.
 Boodarra . . . Water in caves.
 Boondi . . . Water breaking on rocks.
 Brula . . . Place of trickling water.
 Cabarita . . . By the water.
 Calleen . . . Fresh water.
 Carwoola . . . Waters meet on a plain.
 Chinkapook . . . Red water.
 Cowandilla . . . Drinking-water place.
 Cullen . . . Water.
 Dingabledinga . . . Water everywhere.
 Euchucha . . . Meeting of waters.
 Girrakool . . . Place of waters.
 Goondiwindi . . . Water coming over rocks.
 Galligal . . . Place of water.
 Kalangadoo . . . Pool of water.
 Kapunda . . . Spring; rocky waterhole.
 Keelbubban . . . Sound of rippling water.
 Koorringal . . . Home near the water.
 Lal Lal . . . Dashing waters.
 Longerangong . . . Dividing waters.
 Meroo . . . Junction of two waters.
 Millewa . . . Big waters.
 Millunga . . . Swirling waters.
 Milparinka . . . Find a well here.
 Morialta . . . Ever flowing.
 Mundoora . . . Deep water.
 Myuna . . . Clear waters.
 Nabilla . . . Water.
 Narrabri . . . Meeting of waters, big creek.
 Nattai . . . Water.
 Nepowie . . . Watering place.
 Nerrin-Nerrin . . . Many waters.
 Nyngan . . . Place of many streams.
 Opala . . . Fresh water.
 Pambula . . . Two waters.
 Prahran . . . Partly circled by water.
 Quarrawa . . . Water.
 Tallangatta . . . Clear water.
 Tilba Tilba . . . Many waters.
 Tirranna . . . Running water.



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THE JUDAS TREE

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By A. J. CRONIN



PUNCTUALLY at ten o'clock next morning the door-bell rang and Arturo, with an expression more enigmatic than usual, showed Madame Altshofer to the drawing-room, where Moray, seated on the sofa before the open Dutch cabinet, was pensively contemplating his collection of Chinese porcelain.

When he had greeted her and asked to be excused from rising, he waved an expressive hand.

"The futile tyranny of possessions. All this will have to be packed. When I bought it with such joy little did I think it would be such a nuisance in the end."

"I will pack it." She spoke quietly. "So it will be no nuisance. But first, how is your back?"

"No worse. I hope, though I slept badly. But I seem to have developed a queer sort of limp."

"A limp? Then you must see about it at once."

"No." He shook away the suggestion. "It can't be serious. At least I'll give it another day."

Turning from the cabinet, he found her gaze bent upon him in a fashion so oddly concerned it gave him quite a start.

"Is anything wrong, Frida?"

"No . . . no," she said quickly, forcing a smile. "I was thinking only of your injury. I hope you will be able to go to the party this afternoon."

"What party?"

"Why, naturally, Leonora's."

"I know nothing of it."

"But surely you are invited. We are all going, all our circle. It must be a mistake that you are overlooked. So you will come with me, yes?"

He bit his lip, vexed that he should have been left out, at this last hour, already regarded by the others as a dead letter.

"I'm much too busy to go. Anyhow, the lecture party was my swan song. I'm no longer interested in Leonora's frivolous nonsense."

"I am sorry, my friend. I know that all is finished for you here and that you must seek society where you are going, if indeed it is possible to find it among these . . . these uncivilised people."

"I shall have Willie and my dear wife," he said sharply. "And my work will be to civilise the people."

"But, of course, you will be very happy." She agreed in a conciliatory tone. "Still, three together is a limited group after the interesting society to which you have been accustomed. But now, no more, you have enough to worry about. I must go to finish the books. Another time, perhaps tomorrow, I will see to the porcelain."

What's the matter with her? he asked himself when she had departed for the library. Yesterday she had been bright and brisk, today a subdued melancholy clouded her yellow eyes. He found the change in her mood and manner quite inexplicable.

As the forenoon wore on, he took time off from his desk, where he was busy with the settlement of all outstanding accounts, to look in at the library — ostensibly to inspect her progress but actually to determine if her mood had changed. It had not, was indeed keyed to a lower pitch.

"Something is on your mind, Frida," he said, on his second visit.

"There is nothing . . . nothing."

The evasion in her tone was only too apparent. At lunch — she had consented solely as an economy of time to remain for a light meal — he made an effort to dispel the gloom.

"You're eating nothing. May I give you some of this salad?"

"Nothing more, please. I have little appetite today."

"Then if you've finished, let's take a rest on the terrace. The sun is quite strong today."

Outside it was distinctly warm and Wilhelm had swept away the snow and put out garden chairs. They sat down facing the marvellous skyline of the Alps.

"You have the finest view in Switzerland," she murmured. "At least for a few more days."

A silence followed, then, thinking to please, perhaps to placate her, he said:

"I hope you understand, Frida, that I will always have the highest regard for you."

"Will you?"

"Always. Moreover, Frida, I don't take your help for granted. I'd like you to choose something for yourself from my collection as a souvenir."

"You are generous, my friend, but I do not care for souvenirs. Always they invoke sadness."

"But you must. I insist."

"Then if I am to be sad, I shall be deeply so. You shall give me the small photograph standing on the right side of your desk."

"You mean the little snapshot of you and me on the Reisenberg."

"Exactly. That I will keep for remembrance."

"My dear Frida," He smiled chidingly. "You sound like an obituary notice."

She gave him a long sombre look.

"That is not surprising." Then, her reserve breaking down: "Mein Gott, how I am sad for you. I meant not to show you this, but soon enough you must know."

She opened her handbag, took out a newspaper clipping, handed it to him. He saw that it had been cut from that morning's "Daily Echo," a paper she did not usually take, and was headed: "Five Hundred Die In Congo Massacre."

Quickly he read the dispatch.

He looked up, meeting her gaze, which had remained fixed upon him. He was not in the least discomposed, confirmed rather, hardened and fortified.

"Frida," he said coldly, "I'm perfectly aware that for the past two days you have been trying to dissuade me from going — no doubt with the best intentions. But I don't think you quite understand how deeply I'm in love. I fully realise that conditions are bad out there. But I am going. I would follow Kathy to the ends of the earth."

"Yes, my friend," she sighed. "Is it not always like that when an elderly man is possessed by a young girl? And always the end is so tragic."

An angry retort had risen to his lips, but, respecting her distress, he stifled it. She had always been one to conceal her feelings, tears were not her medium of expression; yet she was clearly upset. Upright in his chair, he stared straight ahead at the distant snowcapped peaks. A prolonged silence descended upon them. Finally, in a subdued manner, but still with averted head, she rose.

"My friend, I can do no more for you today. Tomorrow I will come."

"I'm sorry," he muttered, put out by this unexpected departure. "Must you really go?"

"Yes, until tomorrow. If I am to visit with Madame Schutz and our friends, first I must compose myself."

He did not protest further, saw her to her car. Then he closed the gate and limped back to the house. Deliberately, word for word, he read the newspaper clipping again, then decisively tore it up.

During that afternoon he continued his preparations, but always with an eye on the clock. At five he was to telephone

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Cuticura

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For gentle baby care

To page 59

Christmas ideas from Norway



Norway sardine party platter

Here's a delightful way to serve Norway sardines. Just let your guests help themselves from this attractive platter. Arrange two 3½ oz. cans of Norway Sardines on a platter with cracker biscuits, salami, olives, and fresh garden radishes. Complete platter with *Stuffed Eggs Olaf* as follows: Hard boil 6 eggs and cool in cold water. After removing shells cut eggs lengthwise. Scoop out yolks and mix with pickle and 2 tablespoons of mayonnaise. Season to taste. Stuff eggs with mixture. Top each egg-half with a Norway sardine and decorate with a criss cross of red pimento strips. Cool in refrigerator before serving.

Why do Norway sardines taste so much better?

From icy Norwegian fjords, coldest richest waters in the world. Smoked over spicy oakwood fires. That's the secret of the delicious flavour that only Norway sardines have. At Christmas parties the tastiest savouries on the table are made with Norway sardines. Tin sizes range from the small 1oz. can for single serves to the large 3½ oz. size.

Norway sardines are packed close and whole in every tin, surrounded by the best quality pure natural or olive oils. (And no Norway sardine has a fish scale either.)



Use gay Norwegian novelties as Christmas decorations

Sweet baskets: These can be hung on the Christmas tree, filled with nuts and sweets. Cut 2 pieces of glossy kindergarten paper into a rectangle 6½" x 2½" cutting ends into a curved shape. Fold each piece in halves and make three cuts to within ¼" of the curved end. Lay one piece over the other at right angles. Starting from the top weave each section into the other to make the basket. Attach a handle.

The gay *Ski Figure* (above) is made on a pipe cleaner base and covered with coloured wool. Make skis from ice cream sticks or emery boards.

Make the *Snowman* from cotton wool, wrapped around rolled cardboard. The hat is a cotton reel covered with felt, eyes and mouth are painted on. Decorate it with artificial holly.

Look for this emblem of the Norwegian Cannery Association. It is on many tins of Norway Sardines.



INSIST...INSIST ON NORWAY SARDINES

RETURN JOURNEY

A short short story

By
**PAULINE
KELLY**



An imperative whistle shrieked from the train and she said, "You'd better hurry."

WHEN he saw her standing behind the bookstall, he stopped dead in his tracks and blinked his eyes twice to make sure that the steam eddying from the "Golden Flyer" hadn't conjured her up. He checked an urge to rush headlong across the platform to where she stood. It had been six months of being without her, and in those six months loneliness and frustration had substituted wisdom in the place of foolish pride.

She was as beautiful as ever. There was still the same flash of fire in the eyes, muted now as they looked at a customer, but unmistakably present. He remembered the spark of anger that had danced out from them on that last night. He had been taking her to a ball, but the pressure of business had thrust down on him at the last moment.

Marion should have taken it well, he assured himself. He had done the same thing before, but it wasn't his fault. He wanted to get on in the world, and he was already rising in the firm of Croft & Co., it didn't matter that he had to be at their beck and call whenever they needed him, ease up on personal commitments. It wouldn't last forever.

Marion, however, didn't see things the same way. She wanted security and love in their relationship, not a perpetual game of hide and seek and not being able to make plans more than two days ahead. The ball was the last straw. Either he went or it was the finish for them.

So that was the end. Choosing work before play, he hadn't then realised it was personal ambition before love. Only now, when the sight of her hollowed out the emptiness inside of him, did he realise the immense gap her departure from his life had left.

He moved slowly forward across the platform and paused before the bookstall. His eyes sought hers, she turned. "Marion," he said, stepping forward.

Her eyes, for a moment, were wary, and then they gave him the open, "happy to see you" look that he remembered so well. Time had erased her annoyance; perhaps, he thought, with a slight surge of doubt, even her feeling.

He put his suitcase down beside him. "This is the last place I expected to meet you. On a railway station."

"I've been here almost a month," said Marion. "Are you going somewhere?"

His leg nudged the suitcase closer to the stand and he took a deep breath. "Carrington. I've got an important meeting there." He caught the knowing expression in her eye. "Yes," he added, "I'm still at it."

"You never really stopped, did you?"

"I suppose not." He glanced at his watch, then at her. "Can you leave the stand for a moment? I've got enough time for a cup of coffee."

Hesitancy was written all over her. She turned slowly to the woman at the other end of the stall. "Mrs. Wright," she called, "would you mind taking over? I won't be long."

He was pleased. He picked up his case, took her arm, and guided her across to the coffee counter.

"What is it for this time?" she asked. "An important business deal for Croft & Co?"

He helped her on to the stool and ordered two coffees. "I've been promoted to sales manager," he said. "I'm going up to Carrington to see if I can get an order for a thousand washing-machines. If everything turns out all right—" He stopped, because the warmth had gone out of her face, and he saw the chill of painful remembrance reflected in her eyes. But her voice was gentle.

"You'll never rest until you're right at the top, will you?" she asked. "Nothing else matters to you?"

"You'd be surprised." He reached over and took her hand. Her fingers were cold and resistant. "There's you for one."

She wrenched her hand free, and he knew that he had

made a mistake in resorting to "the man of the world" role. "You made it clear a long time ago where I figured on your list of affections," she said.

"I was wrong." The sincerity that crept into his voice was better and, what's more, it was genuine. He searched his mind for words that would bridge the gap between them. He hadn't realised how deeply he had hurt her. "How's Mary?" he asked. Mary was the girl she flattered with.

"She's getting engaged tonight," Marion said.

He allowed his surprise to flood into his face. Now they were on a safe footing, mutually linked in discussing someone else. "Not to Tom?"

"Yes," said Marion.

Phillip sighed. "Well, what d'you know. I suppose they're having a celebration?"

She nodded. "At the flat."

"Wish I could be there. If only I didn't have to catch that darned train."

Marion sat silently beside him. He could feel her eyes exploring his face, searching for the uncertainty she wanted to find, the faltering from purpose that she craved.

"What time does your train leave?"

"In a few minutes. Marion, I'd like to go to the party tonight. I'd like to celebrate with Mary and Tom, please believe that."

"I do," she said, her voice stiff. "But you have your work to do. Besides, they don't expect you."

It was a blow that struck painfully at his ego.

He picked up his suitcase and looked down at Marion. "It was nice to see you again."

She smiled. "I hope you have success at Carrington."

"Thank you. Wish Mary and Tom luck for me."

He let the gap of silence widen between them and moved a little away from her. There was pain in her own eyes, and he recognised it with a shock. She still cared for him. Across the station, an imperative whistle shrieked from one of the platforms. She said, "You'd better hurry."

Hurry out of her life when he didn't even want to walk out. He took a step toward her and reached out a questioning hand. She stared at him for a moment, and then her own hand went out and slid into his.

He said, "I'm not going."

"But—" her voice was perplexed.

"It can wait, Marion. Right at this moment the only thing that matters is you."

She stared disbelievingly. "Phillip. Do you know what you're saying. What about the order in Carrington?"

His hand pressed over hers. "What about the party?"

Her face cleared as if a veil had been drawn away from it. She had waited and hoped against hope throughout their precarious romance that one day she would take precedence over his work, and now, months after it had finished, the miracle had happened on a railway station.

"You've changed. And I love you for it," she whispered.

Hand in hand they strolled back to the bookstall. Just before they reached it, Marion stopped as a new thought struck her. "What about your ticket?" she said. "You'd better hurry and get a refund before the train leaves."

Obediently he crossed to the ticket office and went through the motions of changing his ticket. What he really said was, "What time does the next train leave for Bourke?"

And as he strolled back toward her waiting figure he fervently prayed that she would never find out that he had only just got off the "Golden Flyer" from Carrington, the order for the thousand washing-machines nesting cosily in his wallet.

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Planning a Christmas party?

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For tastiest Christmas party fare.



The Cradle

An appealing short story

By EDITH PARGETER

THE cradle was carved in limewood, on polished rockers. The round face and arched wings of a cherub sheltered the pillow and there were flowers and birds all round the rim. Shut away from the sun in the attic, kept dusted and immaculate by Cousin Susan's meticulous housekeeping, the wood had never darkened; it looked as if it had been carved only yesterday.

The christening robe of lace and lawn in its silver box had yellowed at the folds, the painted toy horse had lost the brightness of his original red saddle and blue bridle, and the hair of his mane had dried and grown brittle with the atmospheric changes of twenty years; but the cradle was always new.

The Rector could never pass by the door without opening it and looking at the hoarded remains of his arrested life. He had never intended that the things he and Gillian had amassed for their eagerly awaited son should be stored up here and turned into the furnishings of a shrine; that was something that had happened of itself.

The toys, clothes, the little wooden things he had carved, like the cradle, with his own young and skilful hands, had been left here untouched in deference to his silence and stillness, ever since that moist green December evening twenty years ago, when Gillian had died in childbirth.

People had thought he wanted everything left as it was; in truth he had wanted nothing, except simply not to be, not to bear the responsibility for his own life, not to feel or remember. On that desire, feeling and memory feed and grow strong beyond bearing.

It was worst at Christmas, but still he could not pass by the closed door. Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. And the child had been born, and it had indeed been a son; but in the moment of birth he had turned back, frightened, into the darkness, and snatched Gillian away with him. And the Rector had been left alone.

The disaster had been too complete and absolute for him, he had shrunk away from human sympathy into the sealed world of his own pain, withdrawing to bury the shrivelled remnants of his life among the relics of his brief fatherhood. The round of his parochial duties

the shell of a man faithfully fulfilled, making superficial contacts daily with his fellow men; his mind compiled sermons, his tongue delivered them.

But all that was real of him lay shut in here with the symbols of his loss. Out of his inability to act he had left them all in their places, the fragile, intractable things bought and made for his beloved son; and others had respected what they took to be his wish. Dusted and preserved, polished with the caresses of his hands, and heavy with the weight of his withdrawal, the cradle stood in the centre of the attic like an altar. Or like a coffin on its catafalque, part of a burial arrested for ever.

Why had he not taken it under his arm that very Christmas Day and given it to the first expectant mother whose name came to his mind among his parishioners? It would not have been difficult, there were always plenty of births early in the year, the first fruits of last spring's weddings. But he had missed his opportunity, and the small, commanding thing, permanent in its place and for ever barren, defied him to touch it now.

If it was a coffin, the body it held was the mummified remains of his effective life, self-buried here. The limewood walls, crested with flowers and birds, were higher and more impassable than the walls of a prison. Humanity moved and breathed in daylight on the outer side of them, but he was within, in the narrow darkness to which he had withdrawn voluntarily, and from which long disuse had sealed every way of escape.

The cracked mirror banished from the guest-room showed him his own face, long and pale among the shadows, soon to be old; even age would have no meaning for him. It was too late now to wish to return to life and his own kind; the effort was beyond him, he had been self-buried too long.

And yet it was Christmas again, and the living world was all around him, within touch of his impotent hands. The house was full of the smell of baking, fragrant with the vanilla sugar without which his new housekeeper could not conceive of celebrating the feast.

She was down there in the kitchen now, her sleeves turned up to her elbows, wrapping her biscuit animals and angels and flowers in silver foil for the tree; and beside her, cutting out lacy paper decorations according to old tradition, a pink tongue protruding at the corner of her earnest mouth, was the child. The strange child, the girl child with the outlandish name, Katrena Iwaszkiewicz. They spoke English, mother and daughter both; he could have talked to them if there had not been an invisible barrier between.

He had thought it might shatter when the child entered the house, but she walked gravely on her own side of it and watched him through the bars with wary grey eyes and made no attempt to reach him. Perhaps, like all the rest, she had no inkling that he was shut away from her.

They exchanged words sometimes; why should she suspect that it was only an automatic physical reaction, that provided the responses to her respectful greetings and polite questions? She thought a man had answered her.

The Polish woman had been engaged by Cousin Susan before she left on her year's visit to her sister in America.

"In your position," she had said firmly, "I think you should set an example, with International Refugee Year only just over, and everything. Mrs. Iwaszkiewicz has very good references. She came from a Jewish family and was smuggled into Sweden as a child during the war, and afterwards she married a survivor from a concentration camp, who died a few years later from his experiences and left her penniless with this baby."

She had been hurrying on past this supposed danger point, but he had turned from his desk to look at her with widening eyes. "A baby?"

Of what had she been afraid? That he would object to having a child in the house? She had rushed to diminish the promise at once.

"Oh, she's not a baby now, of course, they've been in a camp for some years. Katrena will be eight years old now, and a very quiet, well-behaved child. I've seen her. I can assure you

To page 36

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers

December 20, 1961

WEEKLY

**GLAMOR
HOLIDAY
CLOTHES**
—pages 6, 7

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Fortnightly tests welcomed

AT my school this year the principal brought in a new system which has proved most satisfactory. Instead of the usual "end of the term" tests, she decided that we would be set fortnightly tests and at the end of the year our average would be taken on these tests.

Most of the girls are in favor of this because, firstly, they study all through the term (thus getting better results), and secondly, there is not the nervousness and strain of those dreaded term tests. — *Helen Mooney, Uralla, N.S.W.*

Cruel master

OH, let me cry out against my cruel master—Fashion! He torments me in all ways and places me at his beck and call. He is a hard task-master and what he says I must do one day he condemns me for doing the next!

He forces me to clinch my waist into a meagre 19 inches and then—torture, oh torture—cramps my huge frame clumsily into a petite and frilly Brigitte Bardot dress, embarrassing me most cruelly by forcing me to pout!

My hair he has today curled with fiery tongs and tomorrow pulls it fiercely back into a chignon, where it aches all day.

He forces me to don shapeless ghastly "tents" called muumuus and tortures my feet by giving me three inch high heels.

Must I bow down to my master Fashion? Yes! Because, by being born a woman, I was sold into the slavery of Fashion at birth! — *Frances Beecham, Muswellbrook, N.S.W.*

Exam panic

NORMALLY I do not worry tremendously just before exams, nor do I work late at night on my study. Unfortunately, this time I felt a superhuman effort was needed. Against all my normal pre-

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

exam rules I rose early on some mornings as well as working late. I worried a lot (three hours' sleep before my first exam) and swotted in spare hours between exams so that my normal learning ability and any quick thinking simply faded.

My worst disaster was General Maths. Through the year my marks seemed promising, but I worried more about this one than the others. I went into the exam with my head feeling like a swollen soppy mass, and made a shocking mess of a paper, which after 10 hours' sleep I found I could do 50 per cent. better. I failed only because of silly panic-stricken worry. — *Serena Quinn, Red Hill, A.C.T.*

Advice

ADVICE for the week: If you want to keep your youth—don't introduce him to your girl-friend. — *J. McNeil, Glen Iris, Vic.*

Stay at school

HERE'S advice to 15-year-olds who plan to leave school this year: think it over first. I could hardly wait to leave school after doing the Inter. last year, and I'm sorry now. Believe me, school years are truly the best years of one's life—carefree.

The unemployment situation is getting worse and education standards must get higher as there are more people competing for the same job. Take a lease on your happiest days—stay on at school. — *Sandra McMillan, Newcastle, N.S.W.*

Tanned peacocks?

ALTHOUGH life-saving clubs render an indispensable service, the majority of the life-savers are stuck-up peacocks who just waltz up and down the beach to show off their tans. They are not conscientious enough. — *A.G., Toowoomba, Qld.*

Present snobbery

GIRLS seem to be the worst offenders among the Christmas present crowd at big city schools. Those who can't afford to give expensive presents to ALL their friends are snubbed and made fun of behind their backs. The girl to give the most presents seems to be the one to gain the superiority crown. It is a humiliating and embarrassing practice, and should be stopped. — *Cards Only, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK



"For the last time, Alice, marriage is out of the question. I don't make enough to support you both."

Screamers

THERE'S nothing worse than having to put up with screaming, hysterical teenagers at rock shows.

I live in the country and made a special trip to the city to hear my favorite singer, and I could hardly hear a thing he sang or played. — *Pamela Roberts, Millicent, S.A.*

Chosen career

TEENAGERS often talk about their chosen career. Well, I'm a teenager and I've got a chosen career—I was born with it! Nothing queer about that? No. My mother decided when I was born that I would be a kindergarten teacher—because her father wouldn't let her be one.

Those accents

WHY do Australian singers insist on copying Americans? Some even have the cheek to speak with a slight American accent. This is very foolish as Americans can't sing any better than we can. Maybe Australian artists just don't have any pride.

Those accents

One true Aussie singer I admire is balladeer Rolf Harris. He's my favorite because he sings so "fair-dinkum." — *Sandra Lumsden, Riverview, Qld.*

£100 SNAPSHOT WINNER

● A 17-year-old girl from Cooma, N.S.W., has won the £100 For a Snapshot competition announced by Jantzen (Aust.) Ltd. in our October 4 issue.

SHE is Alison Davena Ritchie, of Ballong Place, Cooma North.

The competition was for a snapshot of a boy and girl together, wearing Jantzen swimsuits or sunclothes.

When told of her win, Alison said she would share the prizemoney equally with two friends—Garry McGufficke, 16, of Wangi St., Cooma, who posed for the snapshot with her, and Raymond Ferris, of Orana Ave., Cooma, who took the photograph.

Alison was born in London in 1944, and when she was just three years old the family went to live in Germany. Five years later they came to Australia, arriving on Alison's eighth birthday, and settled in Cooma.

Alison works with the

Snowy Mountains Authority as a tracer.

Her main interest is horse-riding—she owns a grey, half-Arab pony called "Springbok," and she belongs to the Cooma Horse and Pony Club. In 1958 and 1959 she was champion girl rider of the Cooma Show.

She also belongs to the Cooma Little Theatre Group, and she swims, listens to rock-'n-roll records, and reads.

Alison's prizemoney will help pay for a visit she is planning to her sister who lives in Canada.

Garry McGufficke works as a clerk in the Cooma Court House.

His interests are swimming, cricket, basketball, and Rugby League, and he loves dancing, modern music, and art.



THE WINNING SNAPSHOT in the Jantzen £100 competition shows Alison Ritchie and Garry McGufficke on the banks of the Murrumbidgee River near Cooma. Raymond Ferris took the photograph.

Next week

LEAVING her singing and dancing for the moment, Patsy Ann Noble will be a stage star over Christmas and New Year as Alice in Wonderland. Next week we have a colorful picture of her at a dress rehearsal, with singer Tony Brady as the Knave of Hearts. For film fans there's a pin-up of Hardy Kruger. And from Melbourne we have the story of a 14-year-old lass who makes ALL her own clothes and some for her mother—and brother—too.

Selling is not just a gift

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● Only a few more shopping days till Christmas — and doesn't 19-year-old Karen Simmonds know it! As gift hostess in the Christmas boutique of a large Sydney department store, she helps solve the gift problem of every imaginable type of customer.

YOU have to get the whole story of each person before you can suggest the right present," said Karen cheerfully.

Good cheer and good listening come easily to her. For the customer, whether he buys or not, is doing Karen a service, also.

He gives her experience in "customer psychology"—an important aspect in her four-year course as an executive trainee with the store.

Karen hopes that eventually she will become a buyer for the store—preferably a fashion buyer. As such she would buy from wholesalers and manufacturers the stock for the store to sell.

Much to learn

To do this well she has to learn all about store management, buying plans, promotion and advertising, selling techniques, and customer psychology.

"You have to know a customer inside out," she said, "so that you can pick out a woman from the crowd and know on sight the type of thing she'll want to buy."

"Then you have to know what to say to prompt her to buy it."

From the naive customer's point of view I found this a bit tiring. But Karen was re-energizing.

"By knowing what and how you think, we know how to help you," she said.

"With the high-pressure marketing of today, our training in this psychology business has to be pretty scientific and specific, that's all."

All departments

After a year in the store's training squad, Karen knows what she's talking about. With the four other girl executive trainees and the five boys from the men's departments ("it's co-educational"), she attends a weekly lecture on, say, management or psychology. She takes notes and must write essays for homework.

As an executive trainee she does a normal shop assistant's job, with the difference that she doesn't stay too long in one department. She has to get a broad picture of selling in all departments during the course.

Since she started in the store two years ago she has worked in the women's fashion and shoe departments, last year's gift shop, the book department, and the wool department.

But Karen didn't enter the firm as an executive trainee. No one can. Potential buyers and managers are picked from the brightest young sales girls and boys.

And in this Karen had a bit of a start. Before her family migrated from England she had a job as a salesgirl of fashion

garments in a large department store in Southampton.

Nonetheless, when she started selling in the women's fashion department in the Sydney store at the age of 17 she was still prey to beginners' mistakes.

"Mostly with the docket," she said with a grin. "I kept putting them in the wrong chutes."

Her selection for the training squad after 10 months as a shop assistant wasn't because she had made a record number of sales.

"Others probably sold more," she said, "because I believe you should never force someone to buy something that doesn't suit him or her. It pays off in the long run."

Time to shop

In Karen's case it obviously did. In her present job, in addition to helping customers choose the right gifts, she's in charge of all the stock in the department.

Because of this she sometimes

comes in earlier in the morning to get things in order before trading starts. But usually her working hours are 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. on weekdays and 8.30 a.m. to noon on Saturdays.

"Besides the normal lunch hour and tea breaks, we always get an hour off each week for shopping," she said.

Shopping, naturally, is an easy chore. Karen, who lives at home with her parents and sister, doesn't have to worry about food buying, and anything she wants (even a hairdo) she can get from her own store—with a special staff discount.

It's a nice change to be buying something instead of selling it, too.

Not that Karen feels there's anything wrong with selling.

"It's a service," she says, "and I love helping to spend other people's money—particularly on beautiful things that I couldn't possibly afford myself."

Training schemes for potential executives like Karen vary from store to store.

The wages vary, too, depending on the ability of the trainee and the policy of the firm.

Minimum wages

However, a girl doing this type of work couldn't be paid less than shop assistants' award rates, which, in New South Wales, start at £6/2/- a week for those under 16 years.

The rates go up each year by a little more than £1 until they are £13/6/- a week at 21 and £14/10/- at 23 and over.

The basic senior rate for a woman in charge of a department, with the duty of buying, is £17/17/- a week, but a promising young buyer for the women's fashion department, for example, could earn up to £30.

What about Karen's own Christmas shopping—any bright suggestions? "I haven't given it a thought," she said, and added with a grin, "I'll start thinking at the very last moment."



GIFT HOSTESS Karen Simmonds arranging the display of possible Christmas presents. Her job is to help customers choose the right ones for friends and relations.



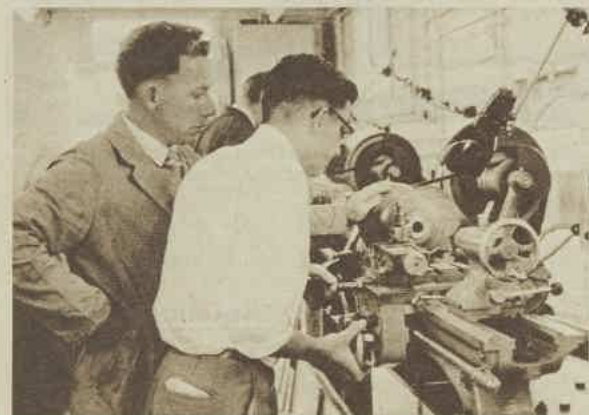
SCHOOL ON WHEELS, which trains electrical trades apprentices. Consisting of three railway carriages, it operates at Taree, Wauchope, and Kempsey.



PERSONAL TUITION by instructor Schulstad (standing) is the big advantage for country apprentices, who formerly had to rely on correspondence courses.



WINDING an alternating current electric motor is one of the many skills apprentices, such as 17-year-old John Duyker, of Kempsey (above), are taught in the mobile school's workshop.



OPERATING a lathe in the fully equipped workshop, Trevor Kesby (left), of Kempsey, gets advice on the adjustment of the controls from Mr. Schulstad.

LECTURE ROOM and laboratory in one of the three railway carriages is big enough to seat 12 students. Equipment worth £6000 is installed in the mobile unit.



Mobile unit to train electricians

• The only mobile electrical training college in Australia shunts regularly on the railway tracks joining Kempsey, Wauchope, and Taree on the northern coast of New South Wales.

THIS year—for the first time—it has brought city standard technical education to some 40 electrical trades apprentices living in the area.

At Kempsey, during the last days of term, first-, second-, and third-year apprentices were finishing their first year of personal instruction. Before that all had been doing their four-year course by correspondence.

The New South Wales Technical Education Department has run Mobile Teaching Units—four in all—for many years in machining, oxy-acetylene welding, automotive mechanics, and other engineering trades, but this is the first excursion into the electrical trades.

Their instructor, Mr. Aub. Schulstad, lives in the smallest of the three carriages which house the unit. It is equipped with bed, cooking stove, refrigerator, stainless-steel sink, and hot and cold shower.

In one corner is the library—a cupboard full of text-books on electrical theory which the boys may borrow.

The second carriage consists of a workshop—equipped with lathes and other machinery—while the third is the lecture-room and laboratory.

"Much easier"

Typical of the boys who attend the Mobile Unit at Kempsey is 20-year-old Peter Saul, a third-year apprentice. He lives at Bellimbopinni, eight miles from Kempsey, and works for the Macleay River County Council.

"It took me three years by correspondence to do two years of the course," he said. "This year, with personal tuition, I've kept up at the usual technical college rate, and it has been so much easier."

Mr. Schulstad agreed that few correspondence students could keep up with the rate of progress made by students under personal tuition at a technical college. Their only practical work consisted of a yearly trip to Sydney for a few days' workshop instruction.

"Peter did well to get two

years' correspondence study in three years," he said. "Some of the slower ones are still in the second year of their three years' apprenticeship, and give up less than half through."

"Any branch of the electrical trade is one of the most difficult to learn through correspondence."

These boys, who would have to journey 150 miles to finish their technical college course, get the same personal tuition from Mr. Schulstad, notwithstanding considerable travel.

Ivan Bodycott, 19, travels 100 miles by car from Nambucca Heads, where he works as an electrical contractor, and values the personal teaching worth the effort.

Small classes

Mr. Schulstad spends a week in each centre. On the weekend he returns to his home and two children, living in Macquarie, by car, while the unit is hitched on to a passenger train to be transported to the next centre.

"I'm kept busy all the time," he said, "what with day and evening classes, marking papers, and supervising examinations."

"My classes are small—no more than 12 because there is no room to seat more at one time—but the work is very satisfying and I reckon they will get the same opportunities they'd get at a city technical college."

First- and third-year apprentices do three full days at the unit each week; it is two days for second- and fourth-year apprentices do half that time.

Employers—usually local councils, electrical contractors, automotive engineers, or, in some cases, the boys' fathers—pay £6 a year for their tuition.

Subjects include applied electricity, laboratory work, mechanical drawing, workshop practice, winding and wiring.

"There is a big shortage of good trained men in country districts," Mr. Schulstad said, "and with increasing decentralisation of industry these boys should have a good future."

Technical education is becoming more and more important as the competition for careers in skilled occupations increases. On these pages we report on two phases of Australia's training programme.

FOR GIRLS

A future in fashion

• All the clothes shown on this page were designed and made by the girls wearing them—final-year students of the Women's Handicrafts Certificate course at the East Sydney Technical College.

THEY designed and made the clothes as part of their course — and modelled them at a fashion parade to celebrate their graduation.

The girls are among the 22 who have just finished the course, which covers all branches of fashion and design and the making of clothes and accessories.

Next year the girls will go into jobs in teaching, industry, or private business.

The course is made up of four main sections—dressmaking, millinery, lingerie, and tailoring. Most students attend full-time day classes, but in some centres there are evening classes.

The certificate course is three years for girls with the Intermediate Certificate and two years for those with the Leaving Certificate. Teacher trainees must do an extra post-certificate year. All students must have a pass in Needlework and English.

Most technical colleges run similar courses, and the principal of your nearest college would give you the details.



TAILORING is one of the four main sections of the Women's Handicrafts Certificate course at the East Sydney Technical College. These students, working on tailored collars, are Katrina Semas (left), 21, of Temora, N.S.W., and Sydney girl Helen Hay, 19, of West Ryde.



JILLIAN ARTHUR (above), 20, from Cunnamulla, Qld., who designed and made this nylon chiffon evening dress with draped front panel and floating panel from one shoulder.



KAY JONES (above), 19, of Guildford, N.S.W., designed a cute idea for this outfit, using the grey-and-white-stripe cotton of her shorts as an accent cross-piece on her green topper.



ROBIN GODFREY (left), 19, of Earlwood, N.S.W., wearing the brown linen slacks and patterned cotton bathing topper she designed. She is posing beside a piece of sculpture in the grounds of the college.



KATRINA McLEOD-JONES (left), 20, of Turramurra, models her short shot - silk taffeta party dress. The bodice has a scooped neckline and the skirt has side pieces lapping over in a scallop effect at the front.



FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY—
a drift of pastel-yellow organza
(over two puffy skirts). Strapless,
with a white lace bodice and a high-
placed self-bow in front, this roman-
tic party dress has a matching stole
—worn here as a head-scarf.

**FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING AT
HOME (right)**—pure silk tapered
slacks in fabulous gilded color, worn
with white Swiss cotton blouse with
froth of cotton lace down the front.
Note Christmas cluster pin of pearls
on blouse and roped pearls at finger-
tips — gleaming loot to thrill a girl.

GLAMOR H



● If you're working
home dazzle over
an array of pre-
holiday occasions
silhouettes are nicely
skirted for

OUR COOL

FOR DELIVERING CUTE
Eye-catching casuals in
shantung jacket (rather
contrasting organza and
of brilliant corded org
with upturned toes and
trim. Soles are leather

FOR FESTIVE DINNER (left)—
in sea-water tonings, the wide sh
pleated, has a sleeveless, e
rounded neckline and its own



HOLIDAY CLOTHES

...ing what to wear at holiday parties and for at-
 Christmas and New Year, here's your answer—
 colorful fashions for some of the really big
 your calendar. Colors are flower-bright,
 gay. Curvy girls will be happiest in the full-
 ons; long, lean lasses have a choice.

DER

CHRISTMAS GIFTS:
 vivid pure silk
 (jockey's), with
 stripes, slacks
 Spanish shoes
 straw with gold
 they're backless.

...ing nylon
 permanently
 slip, with
 holding slip.



FOR CHRISTMAS DAY VISIT
 (above)—pretty as the fairy on top
 of a Christmas tree in pale textured
 dacron that washes readily, dries
 quickly. Newsy points are the long
 waist top—it's prettily smocked—
 above graceful pleated skirt. To
 wear without, or with, tie-belt.



FOR NEW YEAR'S PARTY HOSTESS—cute little kookie
 dress of coin-spotted white chiffon (it's made on a taffeta
 slip), the low, gathered skirt accented with a velvet bow,
 strikes a suitably gay note. Accessory note: small flat bow in
 hair brushed high and smooth with fringe ends.

Fashions from Farmer and Co. and David Jones, Sydney.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Pictures and boys

"WE are two girls of 12. Do you think it is right that we should go out to pictures more than once a week and sit with boys? Our parents do not approve, but we think differently. What is your opinion?"

"Gunda," W.A.

Exactly the same as your parents—except that once a week is too often (to sit with boys).

Dropped

"I AM 15 and have been going steady with a boy of 21. Just lately I have not heard from him, and am afraid that he has dropped me. What can I do about this, as I love him very much and can't live without him?"

"Desperate," Vic.

You may not be able to live without him, but you'll have to learn to exist. He is telling you plainly and positively by his absence that he can easily live without you. You will feel awful for a while, but you'll be all right as soon as you find a new boy. And you will find one, in time.

Unreliable Romeo

"I AM 16 and in love with a boy of my own age. During the two years that we have been going together, he has completely ignored me for two to three months in a row. This has happened three times now. Last time he promised me that it wouldn't happen again. I believed him and we have been enjoying each other's company for about five months. However, the last few times I have seen him I noticed that he is showing the usual signs of going back to his old ways again. Should I keep forgiving him, or ignore him until he is older and knows his mind a little better?"

"Uncertain," Vic.

It is time you stopped seeing this come-and-go Romeo. Give him the brush-off, but good. The "forgiveness" you've gone on with over the past two years has condoned his behaviour. He knows you'll welcome him when he feels like looking your way again—this year, next year, some time, never. Give him a shock; get rid of him.

Bored

"MY boy-friend and I have been going together for two months. He comes to my house every night, and we both become very moody. Some nights I like him and other nights I can't make conversation, and he gets annoyed and says I don't want to go with him any longer. This might be true that night, but I know if I lost him I would be sorry and want him back. The same thing has happened with two previous boy-friends of mine. Do I love them or am I too young to understand about love? I am 16."

"Moody," N.S.W.

You see too much of your boy-friend.

You must be bored stiff with each other. Seeing him every night is too much and must be irritating when there are so many other things to do. When do you wash your hair, press your clothes, try a new hairstyle, manicure your nails, read, sew, see your girl-friends, go out with the family, and do those hundred and one things that make the week interesting?

I'd limit romance to a Saturday night date and a day at the beach or somewhere on Sunday.

You are not too young for romance at 16, but love with a capital L generally comes quite a bit later. As for being too young to understand love, I don't think the human being exists who understands it completely, no matter what their age. That's what makes it so fascinating.

Office smile

"THERE is a girl in our office I am very fond of. I am a boy of 17. Every day as I walk past her desk with the mail she smiles at me and sometimes speaks. Should I take this as an opening and ask her out? I'm scared she will refuse me, because if she does I will lose all confidence and also suffer from the boys' jokes, which embarrass me."

"Shy Alec," N.S.W.

I think you should stop by her desk for a moment and talk to her a bit before you ask her out. After about a week of this, ask her may you put her on her bus or train or on whatever form of transport she catches home. If she says yes and all goes successfully, then ask her out.

Take no notice of the other boys in the office, and don't say anything to them, either. They're probably jealous of the way she talks and smiles with you.

Fortune-tellers

"I AM in love with a boy who is a floor-walker in the shop where I work. When I get into trouble at work he sticks up for me. Does he like me, or is he only doing his job? I have been to a fortune-teller, who read my palm and she described the boy she said was in love with me. It fitted him exactly. I do not know whether to believe her or not. Some palms she read have come true. Please help me."

"Uncertain," N.S.W.

I have never heard of a true fortune-teller, although I have heard people say that something a fortune-teller has told them has come true. I don't believe these people. I think they often make things come true, especially things like the one you have been told.

The trouble is that when your romantic heart is involved you try to make things like descriptions fit the person you want them to.

I wouldn't take the slightest notice of what the fortune-teller says. But I will look into the future for you. Work hard at the shop, avoid trouble, smile at him, be helpful to the customers, and he will like you better than ever.

True love?

"I HAVE been dating different boys, as I haven't met a boy whom I wish to go steady with. Recently I met this wonderful boy at a dance and I enjoyed his company immensely. I have seen him, several times at various functions, and each time he has accompanied me everywhere during the whole evening. I have been told that he feels the same way about me as I do about him, but he hasn't made a move that would suggest this statement is true. I would like to know if I should go out with other boys and not worry about him, which would be very hard to do."

"Puzzled," Qld.

You should go out with other boys. It may be hard, although I very much doubt this, but it would surely be better than moping round at home by yourself, thinking of this boy who you are busy persuading yourself is your own true love.

Don't take any notice of what people tell you about how much he likes you. If he felt the way you do he'd make a date with you or be round to see you, not just pick you up at a function you've gone to.

Don't get carried away and dramatise this feeling you have for the boy. Keep

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

THERE is not much time left before Santa cracks that whip over Prancer and Dancer and the rest of his reindeer, but you've still got time for some sewing to help balance your Christmas-gift budget.

For mother: A set of table mats in plain linen or check gingham. Cut them 20in. long and 15in. deep and machine a double row of stitching 1½ inches from the edge right round the mat. Then fray the edges to make a pretty fringe. (The coarser the material the easier it is to fringe.)

For father or brother: A shoe-cleaning outfit. Make a bag of felt or strong cloth and fill a velvet polisher. Add the brush and boot-polish.

For sister or girl-friend: Dress a doll in satin and lace. Make the skirt very full and sew on large pockets all the way round. Fill these with needles, cottons, tape-measure, and thimble.

it to yourself until he makes it plain, one way or the other, how he feels about you.

Sudden change

"I AM very much in love with a 17-year-old girl whom I met six months ago. I am 19. Up until a week ago we both loved each other very much and we planned on getting engaged in two months' time, but in the last week she has completely changed. Now she says she is not sure, and she wants us to be apart for three months to test our love. Although I have seen and spoken to her in the past week, she is an entirely different girl. By the way she talks and acts, I am sure that she no longer loves me and is only hoping that I will forget her in the three months we will be apart, but I am deeply in love with her and time will never alter that fact."

"Unhappy Man," W.A.

You've got only one chance with this girl: Do exactly as she asks, happily. And leave her completely alone during the testing time, even for a month or so longer than she suggests.

If you hang round her and try to see her and talk to her you'll irritate her beyond everything. Do exactly as she asks, without apparent regrets, and she'll have a chance to know one way or other how she does feel.

You are both far too young to be contemplating marriage. I agree with her. Separate, go out with other people and see if your feelings for each other stand up to the test.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Know your etiquette

MENU MEANINGS

Goulash (pronounced goo-lash) is a Hungarian stew made from small cubes of beef in a spiced sauce and usually served with rice or dumplings.

Ravioli (ra-vee-o-lee) consists of rounds or squares of spiced meat wrapped in noodle paste and served in a rich tomato sauce and grated cheese.

Risotto (re-sotto) is rice which has been fried with various flavorings such as tomatoes, onions, chicken livers, or seafoods. Boiling water or stock is added to complete the cooking.

Spaghetti Bolognese (bol-on-yea-see) is spaghetti served with a delicious tomato-flavored meat sauce.

Vol au Vent (vol-o-von) is a puff pastry shell filled with meat, fish, poultry, or mushrooms, usually in a creamy sauce.

Wiener Schnitzel (veener-schnit-zel) is veal cut very thin, rolled in egg and breadcrumbs, fried, and usually served with potato salad and vegetables.

Zabaglione (zab-al-ee-o-nee) is an Italian sweet made from raw egg-yolks beaten up with wine and sugar.

● Do you remember dressing up as a child and smearing the contents of your mother's powder-box, her lipstick, too, uninhibitedly all over your face? Well, that's not exactly the attitude of mind you'll need for pretty party make-up.

By Carolyn Earle

BY all means, dress up your face in the best way you know if you yearn to cut a dash at the Christmas and New Year parties, but there's no need to go overboard with cosmetics in order to look specially fetching.

Just follow your formula for everyday prettiness, which, incidentally, will pay off in party glamor, too, and add a subtle touch of color here and there for special eye-appeal.

This "subtle touch" may be a brighter, new lipstick, or a gentle application of eyeshadow so that your eyes look enormous, or perhaps a jewelled clip in your hair.

Or, if you're the sort of girl who skips nail-varnish because it looks terrible if it chips, you might decide to put on bright nails before a party.

In any case, try following this step-by-step formula for prettiness when you start to prepare for your first Christmas party.

First, cream your face with cleansing cream, then remove it with cottonwool that has been saturated in skin freshener. If you have any little spots or blemishes, cover them with an erasing cream matched to your skin tone.

Apply a film of translucent liquid foundation all over your face—lips and eyelids as well—and your throat. Let it settle briefly, then powder over lightly if you wish. Party note for the young: give your skin a luminous sheen after your whole make-up is finished by dampening a sponge with freshener and pressing it over cheeks, chin, forehead, and nose.

Next, put on a bit of eyeshadow, not heavily, but smoothly, smearing it from centre of lid out to the temples.

Put a fine line of eye-pencil along the roots of upper lashes, pencil brows with feather strokes, and, if mascara is taboo, remember that lash pomade or a speck of olive oil brushed in well helps to keep eyelashes upswept and gleaming.

Lipstick goes on last. And here's a party pointer if you're wearing an off-the-shoulder dress—leave a slight sheen of body lotion on your shoulders to give them a radiant polish.



PARTY MAKE-UP

GIRLS WILL BE COURT IN THE YAK!

● I see that in England a wife who gossips about her husband may soon have to pay him damages.

A CONSERVATIVE M.P. (as a Labor of love) will soon introduce a bill in the House of Commons giving husbands power to sue gossiping wives for slander.

Now I would like to see a similar move here—with the terms of (disparaging) reference broadened.

For, the way I see it, young males should be able to sue when their girl-friends get snaky and sling around abuse.

Then, by heavens, what girl would dare sneer publicly that a boy was a "square"—if he could get damages in round figures!

Boys would also be able to sue girls for libel (written contempt and ridicule) as well as slander.

A girl who writes in a letter to a friend that Tom, Dick, or Harry is a "drip" would smartly lose her make-up money. For now there would be another letter—of the law.

So, girls, let's have plain tiffs, not plain-tiffs!

If the reverse of the new rules applied, of course, boys, too, would have to be careful.

No longer would they be able to safely carve on trees, "A.B. loves C.D." For when the girl married someone else she could say the carving embarrassed her.

The business could also apply to children. Then imagine what would happen . . .

A little girl would lip to a lad that little boys are made of slugs and snails and puppy dogs' tails.

But instead of replying: "Sticks and stones will break my bones . . ." the kid would drag her into court. And take her sugar, leaving only spice and all things nice.

I ALSO read recently that Britain may form the first military force of hovercraft — surface-skimming flying-saucers.

I have contemplated what it would be like if this force was controlled and staffed by females.

A girl, of course, is a natural to work in a hovercraft service—isn't a saucer always maid in England, or Japan, etc.?

International tensions, too, would be lower; with girls and crockery there's never any problem about recognising red china.

And the humanitarian benefits of letting lasses fight with flying saucers would be great.

For there could be no big, brutal battles—only storms in teacups.

However, of course, women couldn't run by themselves a force of saucers.

Naturally, after battles, they'd need blokes to help with the washing-up!

—Robin Adair

ART THROUGH THE AGES

By Douglas Watson

LIGHT AND MATURITY

11. DUTCH REALISM: 17th century.

REMBRANDT was the greatest Dutch painter of the 17th century and his influence was widely felt.

He was, however, something of an exception, because the Dutch painters of his day were not as influenced by him as the Flemish painters were by THEIR greatest painter, Rubens.

Rembrandt probably never left Holland, but his reputation spread in his own lifetime. Charles I of England owned no fewer than five of his paintings.

In the portrait of a Polish officer, reproduced at right, we can see Rembrandt's astonishing powers of characterisation. The picture shows a rather pompous-looking character, painted with subtlety and telling humor.

The light on the face—almost the effect of a spotlight—concentrates attention on it.

Rembrandt's feeling for textures is seen in the brass and fur, so rich in the quality of the paint. The subtlety with which the whole is harmonised goes hand in hand with freedom and brilliance of brushwork.

It is the later part of Rembrandt's life which is of the greatest importance. In that period he was painting with complete maturity, grandeur of conception, and boldness and freedom of handling. His characters became increasingly heroic and his design acquired a quality of reposeful and monumental majesty.

The work of Rembrandt is great by all standards in the international field. He ranks as one of the world's foremost artists.

NEXT WEEK: 18th-century French school.



"THE POLISH OFFICER." Leningrad Museum, Russia.



CARDS FROM THE STARS

● Most people think it's a big thing to send out a couple of dozen Christmas cards, but young Australian singer Lonnie Lee has no fewer than 300 people on his list.

LUCKILY for Lonnie, who has been busy producing his new single (it's got the after-Christmasy title of "When The Bells Stop Ringing"), he has got his wife, Pam, to help him address the envelopes.

They've chosen a white-and-gold greeting card reading "Best Wishes and a Happy New Year from Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Lee," with Pam and Lonnie's personal signatures.

For a teenager (she'll be 18 on Christmas Day), Noeleen Batley has given a lot of thought to her card, specially selecting the lines that are printed inside: "The charm of Christmas lies in the thought that we live in the memory of our friends."

The card itself is pale grey with a fine gold border. On the front, three modernistic Father Christmases in red are shown with a microphone, a TV set, and a record.

Printed boldly across the corner is "Noel," with the rest of Noeleen's name faintly etched.

One of the people who really enjoy sending cards is Dig Richards. He doesn't have a special card printed but likes to take his time over choosing individual ones to suit the recipient.

Most of the ones he chooses are lighthearted. "I don't like being too serious," he said.

Cards on the light side appeal to the De Kroo Brothers, too, and like Dig they've bought ones with special people in mind.

With all the new friends she has made in Melbourne, Judy Stone, who will be back in Sydney in time for a family Christmas, has a specially long list this year.

And she's having, for the first time, a special card of her own printed, the outside showing a drawing of a TV studio. Judy will be 18 on New Year's Day.

Last year Rob E.G. selected individual cards for his friends, but this time all his cards have Australian motifs. His name is

printed inside, and he writes a personal message underneath.

If you're on Jay Justin's Christmas mailing list, the card you'll be getting will be chosen specially for you, colorful, and with a bright and happy message.

Jay's feeling pretty bright and happy himself this Christmas, with the nice things people are saying about his new H.M.V. single, "Promise Me."

Friends of Johnny Devlin this year will be receiving a plain white card with a Christmas and New Year message in gold lettering.

A plain white card with a neat Christmas motif on the outside and a personal message inside is the choice of Tony Brady, whose latest single, "Big Things Are Happening," has him back on the charts.

Local Talent: "Whistlin' Rufus" is one of those nice old pianola-era tunes that stand reviving. It's The Joy Boys' follow-up to "Smoky Mokes" and has the "Joy Guitar Boogie" track from their LP on the flipside, (Festival 45.)

Pops: Though most of his contemporaries are singing in adult voices these days, Neil Sedaka still keeps his old sound on discs. "Happy Birthday, Sweet Sixteen" (R.C.A. 45) is just the thing to make you feel good if you're 16 and need cheering up. But don't spoil the mood by playing the flip, "Don't Lead Me On." Neil almost cries. So will you.

FORSAKING the gun-toting West for softer going, Marty Robbins, the "El Paso" man of a while back, calls his new Coronet LP "Just A Little Sentimental" and sings — very agreeably — a batch of songs that includes the lovely "To Each His Own," "Half As Much," and his own "Guess I'll Be Going" and "Clara." The old Presley backing group, The Jordanaires, are with him.

"THEME From The Apartment" and "Theme From Exodus" have made Ferrante and Teicher most people's favorite duo piano team for the year. With an orchestra conducted by Don Costa, they turn their talents to the music of South America on a just-released United Artists LP called "Latin Pianos." It's attractive, familiar material.

ONE of those difficult-to-classify LPs that could appeal to a surprising number of people is Festival's "The Trumpet Magic Of Rafael Mendes." Playing with an unnamed symphony orchestra, the trumpet virtuoso does some thrilling things with operatic arias and Spanish tunes, among them Albeniz' "Sevilla."

PIN-UP TRIO

ROCK-'N-ROLL touring troupe "The Big Show with the Big Beat" has three pleasantly natural young Australians as its stars — 19-year-olds Jimmy Clarke and Chuck Wayne and 15-year-old Little Rock Billy (their pin-up is overleaf).

Brisbane-born Jimmy, the son of Canadian parents, is the versatile boy of the troupe — singing ballads, spirituals, and jazz in a rock style. He started his singing career with the school choir at St. Joseph's College, Brisbane.

Jimmy is nearly six feet, good-looking, with a cheerful smile and a burning ambition to become a top-line singer. He's been with the troupe for 14 months.

Melbourne-born Chuck was brought up at the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, South Melbourne. When he was 14 he started work in a timber yard, and two years later his rock-'n-roll opportunity came when

he sang a song at a dance.

One of his listeners was songster Laurel Lea, who promptly picked him as good material for the touring troupe run by her father, Con Lianos. Father agreed, and for the past three years he has been touring with the troupe.

Little Rock Billy is really Doug Lianos, Laurel's young brother, and has been the drummer in his father's troupe since he left school last year.

The three boys are now rehearsing for their first recording for a new company being set up by Con Lianos and singer Lonnie Lee.



JAY JUSTIN posting the first batch of his colorful, specially chosen Christmas cards.

WORTH HEARING

SCHUBERT: "Trout" Quintet

THE Fine Arts Quartet, the excellent American string quartet which recently toured Australia for the Musica Viva Society, is appearing now in recordings of standard chamber works in the Concert Disc series.

One of the first to appear is a performance of what is probably the best-loved of all chamber works, the "Trout" Quintet of Schubert.

This quintet is written for the rather rare combination of piano, violin, viola, cello, and double-bass. So only three players are regular Fine Arts members: pianist Frank Glazer and bassist Harold Siegel are "guests."

This unusual instrumentation and Schubert's personal treatment of it give the music a unique quality of sound—a sort of open-air freshness. The whole work is an almost uninterrupted stream of melody—and Schubert was perhaps the greatest melodist of all.

The work takes its name from its fourth movement, which is a set of variations on Schubert's song, "The Trout."

Another Fine Arts disc worth noting is a fine version of two of Beethoven's Opus 18 quartets (the third and fourth).

—Martin Long



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CHUCK WAYNE LITTLE ROCK BILLY JIMMY CLARKE
Stars of "The Big Show With the Big Beat"



*The symbols and tokens of Christmas meant so much
to this child and the wonder in her eyes touched
the heart of a lonely man for whom the spirit of
the joyous season had ceased to matter*

she won't be the least trouble and I've impressed upon her mother that she mustn't disturb you or make a noise in the house."

All the same, he had hoped for he hardly knew what, for a golden shout to bring down the limewood walls, for a tremor of warmth in his atrophied heart, for a breach carelessly trampled in the frontiers of his exile. He, too, was a displaced person; this dispossessed little girl might find her way to him as by right of kinship.

But they came, he spoke to them, he was even moved by them to the depths of that part of him which had communication with the ordinary business of living, but no miracle happened. The mother was silent, gentle, a loving housewife, absorbed in a new and distrustful happiness now that she had that shining, well-equipped kitchen as her kingdom. Sometimes he saw in her eyes the fear she had that it would again be taken away from her.

The child was small for her eight years, but sturdy and square, and not timid, as he had thought she might be, but bold and even aggressive, perhaps in reaction against the insecurity of her circumstances. A funny little thing she was, plain of face, grey-eyed, with two short, stiff little plaits.

She was full of energy and duty. A born organiser, so her Sunday school teacher said; bossy, so her fellow scholars said. Yet they played with her willingly, which argued no dislike, and fought out with her

the clashes of will which she usually won.

When she was defeated she was astonished but not resentful, and accepted her diminished role thoughtfully until she could resume her leadership. Outside she had a voice of brass and a shrill laugh; but indoors, she walked delicately and spoke in a whisper.

Just as he reached the foot of the stairs, she came out of the kitchen fresh from her tea, with one of her dolls in her arms. She had only two dolls, a blond creature with washable hair which Cousin Susan had given to her before she left, and this battered but cherished angel doll with its painted blue eyes staring and a chip missing from its burnished nose. She raised to the Rector a face powdered round the mouth with vanilla sugar.

"If you please!" said Katrena in a subdued voice. The grey eyes looked up at him with a clear but remote stare. She was not personally in awe of him; she kept her distance and walked warily because she had always had to placate circumstances and people.

"Yes, my dear?"

He always felt constrained to offer her some conciliatory endearment, and yet he never addressed her in such terms without feeling ashamed, as though he had stooped to an unworthy falsity in feeling his way toward her. She was

Continuing . . . THE CRADLE

from page 35

neither his nor truly dear to him; he only wished she could be.

"Of course, Katrena," he said. "Take whatever you want for the crib."

She thanked him, a spark of ambitious speculation kindling in her eyes, and ran off into the kitchen to tell her mother. The battered doll would certainly be cast for the Child Jesus, but where would she find figures for the Virgin and

leather. There was a little blue-and-white sailing-boat.

He rose and went slowly up the stairs and hesitated with his hand upon the knob of the attic door. He was afraid; the palms of his hands were wet with fear. What would happen if he displaced one of the fixed trappings of that frozen shrine? To change the pattern of its mysterious power might be to shatter even the shell of life that was left to him; after twenty years he might well be afraid. How would he pass by the cradle and take the boat from its place? It would be like climbing out of his grave.

Nevertheless, he opened the door and stepped into the room. On the worn haircord mat in

things, she said you told her she might take what she wanted for the crib. I hope it was not wrong? She meant no harm, she wanted only to make her Bethlehem fine for you."

"She did no harm," he said reassuringly, "no harm at all. I did tell her to take whatever she wished. I must look at this crib of hers."

In the darkness of the garden, with the thin wet film of snow whispering dimly under his feet, he walked like a man in a waking dream. She had taken him at his word, then, she had understood him by some blessed intuition which had penetrated him more deeply than thought. If he had tried to express to her the needs of his spirit she would not have known what he meant.

The Victorian Gothic windows of the church shone across

"It's very nice, children," said the Rector lamely, "very nice indeed." And he watched the small, none-too-clean hand tenderly rocking, and thought how precious a thing it must be to her to have a secure place to sleep. There were things he could give her, after all, some tangible, some intangible; he was not empty-handed any longer, he understood the gifts that would be to her mind, Cousin Susan's return should not send them away.

"Shall we sing you a carol?" offered Katrena, sensing her advantage. And she marshalled her motley choir with much nudging and pushing into line, and, standing before them pale with solemnity, launched her little, croaking voice into something remotely resembling "Away in a Manger."

Uncertainly she led, and valiantly they followed; the brave, brazen noise matched in potency the trumpets at the walls of Jericho. Like courses of masonry, the years of silence within him shivered and fell away.

He led her home afterwards by the hand, though whether he had taken it or she had given it he did not know. In the chilly darkness of the garden, the lighted window of the house glittered before them with the silvery cargo of the tree, he said suddenly, in a hesitant voice: "My dear—"

It was strange, but he no longer felt that stab of shame at employing this mode of address. Not mine, he thought; but dear—yes, very dear.

"My dear," he said, aware of her large eyes raised to him patiently and hopefully in the darkness, "I shan't be able to put your present under the tree for you this evening. If you'd like it—it's just the right size for your doll—I'd like to give you the cradle."

(Copyright)



Saint Joseph and the shepherds? The children of his Sunday school had never done more than decorate with evergreens, but if Katrena's sense of the appropriate dictated a crib, a crib there would be. She never neglected her duties.

The middle of the attic showed the marks of two rockers, flattened grey grooves in the dark brown pile. The cradle was gone.

He could not believe it. In twenty years it had never been disturbed from its place. Who would remove it now?

The wooden horse was gone; the barrel-shaped indentations of its four tiny wheels showed where it had stood. The silver box that had held the christening robe lay open on the shelf, the layers of pink tissue-paper turned back carefully from its emptiness. And whether because of the clearer floor space or whether by reason of a brightness bursting within his dazzled eyes there seemed to him to be more light within the room.

He stood gazing where the talisman had been, and he did not understand, he was not even concerned with understanding. He felt there was light shining into his open grave.

If he could lay down his dead son out of his arms he could surely arise and go. Both the living and the dead could go their appointed ways, each of them at peace. He felt himself struggling to release the child, but twenty years had bound them inextricably into each other and to be born twice is too much of pain.

The Rector closed the door of the attic behind him very softly, almost stealthily, and went down the stairs.

"Mrs. Iwaszkiewicz—"

She looked up sharply from her pastry. He had only to raise his voice a note and she was instantly on the defensive, ready to excuse and placate, she who cared for every detail of his household with a starved proprietorial affection even Cousin Susan had never been able to match. He saw how like the large eyes were to the child's eyes. He remembered, and for some reason at that moment he felt pride in the thought, how he was the only person in the parish who had taken the trouble to learn how to spell and pronounce her name correctly. That courtesy at least he could offer her.

"You haven't been tidying up the attic this afternoon?" he asked mildly.

"No, sir!" She drew breath carefully, so as not to betray her anxiety. "I hope there's nothing wrong!"

"No, no!" he said quickly. "It's only that some of the things there have been moved, I merely wondered—"

Her lips were trembling. "Katrena was looking for some

the snow, dimly lighted, their heavy colors scattered in his path like fallen flowers. He heard the voices of the children, busy and animated, as he entered the porch.

"No, not like that!" Katrena had come with treasures in her hands, and Katrena was calling the tune. "The lamb goes here. The donkey here. There, now they can all see Him."

"Isn't it lovely!" breathed the verger's freckled daughter. "It's got real rockers—look! It didn't even creak."

"Look at the lace on His frock," whispered the little girl from the nursery gardener's, and the Rector knew by the awe in her voice that she was fingering the yellowed hem of his son's christening gown.

They fell silent and drew off a little when he came in. In the candlelit alcove of the Children's Corner, ringed round with its garish little pictures, they had made a bower of holly and ivy round a wooden box propped on its side for the stable.

Dolls had provided the Virgin and the shepherds, somebody's goliwog was the black King, Saint Joseph and the others they had cut out from colored religious pictures and gummed untidily on to cardboard. Toy animals clustered round the crib; the wooden horse had regained his brightness in the candlelight.

IN the centre the beloved doll in its robe of lawn and lace was just being tucked into the limewood cradle, between the arched wings of the cherub. Katrena's arms were thrust maternally to the elbows in the foam of lace, settling her child to sleep. She looked up at him over the cradle without doubt or fear, and waited to be praised; she knew she had done well.

Death, birth, and resurrection are all linked, he thought. I relinquish my dead, and I recover them; there is no other way. Love can be kept only by letting it go free, as life is incomplete without the reluctant acceptance of death. The cradle is filled now, with life, not death; even with everlasting life, far beyond my design or my desert.

"It had to be better," said Katrena, using another of her literal translations, "but we had no boy dolls, except black ones. Do you like it?"

Ask the prisoner still pale from his dungeon if he likes the light of the sun.

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AT HOME with

Margaret Sydney

● I have been reading a fascinating book by H. S. Turner called "Something Extraordinary." It's the story of his three-and-a-half-year term as manager, or warden, of a playground in a poor area of London.

THIS was no ordinary playground, coated with asphalt and supplied with expensive permanent equipment like slides and swings and see-saws and jungle-gyms.

Mr. Turner was warden of an "adventure playground" where the idea was to give children who would normally have to play in the streets space and the raw materials for doing the things which most appealed to them.

So the playground consisted of a large area of rough ground (likely to be very muddy in bad weather) and a large supply of junk of various sorts for use in the construction of cubby-houses and fortifications.

The main building (a pretty rickety shed) gave them space for meetings, billiards, jive sessions for the over-fifteens, art classes, sewing, and any other group activities they wanted to indulge in.

A workshop was built for the boys, provided with enough tools and materials for carpentry and a bit of metalwork, and left to the boys themselves to see that decent order was kept and the tools were not removed.

After a time the older boys and girls organised themselves into a group to put the workshop to good use—they mended furniture and household appliances for aged and invalid pensioners in their district and went out in teams to paint and repaper the rooms and flats of elderly invalids who had no one else to do the work for them.

Right kind of playground

OF course, Mr. Turner had plenty of trouble with toughs (the young people who used the playground, ranging in age from two-year-olds to twenty-year-olds, who had had so much fun there that they didn't want to stop coming).

He had trouble, too, with the parents of some of the toughs, who objected to their children being barred from the playground.

The playground had very few rules, and the warden had absolute power as judge and jury.

His method was this—if anyone was behaving in an anti-social manner that interfered with the enjoyment of the others, he was asked to leave, and not to come back for three days, or three weeks, or three months, according to the seriousness of his crime.

I suppose a playground of this sort is expensive to run, with its need of a permanent manager, and the voluntary help of other adults to help the children with their chosen projects.

But surely it's the RIGHT kind. Clean playing areas and expensive equipment can be such a bore, and botching things up out of old junk is always tremendous fun.

Christmas toys to please parents

THE approach of Christmas always brings this problem in a different form—what sort of toys to buy for friends' young children who already have far more toys than they really want.

My children (like everybody else's!) each had two or three toys they were absolutely devoted to, and ignored everything else they were given in favor of string and nails and old saucepan lids and hunks of wood and nameless conglomerations of objects tied together with twine, and anything hollow and boomy that could make a fiendish noise.

The trouble with Christmas shopping for other people's children is that we shop half the time to please or impress the child's parents instead of the child.

Are YOU game to give shuttlecock to an eight-year-old whose parents collect delicate glass ornaments, or a sturdy tin trumpet to a three-year-old whose parents always have a severe morning-after feeling on Christmas Day?

Recipe for Syrian sweet

TALKING of choosing presents, at a pre-Christmas party the other day I found the perfect solution for elderly aunts who live in home units and are a problem because they seem to have all they want.

These are the ones I try to do something "home-made" for, because they seem to like it best.

This is a Syrian sweet called Lowzina—I won't have time for it this year with all the other last-minute things to do, but I'm going to save it up for next year and get it made well before the rush begins.

Packed in an airtight tin it keeps fresh for several months.

You need 3lb. of quinces, 1½lb. of ground almonds, and 1½lb. of sugar.

You cut the quinces into four pieces, peel them and core them, put them into a pan, almost cover them with water, and cook them until they are very soft, stirring them from time to time. Then you beat them until they are perfectly smooth, add the sugar, and simmer them for another two hours, stirring them frequently to prevent them from burning as the mixture thickens.

When it seems thick enough, test a small quantity on a cold plate. Let it cool, and if it retains its shape and has lost its stickiness, then the mixture has simmered long enough.

Next you cover a tray with half of the ground almonds, spread the quince mixture evenly over it, rolling it out like pastry to make it perfectly smooth.

Sprinkle the remaining ground almonds over the top so that the quince mixture is completely covered.

Let it cool, then cut it into squares or diamond shapes.

Pack it in airtight tins or screw-top bottles. If you don't make Christmas presents of it, hide it away where it can't possibly be found by your "starving" children.



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A mother's story

● What happens if the mother of a family finds there is one of her children she cannot love? The writer went through years of secret misery, hiding her antagonism to her second daughter, before she found an explanation and comfort.

"I DIDN'T LIKE MY DAUGHTER"

● I married very young, and happily. Our first two children, a boy and girl, were the loveliest babies and I adored them. I revelled in my motherhood and felt the two little ones were a tribute to my good management, for I got them easily and successfully through their baby days.

AS each babe was brought to me after its birth I got that wonderful rush of love that no mother needs to have described.

But the story I want to tell here is of a time when I had a third child—and DIDN'T feel that!

My third childbirth was extra easy. The sister who cared for me said, as she went off to bring my baby to me: "My word you have a little beauty this time, Mrs. M—". She is a real little glam puss—you'll see!

I smiled at that flattery and eagerly waited. Sister put the little bunny-rugged bundle on my arm and I looked down at an undoubtedly fine babe, chubby, pretty-faced, too, in spite of that early unfolded budiness of all "newies."

She was almost queerly a definite person even on that first day, and looking at her I somehow didn't feel as I had before. Right away she nuzzled of her own accord and found my breast with none of the usual help from sister.

That good woman looked amused and proud:

"There you are! What did I tell you? Something special, this one, isn't she? I think she must have been on earth before. All of us say it in the nursery..."

It went on like that with Bonny right from that first day. She was almost overwhelming at times.

The other two had needed a fair amount of coddling at first, and a lot of attention to their diets till they were settled. This new little member of our family just thrived on anything presented to her.

"Exhausting"

She was a very pretty child and grew "like a house on fire," as the clinic sister proudly said of her. Though never ill, she was, nevertheless, a trying child to me.

Most of my nights during her first year were disturbed, for she was a restless, fidgety baby in her bassinet, and even more so later in the cot stage. I was exhausted by her.

She got her teeth and talked and walked before average age. Everywhere we took her she shone. I heard more praise of her looks and ways than had ever come to either of the other two dears.

My husband would burst out proudly, often, with "Gosh! She's a great kid, that, isn't she?" He admired her immensely.

But the terrible thing that I found in myself was that I didn't. She was scarcely a year old before the awful conviction came to me that I DIDN'T LIKE MY OWN CHILD.

It was shocking. To a thinking mother—to anyone reared as I had been with a firm concept of right and wrong, and looking into oneself for motives, and being bent on living right—this realization was the greatest blow and shock.

I remember my own inner fear. I felt as if I were in some way horribly deformed.

There was no one to confide in. I would have died rather than admit such horror. I just went on living as best I could and trying as hard as

Nothing was going to make me quarrel with him, so I just listened.

"Do you think you should let Bonny have more say in what she wears? I know she's only a kid, but you know even the teachers say what a head she has. Well, I don't mean it critically, but—well, the dresses you make her DO suit Kit more, don't you think?" Bonny just pointed that out.

"She says you can't help it, mind—that she just isn't the style you understand."

I boiled. But I had to be just.

And Bonny was right. I DID make soft dainty-type things that suited Kit—that would have been suitable for most under-teens—but that this flamboyant creature I had somehow managed (heaven alone knew how) to give birth to just did not look her best in.

Even as young as that she

her, I had also, very unwillingly, to ADMIRE her.

Well, so it went along. The one thing I do thank my early training for was my own knowledge that I was in the wrong. But why, or how, was beyond my reasoning.

Bonny had a fine career, won scholarship triumphs, and went away from home to work, and eventually made a young and good marriage.

Wedding dress

At her wedding I think I felt worse than any parent has ever done. Her dear sister (whom I would so have loved to be the first bride instead of having Bonny first in that, too) was her maid and I at least made that contribution to the first wedding in our family—I made the bridesmaid's dress with loving fingers.

Bonny hadn't wanted me to. She did all her own arrange-

ing for the affair, except for consulting her dad airily now and then on the small matter of funds.

Her wedding dress and even my own for the day she selected herself in that sure, decisive way of hers.

When I said I'd make Kit's dress she agreed rather kindly (as if to humor me was just as well).

Into that dress I stitched all the love I wanted to have given the bride—and had never been able to.

She made a wonderfully beautiful bride—everyone said so. It was in order for her mother to cry, and I did.

A year or so later my dear Kit married also. Both of them have fine homes and now two children each.

I love all the small ones and with time, and her absence, I am easier over my second daughter.

I have even enjoyed a visit to her home. I admired out loud all she has, and has managed, and she laughed.

"Yes, Mummie, I really am well off, aren't I? But then we all were in our family, weren't we? None of us ever knew what it was to want."

She was quite sincere. She

had never known what she had always lacked. She'd always been so self-sufficient.

Then a few months ago a friend who likes to "take me out of myself," as she puts it, asked me to a lecture.

The speaker was a very clever man, and a lot he said wasn't clear to my old untutored self, but when he touched on the subject of human antagonisms, his words—well, they released something for me and gave me the very first balm I have had in years.

I may not have his words exactly, but this is the gist of what he said:

"If you were to go into a room and meet, say, five new people, there would most likely be one whom you would like a lot instantly, one you'd find yourself up against. The other three you'd feel were passable."

"Well, that is almost the exact ratio you can expect in your family. Children don't come along resembling you, or your husband or wife. They are each separate entities formed by long lines of 'pre-you' forces and influences."

"If you have one whom you find you detest, that isn't your fault, nor is it his or hers."

"When you met those five people and found yourself an-

tagonistic to one especially, you had to mind your manners and put up with that dislike and try not to 'rub'."

"If you do those things with your child—and don't bully it through your power over a smaller creature—well, you will do well..."

The speaker said a lot more that I didn't hear. Those words I DID hear did so much for me that I felt as if I had almost been reborn.

That was because I heard from him that I wasn't some awful deformity among women, that what had been my burden wasn't a secret, dreadful, alone thing, but one that could as easily have happened to any mother.

So after years of carrying an inner burden I was free and fully happy at last.

Now, a week or so ago a letter came to me from my darling Kit, who has always been so close to me.

"I just don't know what to do about Pete" (she wrote of her second child). "He aggravates me whatever he does. It sounds awful..."

So, of course, I am packing to go on a visit to my dearest daughter. Taking with me all that I have written here.

● The writer, who is anonymous for family reasons, wins £20 for her "Home and Family" article.

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from 'Do it for Kicks' Lovely show! I bet you two are straight from Shakespeare or a revival of Ibsen."

"Macbeth' at the Old Vic," said Hermia.

"Ah, what do you think of Battenberg's production?"

"I liked it," said Hermia. "The lighting was very interesting. And I've never seen the banquet scene so well managed."

"Ah, but what about the witches?"

"Awful!" said Hermia. "They always are," she added.

David agreed.

"A pantomime element seems bound to creep in," he said. "All of them capering about and behaving like a threefold Demon King. You can't help expecting a Good Fairy to appear in white with spangles to say in a flat voice:

"Your evil shall not triumph. In

the end it is Macbeth who will be round the bend."

We all laughed, but David, who was quick on the uptake, gave me a sharp glance.

"What gives with you?" he asked. "Nothing. It was just that I was reflecting only the other day about Evil and Demon Kings in pantomime. Yes — and Good Fairies, too."

"A propos de what?"

"Oh, in Chelsea at a coffee bar."

"How smart and up to date you are, aren't you, Mark? All among the Chelsea set. Where heiresses in tight marry corner boys on the make. That's where Poppy ought to be, isn't it, duckie?"

Poppy opened her enormous eyes still wider.

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 25

"I hate Chelsea," she protested. "I like the Fantasia much better! Such lovely, lovely food."

"Good for you, Poppy. Anyway, you're not really rich enough for Chelsea. Tell us more about 'Macbeth,' Mark, and the awful witches. I know how I'd produce the witches if I were doing a production."

"How?"

"I'd make them very ordinary. Just shy quiet old women. Like the witches in a country village."

"But there aren't any witches nowadays?" said Poppy, staring at him.

"You say that because you're a London girl. There's still a witch in

every village in rural England. Old Mrs. Black, in the third cottage up the hill. Little boys are told not to annoy her, and she's given presents of eggs and a home-baked cake now and again. Because," he wagged a finger impressively, "if you get across her, your cows will stop giving milk, your potato crop will fail, or little Johnnie will twist his ankle. You must keep on the right side of old Mrs. Black. Nobody says so outright — but they all know!"

"You're joking," said Poppy, pouting.

"No, I'm not. I'm right, aren't I, Mark?"

"Surely all that kind of superstition has died out completely with education," said Hermia sceptically.

"Not in the rural pockets of the land. What do you say, Mark?"

"I think perhaps you're right," I said slowly. "Though I wouldn't really know, I've never lived in the country much."

"I don't see how you could produce the witches as ordinary old women," said Hermia, reverting to David's earlier remark. "They must have a supernatural atmosphere about them, surely."

"Oh, but just think," said David. "It's rather like madness. If you have someone who raves and staggers about with straws in their hair and looks mad, it's not frightening at all! But I remember being sent once with a message to a doctor at a mental home and I was shown into a room to wait, and there was a nice elderly lady there, sipping a glass of milk. She made some conventional remark about the weather and then suddenly she leapt forward and asked in a low voice:

"Is it your poor child who's buried there behind the fireplace?" And then she nodded her head and said '12.10 exactly. It's always at the same time every day. Pretend you don't notice the blood.' It was the matter-of-fact way she said it that was so spine-chilling."

"Was there really someone buried behind the fireplace?" Poppy wanted to know.

David ignored her and went on:

"Then take mediums. At one moment trances, darkened rooms, knocks, and raps. Afterwards the medium sits up, pats her hair and goes home to a meal of fish and chips, just an ordinary, quite jolly woman."

"So your idea of the witches," I said, "is three old Scottish crones with second sight—who practise their arts in secret, muttering their spells round a cauldron, conjuring up spirits, but remaining themselves just an ordinary trio of old women. Yes—it could be impressive."

"If you could ever get any actors to play it that way," said Hermia dryly.

"You have something there," admitted David. "Any hint of madness in the script and an actor is immediately determined to go to town on it! The same with sudden deaths. No actor can just quietly collapse and fall down dead. He has to groan, stagger, roll his eyes, gasp, clutch his heart, clutch his head, and make a terrific performance of it. Talking of performances, what did you think of Fielding's Macbeth? Great division of opinion among the critics."

HERMIA

smiled. "I thought it was terrific. That scene with the doctor after the sleepwalking scene: 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?' He made clear what I'd never thought of before—that he was really ordering the doctor to kill her. And yet he loved his wife. He brought out the struggle between his fear and his love. That 'Thou shouldst have died hereafter' was the most poignant thing I've ever known."

"Shakespeare might get a few surprises if he saw his plays acted nowadays," I said dryly.

"Burbage and Co. had already quenched a good deal of his spirit, I suspect," said David.

Hermia murmured, "The eternal surprise of the author at what the producer has done to him."

"Didn't somebody called Bacon really write Shakespeare?" asked Poppy.

"That theory is quite out of date nowadays," said David kindly. "And what do you know of Bacon?"

"He invented gunpowder," said Poppy triumphantly.

David looked at us.

"You see why I love this girl?" he said. "The things she knows are always so unexpected. Francis, not Roger, my love."

"I thought it interesting," said Hermia, "that Fielding played the part of Third Murderer. Is there a precedent for that?"

"I believe so," said David. "How convenient it must have been in those times," he went on, "to be able to call up a handy murderer whenever you wanted a little job done. Fun if one could do it nowadays."

"But it is done," protested Hermia. "Gangsters. Hoods — or whatever you call them. Chicago and all that."

"Ah," said David. "But what I meant was not gangsterdom or racketeers. Just ordinary everyday folk who want to get rid of someone — that business rival, Aunt Emily, so rich and so unfortunately long-lived; that awkward husband always in the way. How convenient if you could ring and say, 'Please send along two good murderers, will you?'"

We all laughed.

To page 52



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Cookery Course

CONFECTIONERY, Part 3

—uncooked sweets, chocolates

SIMPLE, uncooked sweets are made with icing-sugar as the main ingredient. Butter or other fat, egg, fruit juice or rind, condensed milk, fruits, nuts, coconut, flavorings, and colorings are added to provide variations in texture and flavor.

When butter, condensed milk, or similar ingredients are used, sweets have a soft creamy texture.

Some types, such as uncooked cherry fudge and nutty fruit slices, are best kept refrigerated in hot weather.

INGREDIENTS

Icing-sugar: Pure icing-sugar is best; icing mixture gives a less satisfactory result. Crush, roll, and sift icing-sugar, store in plastic bag in refrigerator.

Fat: Butter, margarine, or solid-type white shortening. The latter has a low melting point and is used extensively.

Processed Cream Cheese: Gives unusual flavor and smooth creamy texture; combines well with fruits, nuts, coconut, chocolate, and icing-sugar.

Biscuit Crumbs: Plain sweet biscuit crumbs provide texture and flavor variation.

Almond Meal: Used for richness and flavor, especially in uncooked marzipan.

Nuts, Dried or Crystallised Fruit, Desiccated Coconut: Used to flavor. Crystallised fruit should be washed free of sugar before using.

RECIPES

The recipes below for uncooked confectionery are easy to make and are ideal novelty sweets for festive occasions.

UNCOOKED CHERRY FUDGE

Two ounces processed cream cheese, 2½ cups sifted icing-sugar, ½ cup desiccated coconut, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2oz. chopped glace cherries, 1oz. dark chocolate.

Beat cream cheese until soft, blend in icing-sugar, vanilla, coconut, and cherries a little at a time. Press into greased square tin, chill until firm. Spread top with chocolate softened over hot water. Mark into squares, chill, and cut into squares when firm.

UNCOOKED COCONUT ICE

One pound icing-sugar, 1lb. desiccated coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, 2 slightly beaten egg-whites, 4oz. solid-type white shortening, pink coloring or 2 tablespoons cocoa blended with 1 tablespoon warm milk.

Mix icing-sugar, coconut, vanilla, lemon juice, and egg-white. Melt shortening over gentle heat. Pour into other ingredients, mix well. Press half mixture into shallow tin lined

with waxed paper, color remaining half pink or add blended cocoa. Press into tin on top of white portion. Stand in cool place until firm, cut into blocks.

UNCOOKED FONDANT

One pound icing-sugar, 2oz. glucose, 1 egg-white, lemon juice, vanilla, coloring.

Melt glucose in cup standing in boiling water. Drop slightly beaten egg-white into well in centre of sifted icing-sugar. Cover with a little icing-sugar, add glucose. Mix from centre outwards with wooden spoon. When nearly all sugar is absorbed, remove spoon, knead with hands. Turn on to board dusted with icing-sugar, continue kneading until smooth and satiny. Add vanilla, lemon juice, and coloring a few drops at a time, knead until colored and flavored to taste. Use as for cooked fondant.

NUTTY FRUIT SLICES

Half-cup firmly packed brown sugar, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon salt, 1lb. plain sweet biscuits, 1 cup finely chopped dried fruits (mixture of dates, raisins, prunes, apricots, ginger, pineapple, or cherries), 3 tablespoons very finely chopped walnuts, 4oz. solid-type white shortening, 3 tablespoons jam, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tablespoon sherry, coconut.

Mix sugar, cocoa, salt, crushed biscuits, fruits, and nuts. Melt shortening over low heat, add jam, milk, and sherry. Stir into dry ingredients. Knead thoroughly with hands. Lift on to board, divide into 4 portions; shape each into roll 1in. in diameter, roll in coconut. Wrap in greaseproof paper, chill, slice thinly.

MARZIPAN NOVELTIES

Four ounces almond meal, 1lb. sifted icing-sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon orange juice or sherry.

Mix almond meal, icing-sugar, egg-yolk, and orange juice or sherry to a firm paste. Use to make miniature fruits as follows:

Apples: Roll small portions into balls the size of large marbles; press stem portion of clove into top of each; with small paintbrush color lightly with red and green food coloring.

Bananas: Shape small portions into crescents, brush lightly with yellow coloring, touch each end and some portions of sides with melted chocolate or brown food coloring.

Carrots: Mould small portions to carrot shapes; brush lightly with orange coloring; press small parsley sprig into top of each.

CANDY CHRISTMAS TREES

Eight ounces marshmallows, 2oz. butter, 5 cups rice cereal, ice-cream cones, small apples, nonpareils, thin wooden skewers.

Melt marshmallows and butter over boiling water, stir to mix well. Pour over rice cereal, mix well. Pack into well-greased cream-horn tins or ice-cream cones, insert wooden skewers. Chill until firm. Carefully remove from cones or tins, roll in nonpareils. Cut apples in halves, place cut side down. Press ends of skewers into apples.

HOW TO MAKE AND DIP CHOCOLATES

Practice and patience are needed to produce home-made chocolates of good quality. The hints below should be noted.

CHOCOLATES which consist of an outer covering of chocolate over a different centre are made by dipping the centre ingredient (using a dipping fork) into a bowl of prepared melted chocolate.

When dipping the centres, use good-quality chocolate, work in a dry, cool place; prevent steam or cold air contacting chocolate while dipping; avoid overheating chocolate when melting; for an economical chocolate covering use equal quantities cooked fondant and chocolate, melted separately, then combined.

Suitable centres for dipping in chocolate are pieces of colored, flavored fondant, pieces of ginger, caramels, nuts, etc.

CHOCOLATE DIP

Eight ounces covering chocolate, 1oz. unsweetened chocolate, ½oz. cocoa butter, ½oz. paraffin wax (to give surface shine).

Place all ingredients in top of double-boiler over warm (not hot) water. Stir until melted and mixed. Beat until cool and almost set. Melt again over warm water until thin enough for dipping. Pierce prepared centres with dipping fork, dip into melted chocolate, place carefully on waxed paper to set.

NEXT WEEK: Iced desserts, Part 1

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By **LEILA C. HOWARD,**
OUR FOOD
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BUFFET TABLE SETTING includes Noel salad, poinsettia rolls, eggnog sundae ring, smoky-cheese mould, cream cheese noodles, and chicken and ham Italiane. The recipes are on this page and overleaf.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

● If you reserve Christmas Day as a time for a family gathering, convey the season's greetings to your closest friends by inviting them to a buffet meal on Christmas Eve.

CONCENTRATE on simple foods which can be prepared in advance and set the table in a serve-yourself style with a selection of hot and cold foods to suit all tastes.

In addition to the food suggested in this feature, be sure to have small dishes of packaged savory nibbles, gherkins, olives, onions, and assorted nuts.

Recipes in this feature are for a meal for 10 to 12 persons. Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used.

SMOKY-CHEESE MOULD

Six ounces smoked cheese, 6oz. Swiss cheese, 4oz. butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise, few drops chilli sauce, chopped parsley, savory biscuits.

Grate cheeses into bowl, add butter, mayonnaise, and chilli sauce; blend thoroughly with electric mixer or wooden spoon. Mould into Christmas-tree shape, chill well. Just before serving trim with swags of chopped parsley and surround with savory biscuits for serving.

NOEL SALAD

Two lettuces, 2 large grapefruit, 2 medium-sized avocados, 1 pomegranate, or few red pickled onions, zippy dressing (see below).

Wash and drain lettuce. Break into big salad bowl, saving a few tender leaves to arrange around edge. Make wheel design on top, using sections of grapefruit and slices of avocado. Decorate centre with fresh pomegranate seeds (scoop out the little red seeds from half a pomegranate). Sprinkle about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of zippy dressing over salad, toss at table.

Zippy dressing: In small jar with tight-fitting lid, combine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grapefruit juice (from sectioned fruit), with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup wine vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil or salad oil, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and shake well. Makes 1 cup.

SEAFOOD ANGOSTURA

Two or three pounds cooked bream or flathead, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, 1 finely chopped onion, 6 cups milk, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Angostura bitters, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced blanched almonds, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Remove skin and bones from fish, break into pieces. Melt butter or substitute in large saucepan, add onion and saute until lightly browned. Stir in flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Remove from heat, stir in milk, return to heat, and stir until mixture boils and thickens; simmer 3 minutes. Fold in salt, pepper, Angostura bitters, almonds, cream and lemon juice, and lastly fish pieces. Reheat, but do not boil. Pile into greased individual ramekin dishes, or one large dish, bake in moderate oven until lightly browned on top. Serve piping-hot.

PRAWN CURRY

Four large onions, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 4oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ pints water or coconut milk, 3 large tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 2 large apples (chopped), 1 cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon shredded coconut, 1 piece fresh ginger root or 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons curry powder, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prawns (shelled), hot fluffy rice.

Gently fry chopped onions and crushed garlic in hot butter or substitute. Add water, bring to the boil. Add tomatoes, apples, celery, coconut, bruised fresh ginger root, or powdered ginger (blended with sugar, curry powder, flour, salt and pepper, and enough water to make smooth paste). Stir into boiling mixture, and simmer, stirring occasionally, until all vegetables are tender (about 40 minutes). Fold in shelled prawns, continue cooking further 5 minutes. Serve piping-hot with hot rice.

CHAMPAGNE CHICKEN

Two large chickens, salt, pepper, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 carrot (chopped), 2oz. butter or substitute, 4 mushrooms (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint champagne, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream.

Truss chickens, season all over with salt and pepper. Place them in large casserole dish with the chopped onion, carrot, butter, and mushrooms; pour over $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of the champagne. Cover, bake in moderate oven until chickens are tender (about 2 hours), basting frequently with champagne. When tender, remove chickens from casserole, keep warm. Place liquid in small saucepan, simmer over heat until reduced to only $\frac{1}{2}$ pint, then add cream and remaining champagne. Strain sauce, season if necessary with salt and pepper. Arrange hot chickens on heated serving-dish, pour over the prepared sauce. Serve.

GERMAN POTATO SALAD

One large onion (chopped), 2 tablespoons fat, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, scant $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar, scant cup water, 2 stalks celery (chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 6 large hot diced tomatoes, 6 frankfurts (cooked and chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper.

Heat fat in pan and add chopped onion, saute until browned lightly. Add flour, blend well. Stir in sugar, salt, vinegar, and water. Bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Simmer 3 minutes. Mix in chopped celery and parsley. Place hot diced potatoes and frankfurts in bowl and pour over the dressing; mix well together, sprinkle top with pepper. Serve hot.

CELERY BARS

Eight ounces cream cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup softened butter, 1 tablespoon chopped capers, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon anchovy paste, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 1 large head celery.

Continued overleaf



YULETIDE MINCE SQUARES are a new version of the traditional mince pie. See recipe on this page.

continuing . . . ON CHRISTMAS EVE

CELERY BARS

(from previous page)

Combine cream cheese, sour cream, and butter, stir until smooth. Add capers, anchovy paste, onion, mustard, paprika; mix well. Cut celery stalks from heart, fill with cheese mixture. Chill until just before serving, then cut into 2 or 3 in. lengths and arrange on platter.

POINSETTIA ROLLS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 oz. butter, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, paprika.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne pepper into bowl, add cheese and rub in butter lightly. Mix to soft dough with beaten egg, milk and water. Turn out to floured board, roll out thinly. Cut into leaf shapes (this can be done with round plain cutter which has been pushed into oval shape). Place on greased oven-slide, overlapping 3 leaves for each roll, sprinkle lightly with paprika. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes or until golden-brown.

CREAMY-CHEESE NOODLES

One pound medium-sized noodles, salt, water, 8oz. cream cheese, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 cup milk,

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, parsley.

Cook noodles in boiling salted water, following label directions. While noodles cook, soften cream cheese in bowl, blend in cream, milk, Parmesan cheese, salt, pepper (or beat all in electric blender or mixer). Drain noodles, pour cheese sauce over, tossing lightly with 2 forks to coat well. Spoon into serving-dish, garnish with wreath of chopped parsley.

YULETIDE MINCE SQUARES

Pastry: Five ounces butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 egg, 7oz. flour, 1oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, salt, egg-white, sugar.

Cream butter or substitute till soft and fluffy, gradually add sugar and egg. Sift flour, cornflour, baking-powder, and salt together, work into mixture. Knead on floured board, roll out thinly. Line shallow lamination-tin with pastry, top with fruit mince. Cut 12 small stars from leftover pastry, arrange on top. Glaze with little egg-white or water, sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 10 minutes. When cool, cut into sections.

Fruit Mince: One cup sultanas, 1 cup currants, 1 cup raisins (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped mixed peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped cherries, 1 cup cake crumbs, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 1 egg, 1 cup brown sugar.

Combine sultanas, currants, chopped raisins, mixed peel, cherries, cake crumbs, spice, lemon rind and juice, and egg in basin, add brown sugar and mix well.

EGGNOG SUNDAE RING

Three pints ice-cream (any flavor), either bought or home made, 6 eggs (separated), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chilled evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon rum or rum extract, 1 cup cream (whipped), strawberries.

Form ice-cream into 12 large balls with scoop or 2 spoons. Place on metal pan, freeze until firm. Pile balls into bowl, freeze until ready to serve.

Separate eggs, put egg-yolks in large bowl, egg-whites in medium-sized bowl. Beat egg-whites until foamy, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition, until meringue stands in stiff peaks. Beat egg-yolks until thick, beating in remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, rum, milk and whipped, evaporated milk. Fold in whipped cream and meringue, chill until ready to serve. Unmould ice-cream balls into large shallow serving-bowl, pour eggnog round, garnish with sliced strawberries.

CHICKEN AND HAM ITALIENNE

Two chickens (cut into pieces), 1 bottle Italian salad dressing, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 cup diced celery, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup water, 1 6oz. tin frozen concentrated orange juice or 6oz. pure orange juice, 4 cups bread stuffing (see below), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery leaves, 12 slices boiled ham (thinly cut), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange marmalade, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, parsley, preserved cumquats.

Remove skin from chicken pieces. Arrange in single layer in large shallow baking-pan, pour salad dressing over, turn to coat all sides. Cover lightly, let stand at room temperature 2 or 3 hours, turning occasionally, or overnight in refrigerator. Saute onion and celery in butter or substitute in medium-sized pan. Stir in water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the orange juice, heat to boiling. Pour over bread stuffing and celery leaves in large bowl, stir to moisten well. Spoon scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stuffing on to each slice ham, roll up, fasten with cocktail sticks if needed. Place folded side down in single layer in greased baking-dish, cover lightly.

About 1 hour before serving time, take chicken and ham rolls from refrigerator. Drain marinade off chicken into small bowl, stir in reserved orange juice, marmalade, and ginger. Brush over chicken and ham. Bake chicken (uncovered) in moderate oven, basting often with marmalade mixture about 1 hour or until tender and richly glazed. Bake ham uncovered in same oven, also basting with marmalade mixture. Bake about 40 minutes or until heated through and glazed. Arrange meats in separate piles on heated platter, garnish with parsley and cumquats stuck with fancy picks.

Bread stuffing: Three cups soft white or brown breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper.

Combine ingredients, use as directed.

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Savory dish wins £5

• A recipe for pork and beef meat balls cooked in an almond-flavored savory sauce wins the £5 main prize this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 are awarded for recipes for a simple boiled fruit cake which has an additional flavor of stewed cherries; a novelty chilled salad that will please the children; and a delicious orange-flavored sweet.

All spoon measurements are level.

MEAT BALLS WITH ALMOND SAUCE

Half cup blanched almonds, 1 slice bread (cubed), 1 clove garlic, 3 tablespoons oil or butter, ½ lb. minced beef, ½ lb. minced pork, 2 slices bread (crumbed and soaked in ½ cup scalded milk), 1 egg, 1½ teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1½ cups chicken stock or 1½ cups water and 2 chicken bouillon cubes, ½ cup tomato sauce, cooked rice or noodles.

Saute almonds, bread cubes, and garlic in heated oil in large frying-pan 5 minutes. Remove and cool. Combine beef, pork, bread soaked in scalded milk, egg, salt, and pepper in bowl; mix well. Form mixture into marble-sized balls, drop in hot sauce, which is made by frying onion in remaining oil in pan, stirring in chicken broth and tomato sauce. Simmer meat balls in sauce 10 minutes. Stir in almond mixture which has been put through mincer, continue cooking further 5 minutes. Serve piping hot on bed of hot rice or noodles.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Edwards, 100 Marius Street, Tamworth, N.S.W.

CHERRY FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup sherry, ½ cup water, 1 lb. mixed fruits (chopped), 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ lb. stewed stoned cherries, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt.

Place butter or substitute, sugar, sherry, water, fruit, spice, and cinnamon in saucepan. Bring to the boil, remove from heat, and stir in bicarbonate of soda, cherries, well-beaten eggs, and lastly fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, and salt; mix well. Pour into well-greased paper-lined cake-tin, bake in moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours. This cake improves considerably if kept a few days before cutting.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss A. Pickstone, Dalveen, Qld.

ORANGE MACARON DESSERT

One cup sugar, 4 tablespoons corn-flour, pinch salt, grated rind and juice 2 oranges (or lemons if preferred), ½ pint water, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg-white, extra 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons coconut, extra grated rind of ½ orange.

Combine the sugar, cornflour, and salt with orange rind in basin, blend in orange juice and water. Place in saucepan, stir over heat until cooked and thickened; simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in slightly beaten egg-yolk and butter. Pour into well-greased ovenproof dish. Prepare meringue: Place egg-white in clean dry basin, beat until stiff, gradually add extra sugar, and beat until dissolved. Pipe or pile meringue round top of pudding, sprinkle over mixture of grated orange rind and coconut. Place in slow oven to brown top lightly. Allow to cool, serve with custard or ice-cream.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Mawie, Lot 189 Alinta Street, Howrah, Hobart.

Readers are invited to send in entries for our regular weekly recipe contest. First prize is £5, and a consolation prize of £1 is given for every other recipe published. Send entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

CHRISTMAS-TREE SALAD

One ounce gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1 cup fruit syrup (from tinned fruit salad), ½ cup lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch salt, few drops red food coloring, 2½ cups drained fruit salad, salad greens, mayonnaise.

Soften gelatine in water, add heated fruit syrup, and stir until gelatine dissolves. Stir in lemon juice and

grated lemon rind, salt, and a little food coloring; cool. When beginning to thicken, fold in 1 cup of drained fruit salad. Spoon into 4 cone-shaped paper cups. Set each in small glass to hold upright. Chill until firm. Unmould on to salad greens and top each with mayonnaise. Surround base with remaining fruit salad. Serve.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. May, 105 Alt Street, Ashfield, N.S.W.



THIS MEAT DISH is main prize winner. See recipe.



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An "invitation" affair or strictly impramptu . . . it's always a success when you serve PECK's savouries! For a new flavour thrill, try these quick 'n' easy Peck's ideas . . .

PARTY BOATS: Fill baked pastry cases with Peck's Prawns or Tuna (mashed) mixed with thick white sauce. Season well and serve hot. **ANCHOVY EGGS:** Halve hard-boiled eggs. Remove yolks and cream with a teaspoon Peck's Anchovy Paste to each yolk. Refill whites. Garnish with paprika or parsley. **PRAWN NIBBLES:** Spear toothpick with a pickled onion, pineapple chunk, slice of gherkin and a Peck's Prawn. **ANCHOVETTE CREAMS:** Blend until creamy 2 oz. cottage or cream cheese, adding 1 tablespoon Peck's Anchovette. Spread on savoury biscuits or crisp croutons. Garnish to taste.

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HP/JCP:2

ECONOMY IN THE KITCHEN

After baking your Christmas cakes it is often a great disappointment to find the base and sides have darkened or burnt slightly, and because ingredients are expensive it is not economical to throw away the cake. Carefully rub off the burnt section with a fine grater or scrape off with a sharp knife. Sprinkle with a little sherry or other spirit desired and wrap in aluminium foil. The burnt smell and taste will have disappeared by the time you cut the cake at Christmas.

Mould on a ham does not necessarily mean it must be thrown away. Scrub skin well with water to which has been added 1 cup vinegar. Rinse and dry thoroughly, then brush all over with pure vinegar. This removes the mould and the ham remains edible.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These readers' hints will assist you with your daily chores. Each one wins a prize of £1/1/- for its sender.

PRESS a ball of cotton-wool into the base of vases before filling them with water. The cotton-wool will absorb all stains from the flowers, thus keeping your vases clean.—Mrs. J. Jackson, 32 Waldron St., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

Save empty cardboard ice-cream buckets and cartons which have contained honey, jam, peanut butter, or lemon butter. After washing and drying thoroughly, cover with colored transparent or fancy paper, put a colored fine cord handle on each, fill with sweets, nuts, dates, figs, or any Christmas dainty for the tree or party.—Miss N. A. Nixon, 25 Ashby St., Fairfield S.3, South Brisbane.

Shampoo bottles are very slippery when picked up with wet hands. The cuff from an old rubber glove or several rubber bands slipped round the bottle will give it a firm hold.—Mrs. J. Wyatt, 110 Dover Rd., Redcliffe, Qld.

Discarded nylon stockings are excellent for tying dahlias to stakes. They are pliable and do not cut into the stalks.—Mrs. V. Lyons, 11 Cotswold Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

To make ashtrays easier to empty, give them a coating of wax polish, then buff well with duster. Any type of ashtray can easily be protected in this way.—Mrs. J. Paton, 67 Oldham Ave., Hobart.

The finely chopped tops of shallots added to mashed potatoes make a delicious change from plain mashed potato.—Mrs. A. Ellison, McLaren Vale, S.A.

Rubber rings from preserving jars placed between valuable china help to prevent scratching dishes as they are stacked.—Mrs. C. W. Turner, 57 Vermont Rd., Launceston, Tas.

To prevent paint or kalsomine running down the handle of a paintbrush when working on a ceiling, cut the neck off an old hot-water bottle. Press out the part that the stopper is screwed into and slip the rubber on to the handle of the paintbrush. The wide part will be toward the bristles. Tie firmly with string.—Mrs. D. James, 195 Daglish St., Wembley, W.A.

Before pressing men's ties slip in a piece of thin cardboard cut to size. This prevents steam mark showing through when ironing.—Mrs. A. McElroy, 36 Goomalibee St., Benalla, Vic.

If you have a child who has been badly sunburnt, chill some milkless tea and apply it with cotton-wool to the affected areas. This will relieve the burn.—Miss G. Blewitt, Watervies, South Grafton, N.S.W.

A change from the usual mayonnaise is to use mint sauce instead of plain vinegar when mixing the ingredients.—Mrs. E. McKenna, 9 Rosanna St., Carnegie, Vic.

If your fresh fruit salad is too sour, try adding some orange cordial.—Mr. M. Black, 75 Headley Drive, Ilford, Essex, England.

Add a cake of camphor dissolved in hot water to the last rinsing water when washing blankets or woollens to be stored away. This will discourage moths and silverfish.—Mrs. K. Lambert, Bent Ave., Singleton, N.S.W.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' questions about their antiques.

I have a hand-painted pottery piece standing 13½ in., which I think could have been a wine jug. It has Bacchus on the front and Pan on the back, but there are no markings. I also have a fine china vase which is one of a pair. There are paintings of birds on each vase. — Mrs. H. Vise, Lockington, Vic.

The fine pottery jug, which is rare, appears to be English Staffordshire and was made during the early part of the 19th century. It is impossible to attribute this to any particular factory

without handling it. The pair of vases are Dresden, made between 1850-60.

I have a pair of jugs about which I would like some information. They give the appearance of being Japanese but the markings on the base include letters which rather denote British manufacture. — Mrs. L. G. Walker, Rockdale, N.S.W.

This attractive pair of ewer-shaped jugs were made in Germany between the years 1875 and 1885.



Mrs. Vise's wine jug and vase.



Mrs. Walker's jugs.



Mrs. Anderson's chair.

My husband picked up this old folding chair, which we think is rosewood. Could you tell us its age? — Mrs. R. H. Anderson, Kerang, N.S.W.

This chair is colonial rosewood and was made about 1880-1900.

My teaset has a green background with gold tracery and handles and scenes with cherubs. One cup has on the bottom, "Made expressly for Burley & Co.," and others a gold 64 and a red asterisk. — Mrs. E. L. Greenup, Thulimbah, Qld.

Your teaset was made about 1875. It is probably French Limoges porcelain. Burley & Co. were not manufacturers, and ordered porcelain from firms such as Haviland & Co., P. Guerry and R. Delinieres, of Limoges.



Mrs. Ure's chair and jug.

Both this chair and jug have been in our family for over 100 years. The jug is white and underneath are the markings 101 and Wedgwood. Could you tell me the age of both, please? — Mrs. D. M. Ure, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

The jug is early 19th century, made between the years 1810-20. The chair is Victorian, and was made about 1860.



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● Gladioli aren't delicate, but they need good well-drained soil with a sunny aspect and protection from certain diseases.

ABOVE: Quiberon, one of the best varieties introduced and winner of championships the world over.



ABOVE: Jacaranda, a pale heliotrope with a deeper throat. It is a good hardy type, opening up to eight large blooms at a time.

Pictures by Errey Bros., Camperdown, Vic.

MOONGANA, a frilled white of perfect form and texture, producing massive spikes that are excellent for exhibition.

RIGHT: Storm Glow has an unusual copper and salmon ground color with a grey overlay, which gives a brownish effect to the whole flower. A red blotch lights the throat.

IN coastal N.S.W., southern Queensland, and the warm areas of Western Australia they can be grown to flower almost the year round.

Don't plant gladioli in the same soil two years running.

Buy only clean corms that are free from dark brown lesions of bacterial scab.

Gladiolus thrips, small thread-like insects, need to be controlled year by year. Corms should be peeled before being stored and dusted with DDT powder. As soon as plants throw out shoots about 3in. to 4in. start spraying with DDT emulsion or malathion and repeat this fortnightly.

Unless this is done, thrips will breed in millions as the weather warms up. They cause twisting and rusting of the foliage, and later the pests move to the bud-sheaths and blossoms, which take on a

GARDENING

dingy red or light brown color. It's then too late to save them.

Soil-inhabiting mealy bugs often attack the corms as they soften. Spray the base of plants with lindane or dieldrin, after loosening the soil.

Stake and tie-up plants that grow very tall or they will develop what are known as swan-necks as the weight of the buds increases.

Lift the corms as soon as the foliage turns yellow. They should never be left in the soil year after year, because the small plants rob the larger corms of food and moisture.

Leave the lifted plants in a sunny position protected overhead against rain. When thoroughly dry, the old stems will break off easily. The cormels — the tiny corms that cluster on the parent plant — can then be removed. Store new big corms and small cormels in a cool, dry place and dust them with DDT powder.

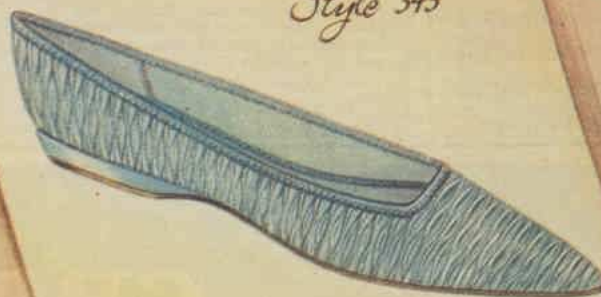
The cormels will flower two or three years after planting.



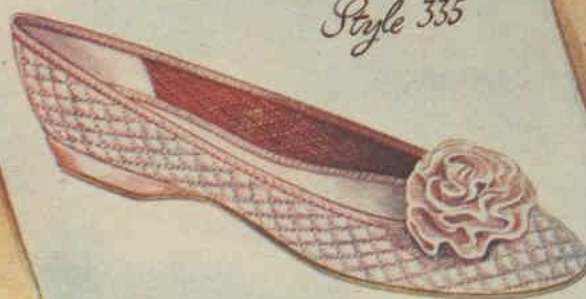
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"But one can do that in a way, can't one?" said Poppy.

We turned toward her.

"What way, poppet?" asked David.

"Well, I mean, people can do that if they want to. . . People like us, as you said. Only I believe it's very expensive."

Poppy's eyes were wide and ingenuous, her lips were slightly parted.

"What do you mean?" asked David curiously.

Poppy looked confused.

"Oh—I expect—I've got it mixed. I meant the Pale Horse. All that sort of thing."

"A pale horse? What kind of a pale horse?"

Poppy flushed and her eyes dropped.

"I'm being stupid. It's just something someone mentioned — but I must have got it all wrong."

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 42

"Have some lovely peaches and cream," said David kindly.

One of the oddest things in life, as we all know, is the way that when you have heard a thing mentioned, within twenty-four hours you nearly always come across it again. I had an instance of that the next morning.

My telephone rang and I answered it.

A kind of gasp came through the phone. Then a voice said breathlessly but defiantly: "I've thought about it and I'll come!"

I cast round wildly in my mind.

"Splendid," I said, stalling for time.

"Er—is that—"

"After all," said the voice, "lightning never strikes twice."

"Are you sure you've got the right number?"

"Of course I have. You're Mark Easterbrook, aren't you?"

"Got it!" I said. "Mrs. Oliver."

"Oh," said the voice, surprised.

"Didn't you know who I was? I never thought of that. It's about that fete of Rhoda's. I'll come and sign books if she wants me to."

"That's frightfully nice of you. They'll put you up, of course."

"There won't be parties, will there?" asked Mrs. Oliver apprehensively.

"You know the kind of thing," she went on. "People coming up to me and saying am I writing something just now—when you'd think they could see I'm drinking ginger ale or tomato juice and not writing at all. And saying they like my books — which, of course, is pleasing, but I've never found the right answer. If you say 'I'm so glad' it sounds like 'Pleased to meet you.' A kind of stock phrase. Well, it is, of course. And you don't think they'll want me to go out to the Pink Horse and have drinks?"

"The Pink Horse?"

"Well, the Pale Horse. Pubs, I mean. I'm so bad in pubs. I can just drink beer at a pinch, but it makes me terribly gurgly."

"Just what do you mean by the Pale Horse?"

"There's a pub called that down there, isn't there? Or perhaps I do mean the Pink Horse? Or perhaps that's somewhere else. I may have just imagined it. I do imagine quite a lot of things."

"How's the Cockatoo getting on?" asked.

"The Cockatoo?" Mrs. Oliver sounded at sea.

"And the cricket ball?"

"Really," said Mrs. Oliver with dignity, "I think you must be mad or have a hangover or something. Pink horses and cockatoos and cricket balls."

She rang off.

I was still considering this second mention of the Pale Horse when my telephone rang again.

This time it was Mr. Soames White, a distinguished solicitor who rang up to remind me that under the will of my godmother, Lady Hesketh-Dubois, I was entitled to choose three of her pictures.

"There is nothing outstandingly valuable, of course," said Mr. Soames White in his defeatist melancholy tones. "But I understand that at some time you expressed admiration of some of the pictures of the deceased."

"She had some very charming watercolors of Indian scenes," I said. "I believe you already have written to me about this matter, but I'm afraid it slipped my memory."

"Quite so," said Mr. Soames White. "But probate has now been granted, and the executors, of whom I am one, are arranging for the sale of the effects of her London house. If you could go round to Ellesmere Square in the near future—"

"I'll go now," I said.

It seemed an unfavorable morning for work.

Some time later, carrying the three watercolors of my choice under my arm.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

(Authorised Version)

● "If two of you agree on earth about any request you have to make, that request will be granted by my heavenly Father."

(New English Bible)

—Matthew 18:19.

I emerged from Forty-nine Ellesmere Square and immediately cannoned into someone coming up the steps to the front door. I apologised, received apologies in return, and was just about to hail a passing taxi when something clicked in my mind and I turned sharply to ask: "Hallo — isn't it Corrigan?"

"It is — and yes — you're Mark Easterbrook!"

Jim Corrigan and I had been friends in our Oxford days — but it must have been fifteen years or more since we had last met.

"Thought I knew you — but couldn't place you for the moment," said Corrigan. "I read your articles now and again — and enjoy them, I may say."

"What about you? Have you gone in for research as you meant to do?" Corrigan sighed.

"Hardly. It's an expensive job — if you want to strike out on your own. Unless you can find a tame millionaire or a suggestible Trust."

"Liver flukes, wasn't it?"

"What a memory! No. I went off liver flukes. The properties of the secretions of the Mandarin glands—that's my present-day interest. You wouldn't have heard of them! Connected with the spleen. Apparently serving no purpose whatever!"

He spoke with a scientist's enthusiasm.

"What's the big idea, then?"

"Well," Corrigan sounded apologetic.

"I have a theory that they may influence behaviours. To put it very crudely, they may act rather as the fluid in your car brakes does. No fluid — the brakes don't act. In human beings, a deficiency in these secretions might — I only say might — make you a criminal."

I whistled.

"I haven't been able to interest any one in my theory, unfortunately. So I'm

To page 53

① A truly king sized gift — a generous companion when friends drop in. Ideal for travelling — the Craven Filter 200 carton. 32/6

② Another bright Craven Filter gift idea — the generous fifty pack in gay and colourful Christmas wrap. 8/7

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a police surgeon in N.W. division. Quite interesting. One sees a lot of criminal types. But I won't bore you with shop—unless you'll come and have some lunch with me?"

"I'd like to. But you were going in there," I nodded toward the house behind Corrigan.

"Not really," said Corrigan. "I was just going to gatecrash."

"There's nobody there but a caretaker."

"So I imagined. But I wanted to find out something about the late Lady Hesketh-Dubois if I could."

"I dare say I can tell you more than a caretaker could. She was my god-mother."

"Was she indeed? That's a bit of luck. Where shall we go to feed? There's a little place off Lowndes Square—not grand, but they do a special kind of sea-food soup."

We settled ourselves in the little restaurant—a cauldron of steaming soup was brought to us by a pale-faced lad in French sailor trousers.

"Delicious," I said, sampling the soup. "Now then, Corrigan, what do you want to know about the old lady? And incidentally, why?"

"Why's rather a long story," said my friend. "First tell me what kind of an old lady she was?"

I considered. "She was an old-fashioned type," I said. "Victorian. Widow of an ex-Governor of some obscure island. She was rich and liked her comfort. Went abroad in the winter to Estoril and places like that. Her house is hideous, full of Victorian furniture and the worst and most ornate kind of Victorian silver."

"She had no children, but kept a couple of fairly well-behaved poodles whom she loved dearly. She was opinionated and a staunch Conservative. Kindly, but autocratic. Very set in her ways. What more do you want to know?"

"I'm not quite sure," said Corrigan. "Was she ever likely to have been black-mailed, would you say?"

"Blackmailed?" I asked in lively astonishment. "I can imagine nothing more unlikely. What is this all about?"

IT was then I heard for the first time of the circumstances of Father Gorman's murder.

I laid down my spoon and asked, "This list of names? Have you got it?"

"Not the original. But I copied them out. Here you are."

I took the paper he produced from his pocket and proceeded to study it.

"Parkinson? I know three Parkinsons. Arthur who went into the Navy. Then there's a Henry Parkinson in one of the Ministries. Ormerod—There's a Major Ormerod in the Blues—Sandford—our old Rector when I was a boy was Sandford. Hardmondsworth? No—Tuckerton—I paused. "Tuckerton... Not Thomasina Tuckerton, I suppose?"

Corrigan looked at me curiously. "Could be, for all I know. Who's she and what does she do?"

"Nothing now. Her death was in the paper about a week ago."

"That's not much help, then."

I continued with my reading. "Shaw. I know a dentist called Shaw, and there's Jerome Shaw, Q.C. . . . Delafontaine—I've heard that name lately, but I can't remember where. Corrigan. Does that refer to you, by any chance?"

"I devoutly hope not. I've a feeling that it's unlucky to have your name on that list."

"Maybe. What made you think of blackmail in connection with it?"

"It was Detective-Inspector Lejeune's suggestion if I remember rightly. It seemed the most likely possibility—But there are plenty of others. This may be a list of dope smugglers, or drug addicts, or secret agents—it may be anything, in fact. There's only one thing sure, it was important enough for murder to be committed in order to get hold of it."

I asked curiously: "Do you always take such an interest in the police side of your work?"

He shook his head.

"Can't say I do. My interest is in criminal character. Background, upbringing, and particularly glandular health—all that!"

"Then why the interest in this list of names?"

"Blessed if I know," said Corrigan slowly. "Seeing my own name on the list, perhaps. Up the Corrigans! One Corrigan to the rescue of another Corrigan."

"Rescue? Then you definitely see this as a list of victims—not a list of malefactors. But surely it could be either?"

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 52

"You're entirely right. And it's certainly odd that I should be so positive. Perhaps it's just a feeling. Or perhaps it's something to do with Father Gorman. I didn't come across him very often, but he was a fine man, respected by everyone and loved by his own flock. He was the good, tough, militant kind. I can't get it out of my head that he considered this list a matter of life and death."

"Aren't the police getting anywhere?"

"Oh, yes, but it's a long business. Checking here, checking there. Checking the antecedents of the woman who called him out that night."

"Who was she?"

"No mystery about her, apparently."

Widow. We had an idea that her husband might have been connected with horse-racing, but that doesn't seem to be so. She worked for a small commercial firm that does consumer research. Nothing wrong there. They are a reputable firm in a small way. They don't know much about her. She came from the north of England—Lancashire. The only odd thing about her is that she had so few personal possessions."

I shrugged my shoulders. "I expect that's true of a lot more people than we ever imagine. It's a lonely world."

"Yes, as you say."

"Anyway, you decided to take a hand?"

"Just nosing around. Hesketh-Dubois is an uncommon name. I thought if I could find out a little about the lady—" He left the sentence unfinished. "But from what you tell me there doesn't seem to be any possible lead there."

"Neither a dope addict nor a dope smuggler," I assured him. "Certainly not a secret agent. Has led far too blameless a life to have been black-mailed."

"I can't imagine what kind of a list she could possibly be on. Her jewellery she keeps at the bank, so she wouldn't be a hopeful prospect for robbery."

"Any other Hesketh-Dubois that you know about? Sons?"

"No children. She's got a nephew and a niece, I think, but none of that name. Her husband was an only child."

Corrigan told me sourly that I'd been a lot of help. He looked at his watch, remarked cheerfully that he was due to cut somebody up, and we parted.

I went home thoughtfully, found it impossible to concentrate on my work, and finally, on an impulse, rang up David Ardingly.

"David? Mark here. That girl I met you with the other evening. Poppy, what's her other name?"

"Going to pinch my girl, is that it?"

David sounded highly amused.

To page 55

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SPANISH RICE MIX

SALAD GRANADA



Prepare Spanish Rice Mix Rice-A-Riso as directed on pack and allow to cool. Then add 1 cup finely chopped celery, 1 tablespoon of lemon juice, 1/2 cup mayonnaise, 2 or 3 chopped shallots, salt and pepper to taste. Fold in 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs. Chill thoroughly and serve in lettuce cups. All Rice-A-Riso flavours lend themselves to cold creations, so make sure you keep them on hand for summertime parties and snacks.

CHICKEN

CHINESE-STYLE FRIED RICE



Prepare Rice-A-Riso as directed on pack. Allow to cool and dry. Heat 1 oz. shortening in deep pan. Add 3 beaten eggs and fry till set. Remove from pan and chop finely. Fry 4 slices of diced bacon with 1 chopped onion until glazed. Add more shortening if needed, then Rice-A-Riso, and fry quickly, adding 1 cup chopped prawns and egg pieces. Stir well together and serve piping hot with Holbrooks' Soy Sauce.

Try chicken flavour as a stuffing for your Christmas poultry. Wonderful! Simply prepare as directed on pack.

BEEF

SERVE-NOT PARTY SNACKS



Rice-A-Riso plus your favourite sausage. Prepare Rice-A-Riso as directed on pack. Remove skin from 6 slices of devon, luncheon or garlic sausage and place on grill. Take 2 cups cooked Rice-A-Riso and add 1 teaspoon Holbrooks' Worcestershire Sauce, 1/3 cup finely diced sharp cheese, 1/2 cup concentrated cream of celery soup, 1/3 cup warm water and mix together. Place 1/3 cup mixture in centre of each sausage slice and grill for 5-8 minutes on low heat until slices curl round filling.

RICE A RISÓ

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PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows attractive exterior of Plan No. 965, with slightly pitched roof and french doors opening on to the terraces.

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● This week's plan is a split-level design with the sleeping wing and living-room on a different level from the dining-room-kitchen area.

THE sleeping wing is separate from the rest of the house, linked to the utility area by the large living-room, 18ft. by 15ft.

Terraces on both sides of the living-room give it a feeling of spaciousness, and the terraces are within easy distance of the kitchen for convenient outdoor entertaining.

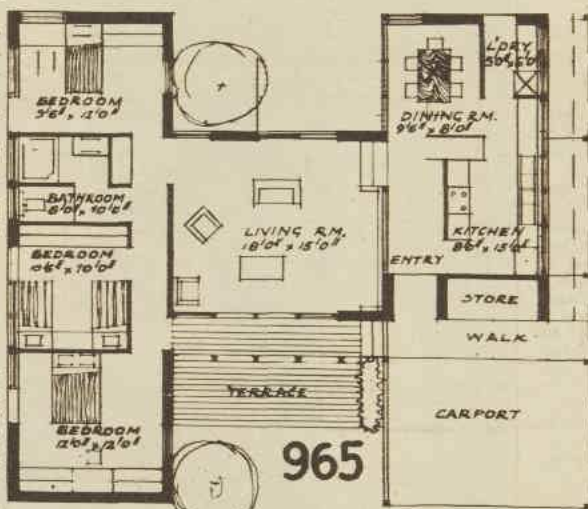
Entrance to the house is through the carport — ideal in wet weather — and there is a small store-room near the carport for garden tools.

The kitchen is designed in the popular and convenient corridor shape, and opens into a small dining-room, 9ft. 6in. by

8ft., and a laundry, which has direct access outside. Exterior of this house is particularly attractive, with a slightly pitched roof and large windows. French doors open from the living-room to the terraces.

Plan No. 965 can be built in brick or timber, and in brick would have an area of 12.2 squares, in timber, 11.2 squares.

FLOOR PLAN shows compact planning, with sleeping wing separated from kitchen-dining area by a spacious living-room 18ft. by 15ft.



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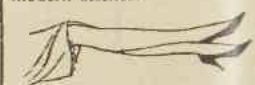
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"You've got so many of them," I retorted, "you could surely spare one."
 "You've got a heavyweight of your own, old boy. I thought you were going steady with her."

"Going steady." A repulsive term. And yet, I thought, struck suddenly with its aptitude, how well it described my relationship with Hermia. And why should it make me feel depressed? I had always felt in the back of my mind that some day Hermia and I would marry . . . I liked her better than anyone I knew. We had so much in common . . .

For no conceivable reason, I felt a terrible desire to yawn . . . Our future stretched out before me, Hermia and I going to plays of significance — that mattered. Discussions of art — of music. No doubt about it, Hermia was the perfect companion.

But not much fun, said some derisive imp, popping up from my subconscious. I was shocked.

"Gone to sleep?" asked David.
 "Of course not. To tell the truth, I found your friend Poppy very refreshing."

"Good word. She is — taken in small doses. Her actual name is Pamela Stirling and she works in one of those arty flower places in Mayfair. You know, three dead twigs, a tulip with its petals pinned back, and a speckled laurel leaf. Price three guineas."

He gave me the address.
 "Take her out and enjoy yourself," he said in a kindly avuncular fashion. "You'll find it a great relaxation. That girl knows nothing — she's absolutely empty-headed. She'll believe anything you tell her."

I invaded the portals of Flower Studies Ltd. with some trepidation. An overpowering smell of gardenia nearly knocked me backwards. A number of girls, dressed in pale green sheaths and all looking exactly like Poppy, confused me.

FINALLY I identified her. She was writing down an address with some difficulty, pausing doubtfully over the spelling of Fortescue Crescent. As soon as she was at liberty, after having further difficulties connected with producing the right change for a five-pound note, I claimed her attention.

"We met the other night — with David Ardingly," I reminded her.
 "Oh, yes!" agreed Poppy warmly, her eyes passing vaguely over my head.

"I wanted to ask you something," I felt sudden qualms. "Perhaps I'd better buy some flowers?"

Like an automaton who has had the right button pressed, Poppy said: "We've some lovely roses, fresh in today."

"Those yellow ones, perhaps?" There were roses everywhere. "How much are they?"

"Very, very cheap," said Poppy in a honeyed, persuasive voice. "Only five shillings each."

I swallowed and said I would have six of them.

"And some of these very, very special leaves with them?"

I looked dubiously at the special leaves which appeared to be in an advanced state of decay. Instead I chose some bright green asparagus fern, which choice obviously lowered me in Poppy's estimation.

"There was something I wanted to ask you," I reiterated as Poppy was rather clumsily draping the asparagus fern round the roses. "The other evening you mentioned something called the Pale Horse."

With a violent start, Poppy dropped the roses and the asparagus fern on the floor.

"Can you tell me more about it?"
 Poppy straightened herself after stooping.

"What did you say?" she asked.
 "I was asking you about the Pale Horse."

"A pale horse? What do you mean?"

"You mentioned it the other evening."
 "I'm sure I never did anything of the kind! I've never heard of any such thing."
 "Somebody told you about it. Who was it?"

Poppy drew a deep breath and spoke very fast.

"I don't in the least know what you mean. And we're not supposed to talk to customers . . ." She slapped paper round my choice. "That will be thirty-five shillings, please."

I gave her two pound-notes. She thrust six shillings into my hand and turned quickly to another customer.

Her hands, I noticed, were shaking slightly.

I went out slowly. When I had gone a little way I realised that she had quoted the wrong price (asparagus fern was seven and six) and had also given me too much change. Her mistakes in arith-

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

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metic had previously been in the other direction.

I saw again that rather lovely vacant face and the wide blue eyes. There had been something showing in those eyes . . .

"Scared," I said to myself. "Scared stiff . . . Now why? Why?"

It was a moment of relaxation. Rhoda's fete had passed off in the manner of fetes. Violent anxiety about the weather, which in the early morning appeared capricious in the extreme. Considerable argument as to whether any stalls should be set up in the open, or whether everything should take place in the long barn

and the marquee. Various passionate local disputes regarding tea arrangements, produce stalls, etcetera. Tactful settlement of same by Rhoda.

Periodical escapes of Rhoda's delightful but undisciplined dogs, who were supposed to be incarcerated in the house owing to doubts as to their behaviour on this great occasion. Doubts fully justified!

Arrival of pleasant but vague starlet in a profusion of pale fur, to open the fete, which she did very charmingly, adding a few moving words about the plight of refugees which puzzled everybody, since the object of the fete was the restoration

of the church tower. Enormous success at the bottle stall. The usual difficulties about change. Pandemonium at tea when every patron wanted to invade the marquee and partake of it simultaneously.

Finally, blessed arrival of evening. Displays of local dancing in the long barn were still going on. Fireworks and a bonfire were scheduled, but the weary household had now retired to the house and were partaking of a sketchy cold meal in the dining-room, indulging meanwhile in one of those desultory conversations where everyone utters their own thoughts, and pays little attention to those of other people.

It was all disjointed and comfort-

able. The released dogs crunched bones happily under the table.

"We shall take more than we did for the Save the Children last year," said Rhoda gleefully.

"It seems very extraordinary to me," said Miss Macalister, the children's Scottish nursery governess, "that Michael Brent should find the buried treasure three years in succession. I'm wondering if he gets some advance information?"

"Lady Brookbank won the pig," said Rhoda. "I don't think she wanted it. She looked terribly embarrassed."

The party consisted of my cousin Rhoda and her husband, Colonel Despard, Miss Macalister, a young woman with red hair suitably called Ginger, Mrs. Oliver, and the vicar,

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the Rev. Caleb Dane Calthrop, and his wife.

The vicar was a charming elderly scholar whose principal pleasure was finding some apposite comment from the classics. This, though often an embarrassment and a cause of bringing the conversation to a close, was perfectly in order now. The vicar never required acknowledgment of his sonorous Latin, his pleasure in having found an apt quotation was its own reward.

"As Horace says . . ." he observed, beaming round the table.

The usual pause happened and then:

"I think Mrs. Horsefall cheated over the bottle of champagne," said Ginger thoughtfully. "Her nephew got it."

Mrs. Dane Calthrop, a disconcerting woman with fine eyes, was studying Mrs. Oliver thoughtfully. She asked abruptly:

"What did you expect to happen at this fête?"

"Well, really, a murder or something like that?"

Mrs. Dane Calthrop looked interested.

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Montespan on a black velvet altar."

"Ginger!" said Rhoda. "Not in front of the vicar."

"Sorry, Mr. Dane Calthrop."

"Not at all," said the vicar beaming. "As the ancients put it—" he continued for some time in Greek.

After a respectful silence of appreciation, I returned to the attack.

"I still want to know who are 'they'—Miss Grey and who else?"

"Oh, there's a friend who lives with her, Sybil Stamford. She acts as medium, I believe. You must have seen her about—Lots of scarabs and beads—and sometimes she puts on a sari—I can't think why—she's never been in India—"

"And then there's Bella," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "She's their cook," she explained.

"And she's also a witch. She comes from the village of Little Dunning. She had quite a reputation for witchcraft there. It runs in the family. Her mother was a witch, too."

said: "Anyway, I wouldn't like to offend none of those three, that I wouldn't!"

"It does all sound exciting. I'd love to meet them," said Mrs. Oliver wistfully.

"We'll take you over there tomorrow," Colonel Despard promised. "The old inn is really worth seeing. They've been very clever in making it comfortable without spoiling its character."

"I'll ring up Thyra tomorrow morning," said Rhoda.

I must admit that I went to bed with a slight feeling of deflation.

The Pale Horse which had loomed in my mind as a symbol of something unknown and sinister, had turned out to be nothing of the sort.

Unless, of course, there was another Pale Horse somewhere else?

I considered that idea until I fell asleep . . .

There was a feeling of relaxation next day, which was a Sunday. An after-the-party feeling. On the lawn the marquee and tents flapped limply in a damp breeze, awaiting removal by the caterer's men at

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



"But why should it?"

"No reason at all. Most unlikely, really. But there was one at the last fête I went to."

"I see. And it upset you?"

"Very much."

After the pause, Miss Macalister cast doubts on the honesty of the raffle for the live duck.

"Very sporting of old Lugg at the King's Arms to send us twelve dozen beer for the bottle stall," said Despard.

"King's Arms?" I asked sharply.

"Our local, darling," said Rhoda.

"Isn't there another pub round here? The—Pale Horse, didn't you say?" I asked, turning to Mrs. Oliver.

There was no such reaction here as I had half expected. The faces turned toward me were vague and uninterested.

"The Pale Horse isn't a pub," said Rhoda. "I mean, not now."

"It was an old inn," said Despard. "Mostly sixteenth-century, I'd say. But it's just an ordinary house now. I always think they should have changed the name."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Ginger. "It would have been awfully silly to call it Wayside or Fairview. I think the Pale Horse is much nicer, and there's a lovely old inn sign. They've got it framed in the hall."

"Who's they?" I asked.

"It belongs to Thyra Grey," said Rhoda. "I don't know if you saw her today? Tall woman with short grey hair."

"She's very occult," said Despard. "Goes in for spiritualism and trances and magic. Not quite black masses, but that sort of thing."

Ginger gave a sudden peal of laughter.

"I'm sorry," she said apologetically. "I was just thinking of Miss Grey as Madame de

She spoke in a matter-of-fact way.

"You sound as though you believe in witchcraft, Mrs. Dane Calthrop," I said.

"But, of course! There's nothing mysterious or secretive about it. It's all quite matter-of-fact. It's a family asset that you inherit. Children are told not to tease your cat, and people give you a cottage cheese or a pot of home-made jam from time to time."

I looked at her doubtfully. She appeared to be quite serious.

"Sybil helped us today by telling fortunes," said Rhoda. "She was in the green tent. She's quite good at it, I believe."

"She gave me a lively fortune," said Ginger. "Money in my hand. A handsome dark stranger from overseas, two husbands, and six children. Really very generous."

"I saw the Curtis girl come out giggling," said Rhoda. "And she was very coy with her young man afterwards. Told him not to think he was the only pebble on the beach."

"Poor Tom," said her husband. "Did he make any comeback?"

"Oh, yes. 'I'm not telling you what she promised me,' he said. 'Mebbe you wouldn't like it too well, my girl!'"

"Good for Tom."

"Old Mrs. Parker was quite sour," said Ginger, laughing. "'Tis all foolishness,' that's what she said. 'Don't you believe none of it, you two.' But then Mrs. Cripps piped up and said, 'You know, Lizzie, as well as I do, that Miss Stamford sees things as others can't see, and Miss Grey knows to a day when there's going to be a death. Never wrong, she is! Fairly gives me the creeps sometimes.' And Mrs. Parker said, 'Death—that's different. It's a gift.' And Mrs. Cripps

early dawn on the morrow. On Monday we would all set to work to take stock of what damage had been done, and clear things up. Today, Rhoda had wisely decided, it would be better to go out as much as possible.

We all went to church, and listened respectfully to Mr. Dane Calthrop's scholarly sermon on a text taken from Isaiah which seemed to deal less with religion than with Persian history.

"We're going to lunch with Mr. Venables," explained Rhoda afterwards. "You'll like him, Mark. He's really a most interesting man. Been everywhere and done everything. Knows all sorts of out-of-the-way things. He bought Priors Court about three years ago. And the things he's done to it must have cost him a fortune."

"He had polio and is semi-crippled, so he has to go about in a wheeled chair. It's very sad for him, because up to then he was a great traveller, I believe. Of course, he's rolling in money, and, as I say, he's done up the house in a wonderful way—it was an absolute ruin, falling to pieces. It's full of the most gorgeous stuff. The salerooms are his principal interest nowadays, I believe."

Priors Court was only a few miles away. We drove there and our host came wheeling himself along the hall to meet us.

"Nice of you all to come," he said heartily. "You must be exhausted after yesterday. The whole thing was a great success, Rhoda."

Mr. Venables was a man of about fifty, with a thin hawk-like face and a beaked nose that stood out from it arrogantly. He wore an open-wing

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collar which gave him a faintly old-fashioned air.

Rhoda made introductions. Venables smiled at Mrs. Oliver.

"I met this lady yesterday in her professional capacity," he said. "Six of her books with signatures. Takes care of six presents for Christmas. Great stuff you write, Mrs. Oliver. Give us more of it. Can't have too much of it." He grinned at Ginger. "You nearly landed me with a live duck, young woman." Then he turned to me. "I enjoyed your article in the 'Review' last month," he said. "It was awfully good of you to come to our fête, Mr. Venables," said Rhoda. "After that generous cheque you sent us, I didn't really hope that you'd turn up in person."

VENABLES laughed. "Oh, I enjoy that kind of thing. Part of English rural life, isn't it? I came home clasping a most terrible Kewpie doll from the hoop-la, and had a splendid but unrealistic future prophesied me by Our Sybil, all dressed up in a tinsel turban with about a ton of fake Egyptian beads slung over her torso."

"Good old Sybil," said Colonel Despard. "We're going there to tea with Thyra this afternoon. It's an interesting old place."

"The Pale Horse? Yes, I rather wish it had been left as an inn. I always feel that that place has had a mysterious and unusually wicked past history. It seems, somehow, rather tame to have turned it into a desirable residence for three old maids."

"Oh—I never think of them like that!" cried Rhoda. "Sybil Stamford, perhaps—with her ears and her scarabs, and always seeing auras round people's heads—she is rather ridiculous. But there's something awe-inspiring about Thyra, don't you agree? You feel she knows just what you're thinking. She doesn't talk about having second sight—but everyone says that she has got it."

"And Bella, far from being an old maid, has buried two husbands," added Colonel Despard. "With sinister interpretations of the deaths from the neighbors. It's said they displeased her, so she just turned her eyes on them, and they slowly sickened and pined away."

"Of course, I forgot, she is the local witch. Interesting

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thing, witchcraft," said Venables thoughtfully. "All over the world you get variations of it—I remember when I was in East Africa—"

He talked easily, and entertainingly, on the subject. He spoke of medicine-men in Africa; of little-known cults in Borneo. He promised that, after lunch, he would show us some West African sorcerers' masks.

"There's everything in this house," declared Rhoda with a laugh.

"Oh well—" he shrugged his shoulders—"if you can't go out to everything—then everything must be made to come to you."

Just for a moment there was a sudden bitterness in his voice. He gave a swift glance downwards toward his paralysed legs.

"The world is so full of a number of things," he quoted. "I think that's always been my undoing. There's so much I want to know about—to see! Oh, well, I haven't done too badly in my time. And even now—life has its consolations."

"Why here?" asked Mrs. Oliver suddenly. "Why did you come to live here, in this neighborhood? So far away from things that are going on. Was it because you had friends here?"

"No. I chose this part of the world, since you are interested, because I had no friends here."

A faint ironical smile touched his lips.

How deeply, I wondered, had his disability affected him?

As though Venables had read my thoughts, he said: "In your article you questioned the meaning of the term 'greatness'—you compared the different meanings attached to it—in the East and the West. But what do we all mean nowadays, here in England, when we use the term 'a great man'?"

"Greatness of intellect, certainly," I said, "and surely moral strength as well?"

He looked at me, his eyes bright and shining.

"Is there no such thing as an evil man, then, who can be described as great?" he asked.

"Of course there is," cried Rhoda. "Napoleon and Hitler and, oh, lots of people. They were all great men."

"Because of the effect they produced?" said Despard. "But if one had known them personally—I wonder if one would have been impressed."

Ginger leaned forward and

ran her fingers through her curly mop of hair.

"That's an interesting thought," she said. "Mightn't they, perhaps, have seemed pathetic, undersized little figures. Strutting, posturing, feeling inadequate, determined to be someone, even if they pulled the world down around them?"

"Oh, no," said Rhoda vehemently. "They couldn't have produced the results they did if they had been like that."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Oliver. "After all, the stupidest child can set a house on fire quite easily."

"Come, come," said Venables. "I really can't go along with this modern playing down of evil as something that doesn't really exist. There is evil. And evil is powerful. Sometimes more powerful than good. It's there. It has to be recognised—and fought. Otherwise—" he spread out his hands. "We go down to darkness."

It was after four o'clock when we left Priors Court. After a particularly delicious lunch, Venables had taken us on a tour of the house. He had taken a real pleasure in showing us his various possessions—a veritable treasure house the place was.

"He must be rolling in money," I said when we had finally departed.

THE Pale Horse was a half-timbered building (genuine timbering, not faked). It was set back a little way from the village street.

A walled garden could be glimpsed behind it, which gave it a pleasant old world look.

"Not nearly sinister enough," I complained. "No atmosphere."

We got out of the car and went up to the door, which opened as we approached.

Miss Thyra Grey stood on the threshold, a tall, slightly masculine figure. She had rough grey hair springing up from a high forehead, a large beak of a nose, and very penetrating light blue eyes.

"Here you are at last," she said in a hearty bass voice. "Thought you'd all got lost."

Behind her I became aware of a face peering out from the shadows of the dark hall. A queer, rather formless face, like something made in putty by a child who had strayed in to play in a sculptor's studio. It was the kind of face, I thought,

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that you sometimes see amongst a crowd in an Italian or Flemish primitive painting.

Rhoda introduced us all and explained that we had been lunching with Mr. Venables at Priors Court.

"Ah!" said Miss Grey. "That explains it! Fleshpots. But come in—come in. We're rather proud of our own little place. Fifteenth-century—and some of it fourteenth."

"The old inn sign," said Miss Grey, noting my glance. "Can't see much of it in this light. The Pale Horse."

"I'm going to clean it for you," said Ginger.

"I'm a bit doubtful," said Thyra Grey, and added bluntly, "Suppose you ruin it?"

"Of course I shan't ruin it," said Ginger indignantly. "It's my job. I work for the London Galleries," she

explained to Mark. She peered at the inn sign. "A lot more would come up. The horse may even have a rider."

L joined her to stare into the picture. It was a crude painting with little merit except the doubtful one of old age and dirt. The pale figure of a stallion gleamed against a dark indeterminate background.

"Hi, Sybil," cried Thyra. "The visitors are crabbing our Horse, damn their impertinence!"

Miss Sybil Stamfordis came through a door to join us.

She was a tall, willowy woman with dark, rather greasy hair, a simpering expression, and a fishlike mouth.

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She was wearing a bright emerald-green sari, which did nothing to enhance her appearance.

"Our dear, dear Horse," she said. "We fell in love with that old inn sign the moment we saw it. I really think it influenced us to buy the house. Don't you, Thyra? But come in—come in."

The room into which she led us was small and square and had probably been the bar in its time. It was furnished now with chintz and Chippendale and was definitely a lady's sitting-room, country style.

Then we were taken out to see the garden, which I could see would

be charming in summer, and then came back into the house to find tea had been laid. There were sandwiches and home-made cakes, and as we sat down the old woman whose face I had glimpsed for a moment in the hall came in bearing a silver teapot.

She wore a plain dark green overall. The impression of a head made crudely from plasticine by a child was borne out on closer inspection. It was a witless, primitive face, but I could not imagine why I had thought it sinister.

"Thank you, Bella," said Thyra.

Bella withdrew to the door. She had looked at nobody, but just before she went out she raised her

eyes and took a speedy glance at me. There was something in that look that startled me—though it was difficult to describe why. There was malice in it, and a curious intimate knowledge.

Thyra Grey had noticed my reaction. "Bella is disconcerting, isn't she, Mr. Easterbrook?" she said softly.

"She's a local woman, isn't she?" I strove to appear merely politely interested.

"Yes. I dare say someone will have told you she's the local witch."

Sybil Stamfordis clanked her beads.

"Now, do confess, Mr. Easterbrook, I'm sure you've heard that we all practise witchcraft. Confess now. We've got quite a reputation, you know—"

"Not undeserved, perhaps," said Thyra. She seemed amused. "Sybil here has great gifts."

"I was always attracted by the occult," Sybil murmured. "Even as a child I realised that I had unusual powers. Automatic writing came to me quite naturally. I didn't even know what it was! I'd just sit there with a pencil in my hand—and not know a thing about what was happening. And, of course, I was always ultra-sensitive. I fainted once when taken to tea in a friend's house. Something awful had happened in that very room . . . I knew it! We got the explanation later. There had been a murder there—twenty-five years ago. In that very room!"

"Very remarkable," said Colonel Despard with polite distaste.

"Sinister things have happened in this house," said Sybil darkly. "But we have taken the necessary steps. The earth-bound spirits have been freed."

"What a lovely colored sari you are wearing," said Rhoda, trying to change the subject.

Sybil brightened.

"Yes, I got it when I was in India. I had an interesting time there. I explored yoga, you know, and all that. But I could not help feeling that it was all too sophisticated—not near enough to the natural and the primitive. One must go back, I feel, to the beginnings, to the early primitive powers. I am one of the few women who have visited Haiti. Now there you really do touch the original springs of the occult."

"I was shown a great deal, especially when they learnt that I had twin sisters a little older than myself. The child who is born next after twins has special powers, so they told me. Interesting, wasn't it? Their death dances are wonderful. All the panoply of death, skulls and crossbones, and the tools of a gravedigger, spade, pick, and hoe. They dress up as undertakers' mutes, top hats, black clothes—"

At this point my attention wandered. Words came to me hazily as Sybil continued to air her knowledge of sorcery and voodoo.

I turned my head to find Thyra looking at me quizzically.

"You don't believe any of it, do you?" she murmured. "But you're wrong, you know. You can't explain away everything as superstition, or fear, or religious bigotry. There are elemental truths and elemental powers. There always have been. There always will be."

"I don't think I would dispute that," I said.

"Wise man. Come and see my library." I followed her out through the french window into the garden and along the side of the house.

The stables and outbuildings had been reconstituted as one large room. The whole of one long wall was lined with books. I went across to them and sat presently exclaiming.

"You've got some very rare works here, Miss Grey. Is this an original *Maleficorum*? My word, you have some treasures."

"I have, haven't I?"

I took down volume after volume from the shelves. Thyra watched me—there was an air of quiet satisfaction about her which I did not understand.

"It's nice to meet someone who can appreciate one's treasures. Most people just yawn or gape."

"There can't be much about the practice of witchcraft, sorcery, and all the rest of it that you don't know," I said. "What gave you an interest in it in the first place?"

"Hard to say now . . . it's been so long . . . One looks into a thing idly—and then—one gets gripped! It's really

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Kathy at Markinch, where she was staying at the manse — the arrangement had been made before she left.

After the trials and problems of the last two days, how he looked forward to it!

After a quick cup of tea he went to the telephone, dialled long-distance, and gave the Fotheringays' number, and within ten minutes he was put through. To his delight it was Kathy herself who answered, but, of course, she would be seated at the phone, waiting for his call.

"Kathy, it's you! How are you, my dear?"

"Quite well, David. And most terribly busy. It's so lucky you caught me. I was just rushing off to Edinburgh this very minute."

Chilled slightly, he said, "What have you been doing?"

"Oh, everything . . . getting ready to go . . . like you, I suppose."

"Yes, I've been busy, too. It's very near now."

"Oh, it is. And I'm so happy and excited. I'll be sending you all particulars of where we are to meet in London whenever I find a minute to write."

"I was rather expecting a letter from you, dear."

"Were you, David? I

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"Yes, and it may be serious. But, of course, we've been expecting it. Now, dear, I really must go. I think I hear the bus. Uncle Willie is outside calling for me to come."

"Wait, Kathy . . ." "If I don't go, dear, we'll miss the bus and Uncle Willie will be late for his lecture. Goodbye for just now, dear David . . . we'll be together soon."

She had gone, or at least had been obliged to go, leaving him disappointed and with a chilling impression of neglect. What an unsatisfactory talk it had been, making so much of Willie, so little of himself. No, no, he mustn't think like that — quickly he banished his unworthy jealousy. Kathy loved him, the poor child had simply been rushed and harassed, and telephone conversations were never satisfactory. He found these excuses for her, but illogically the sense of slight persisted, remained with him all evening.

Next morning when he awoke, only half rested, he was bitterly annoyed with himself. He rose hurriedly, prompted by a sense of shame, welcoming as a corrective the discomfort of his strained back, which

use for it now. You will never see it again."

"But I . . . I need your help for other things."

"Then I must not give it." Still with her gaze fixed upon him, she shook her head slowly from side to side. "It is altogether too painful for me. Better, in your own words, the sharp, clean cut."

A moment of complete silence followed, during which he could find nothing to say, except "Why?" and he had said that before. Then she went on, with that same solemnity, almost sounding a note of doom.

MORAY listened numbly as she said, "My friend, my dear friend, my feeling for you, and it is deep beyond your knowledge, has misled me. I am a woman, and weakly I have given in, to help you. But yesterday, at the party, meeting all your friends, I see that I have been wrong, greatly wrong. For all are in dismay, all have the same opinion of you."

"I'm obliged for their concern," he muttered, nettled that they should have discussed him in his absence. "But I don't see how I merit it."

"They see it!" Her voice stung him. "They were, every one, speaking of you, a man who has worked all his life to make a great success, and become rich, who has good friends and a beautiful home. And who, no longer young, throws all, all away, for a sudden idea, so extreme that even your Mr. Stench was saying, in his nasty smiling way, you had bitten more than you could chew."

"I'm obliged to Stench and the others," he said bitterly. "Nevertheless, I believe I know what I'm doing."

"But do you? Now you are so busy, so obsessed, you never read or even listen to the news. Yesterday Mr. Stench was telling us — it had just come in — that in another town, Kalinda, which is so near your Willie's place, hordes of these tribesmen came with flaming arrows and cutlasses, broke into the Belgian mission and massacred all who were inside. Not killed alone, first mutilated them, cutting off their hands. When I think of your hands, so fine and sensitive, which I have always admired, and some beastly savage hacking them off, do you wonder that I, and others, too, are heart-broken for you?"

He bit his lip, frowning, uneasiness and anger striving for mastery in him. Anger predominated.

"It's no use," he interrupted. "You won't dissuade me."

"Then go. You are totally blind and devoid of sense, in fact quite out of your mind."

They were quarrelling, creating a scene — the realisation caused him an acute distress.

"You say you do this because of a great ideal, to amend your life. You do not. It is all done for the sake of going to bed with a silly young woman, a religious killjoy, who has infatuated you, who has no maturity, no meeting of minds, a common nurse who does not know a Bonnard from a bedpan."

Pale to the lips under these insults, delivered with a fatal, telling force, he ran true to form in his indignant reply: "You are speaking of the young lady who will be my wife."

"And as such, what do you delude yourself she can give you? Not passion, for it is not in her. These religious women are without sex." He winced. "For passion such as you demand you need a strong, vital

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a fascinating study. The things people believed — and the damn fool things they did!"

I laughed.

"That's refreshing. I'm glad you don't believe all you read."

"You mustn't judge me by poor Sybil. Oh yes, I saw you looking superior! But you were wrong. She's a silly woman in a lot of ways. She takes voodoo, and demonology, and black magic and mixes everything up into a glorious occult pie — but she has the power."

"The power?"

"I don't know what else you can call it . . . There are people who can become a living bridge between this world and a world of strange uncanny powers. Sybil is one of them. She is a first-class medium. She has never done it for money. But her gift is quite exceptional. When she and I and Bella —"

"Bella?"

"Oh yes. Bella has her own powers. We all have, in our different degrees. As a team —"

She broke off.

"Sorcerers Ltd.?" I suggested with a smile.

"One could put it that way."

I glanced down at the volume I was holding in my hand.

"Nostradamus and all that?"

"Nostradamus and all that."

I said quietly: "You do believe it, don't you?"

"I don't believe. I know."

"But how? In what way? For what reason?"

She swept her hand out toward the bookshelves.

"All that! So much of it nonsense! Such grand ridiculous phraseology! But sweep away the superstitions and the prejudices of the times — and the core is truth! You only dress it up — it's always been dressed up — to impress people."

"I'm not sure I follow you?"

"My dear man, why have people come throughout the ages to the necromancer — to the sorcerer — to the witch-doctor? Only two reasons, really. There are only two things that are wanted badly enough to risk damnation. The love potion or the cup of poison."

"Ah."

THYRZA spread her hands. "So simple, isn't it? Love — and death. The love potion — to win the man you want. A draught to be taken at the full moon. Recite the names of devils or of spirits. Draw patterns on the floor or on the wall. All that's window dressing. The truth is the aphrodisiac in the draught!"

"And death?" I asked.

"Death?" She laughed, a queer little laugh that made me uncomfortable. "Are you so interested in death?"

"Who isn't?" I said lightly.

"I wonder." She shot me a glance, keen, searching. It took me aback.

"Death. There's always been a greater trade in that than there ever has been in love potions. And yet — how childish it all was in the past! The Borgias and their famous secret poisons. Do you know what they really used? Ordinary white arsenic! Just the same as any little wife poisoner in the back streets. But we've progressed a long way beyond that nowadays. Science has enlarged our frontiers."

"With untraceable poisons?"

My voice was sceptical.

"Poisons! That's childish stuff. There are new horizons."

"Such as?"

"The mind. Knowledge of

what the mind is — what it can do — what it can be made to do."

"Please go on. This is most interesting."

"The principle is well known. Medicine-men have used it in primitive communities for centuries. You don't need to kill your victim. All you need do is — tell him to die."

"Suggestion? But it won't work unless the victim believes in it."

"It doesn't work on Europeans, you mean," she corrected me. "It does sometimes. But that's not the point. We've gone farther ahead than the witch doctor has ever gone. The psychologists have shown the way. The desire for death! It's there — in everyone. Work on that! Work on the death wish."

"It's an interesting idea." I spoke with a muted scientific interest.

"To destroy your subject, power must be exerted on his secret unconscious self. The death wish that exists in all of us must be stimulated, heightened." Her excitement was growing. "Don't you see? A real illness will be induced, caused by that death-seeking self. You wish to be ill, you wish to die — and so — you do die!"

Thyrza Grey laughed suddenly. "You don't believe me, do you?"

"It's a fascinating theory,

Miss Grey — quite in line with modern thought, I'll admit. But how do you propose to stimulate this death wish that we all possess?"

"That's my secret. The way!

The means! There are communications without contact. You've only to think of wire-

less, radar, television. Experiments in Extra-Sensory Perception haven't gone ahead as people hoped, but that's because they haven't grasped the first simple principle. You can accomplish it sometimes by accident — but once you know how it works, you could do it every time . . ."

"Can you do it?"

"You mustn't ask me, Mr. Easterbrook, to give all my secrets away."

I followed her toward the garden door —

"Why have you told me all this?" I asked.

"You understand my books. One needs sometimes to — to — well — talk to someone. And besides — I had the idea — Bella has it, too — that you may need us."

"Need you?"

"Bella thinks you came here — to find us. She is seldom at fault."

"Why should I want to — find you, as you put it?"

"That," said Thyrza Grey softly, "I do not know — yet."

To be continued

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WUFF, SNUFF & TUFF

by TIM



thought, as we were to be together so soon . . . And I've been worried about Uncle Willie. He's been running quite a high temperature since we came here, and he's due to give his talk this evening."

"I'm sorry," he said rather perfunctorily, thinking of his own troubles. "Give him my best wishes."

"Oh, I will, David. And I'll write you tonight, whenever we get back from Edinburgh."

"I don't wish to force you to write, Kathy."

"But, David, dear . . ." She broke off. "Are you cross?"

"No, dear. Still, I will say I've felt rather lonely. I've been hard at it here. I've hurt my back. And through it all I've been longing to hear from you, just a word to say that you're missing me . . ."

"Oh, I have missed you, dear . . ." The catch in her voice made her words indistinct: " . . . just so busy, and Uncle Willie ill . . . I didn't think

"All right, my dear," he said, mollified by her distress. "But if Willie is so ill, will he be able to leave on the twenty-first?"

"He will go, David," she said confidently, "even if he has to be carried to the plane on a stretcher."

Much good he'll be in that condition, he thought rather acidly, then regretted it, for he was devoted to Willie.

"I suppose you've seen that fighting has started in Katsai . . ."

now seemed definitely worse. Ranging about the house, restlessly awaiting Madame Altshofer's arrival, he checked and rechecked his preparations: the inventory was complete, all his papers were in order, the bank had been notified, his appointment with Stieger definitely arranged for the following day. All that remained, then, was to finish off his packing.

Impatiently he looked at his watch: past ten o'clock. Why on earth did she not come? Punctuality had always been outstanding among her many virtues. He was on the point of telephoning, when, with a disproportionate sense of relief, he heard her step on the gravel drive. The doorbell rang. He answered it himself.

"Come along in. I'll take your coat."

"Thank you, no. I will not come in. Or at least only to the hall."

He stared at her blankly as she took a bare step forward across the threshold.

"What's wrong, Frida?"

She did not immediately answer; then, gazing at him almost pityingly with the remarkable yellow eyes, she said: "My friend, despite my great wish to help you I have decided I must not see you now, or ever again."

"But why? You promised . . . I'm relying on you to do the porcelain."

"The porcelain," she echoed with scornful emphasis. "What does that matter? You have no



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V14

body. An answering force which she does not possess. She is feeble. And she is already bound to her Willie; you are for her only a father figure."

"I'm afraid I must ask you to leave."

She was breathing with a deep, though controlled, violence, a Wagnerian prima donna, splendid in figure, with fire in her eyes. Then all at once she was calm, cold as ice.

"Yes, I am leaving. But do not forget that I have warned you. And remember one important thing, if you should return to reason, I am still at the Seeburg, still your friend."

He barely waited until she had passed the drive before shutting the door with a bang. He was furiously angry, hurt, outraged, and above all inflexibly confirmed in his intention. A father figure, indeed — could any allegation be more unjust? To make matters worse, in slamming the heavy

door he had aggravated his strained back and now, blaming her all the more since the casualty was basically her fault, he found that his limp had become more pronounced.

It was essential that he get his back put right at once and, as he had additionally some final purchases to make, he decided to take the train for Zurich and consult his good friend Dr. Muller. Having cancelled lunch, he was driven by the mystified Arturo to Melsburg station in time to take the 11.45.

Settling himself in the comfortable window-seat — no other trains, in his opinion, could match the Swiss — he opened the "Gazette Suisse" which, almost instinctively, he had picked up at the bookstall. There, on the

front page, were the headlines. "Massacre Atroce a La Mission Kalinda."

Still keyed to a high intensity, he read the graphic report. More than a hundred persons — men, women, and children — who had sought refuge in the mission had been butchered with inhuman ferocity. In this blood bath the missionaries themselves had been singled out for special treatment, first mutilated, then beheaded.

Frida had spoken the truth: what an end for a sensitive, civilised man. A quiver of nausea constricted his stomach as he lowered the paper and

gazed out at the placid Swiss landscape, the belled, brown cows grazing peacefully in the green pastures among the pear and cherry trees. Perhaps, after all, in making his heroic decision he had not fully weighed the obligations and dangers imposed by it. But he killed the thought before it entered his mind. Even if he had not wanted to go, he wanted Kathy. He would never turn back.

The train drew into Zurich station and he got out, finding the step down so awkward he wished he had brought a stick.

Muller, a ruddy, jovial little man in an oversized starched white coat, who looked as though he enjoyed good living, listened to Moray's re-

cital of his symptoms. Now he got up, made an examination which to Moray seemed brief, almost cursory.

"A slight sprain of your latissimus dorsi. Get your man to rub you with a good liniment."

"But this limp I have developed, surely that is rather a matter for concern."

"Purely psychosomatic. A protective transference of your worry about your back — though why that should worry you I can't imagine. I suppose there's nothing else on your mind, no more pressing anxiety?"

Frowning, Moray chose to ignore the question and left the doctor's office a worse case than when he entered, trying not to limp, an effort that exaggerated the condition and made him stiffen and drag his leg.

He was tempted to seek another opinion, but the fear of making himself ridiculous restrained him. Instead, he pulled himself together, hailed a taxi, and was driven to the station. The evening paper, which he read on the return journey, amply confirmed the bad news of the morning — an official statement had been issued from the United Nations deploring the outrage against innocent civilians. There was also a report that smallpox and bubonic plague had broken out: appeals for medical assistance had been broadcast.

When he got home an hour later he found nothing to alleviate his despondency; no telephone message from Kathy, not even a letter, and the house now in such a state of upheaval — stacked books on the library floor, his silver in tissue paper, curtains dismantled in the salon — that all sense of comfort and security was gone.

He ate a poor dinner and afterwards moved to the study, the only sitting-room which still remained habitable. Almost an hour later, while he sat brooding, suddenly the telephone rang.

His pulse missed a beat. He knew that it was Kathy, compelled by love and an instinctive awareness of his present need. He was at the phone in a second.

But no — his heart sank sickeningly — it was not the sweet expected voice that came from the void, but the guttural accents of Steiger, his lawyer, who, detained in Munich, asked for a postponement of their appointment until Monday.

Three days, Moray reflected, as he hung up the phone; no harm could come of this brief postponement. At least it would afford him a breathing spell to recover and consolidate his forces. He was conscious of a vague feeling of relief.

A WEEK had passed. Was it a week? Waiting like this, ready to go off, everything settled, it was difficult to keep track of days. But, of course, today was Sunday, and a wet one. He turned from the window and for perhaps the twentieth time took Kathy's letter from his pocket, her solitary letter posted on the morning after she had been in Edinburgh. She must have written and mailed it immediately she got back to Markinch.

"Dear David.

It was wonderful to hear your voice on the phone and, truly, I have not had time to write you before. As I told you, Uncle Willie has had a really bad attack of fever. But he won't give up the lecture tour and we'll be leaving soon for our journey through England. When we get to London we'll be staying with Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Scottish friends of Mr. Fotheringay's. Their address, if you are writing is 3 Hillside Drive, Ealing, N.W. 11. It is handy for London airport.

Everything is now arranged. Uncle Willie has got all three tickets and made the reservations. The plane leaves on Tuesday the 21st at eleven p.m., so we shall meet you in the assembly hall an hour before the time of departure. We will be there from nine o'clock onwards so that there will be no mistake and there must not be, for Uncle Willie is desperately anxious to leave. There have been going from bad to worse at Kwibui, and if we are to save the mission outstations in Kasai we must get back once. I am so much looking forward to working with you out there, and the rewards it will bring us. Dear David, it is the first time I have written you and it is difficult to say all that I mean. But you know my hopes are centred on you and that I will soon be your own wife.

With a renewed sense of disappointment Moray put down the letter when it arrived, he had opened it eagerly. Surely he might have expected

Kathy."

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Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

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something better than these few brief, restrained lines. Instead of the bare schedule of their departure, couldn't she have dwelt more feelingly on her love, said that she was missing him, that she longed to be once again in his arms?

In all her vocabulary was there no stronger word than "dear"? He admitted that she was shy, poor child, troubled by the consciousness of their intimacy — so he construed the phrase "I will soon be your own true wife" — and limited by the small size of the notepaper. Yet she had found space to devote to Willie — his lectures, his fever, his anxieties, and arrangements. Not a word, not a single inquiry as to his own state of mind and body, or of the distress and difficulties he might be experiencing away from her. Really, it was too bad.

This strange feeling that he had been deserted was intensified by the isolation of his present existence. His normal routine was broken, he had said goodbye to his friends in Schwansee, no one came to see him, they had all written him off as a departed member of their group. And Frida — for more than a week he had not set eyes upon her.

He missed the companionship she had so freely given and which, now above all, when certainty and uncertainty chased each other across his mind, he so sorely needed. Bitterly he regretted the rift between them, the result of a few outspoken words on her part which, realising their purpose, he had already condoned. Surely he could not leave her without attempting to resolve their differences.

As the miserable grey afternoon turned to sodden evening he succumbed to the craving for one word of human comfort. Frida would give it. She was, had always been, his friend. They would not argue, would discuss nothing involving controversy, would simply spend in sympathy one last quiet restorative hour of human intercourse.

HURRIEDLY, before he could change his mind, he put on his coat and, letting himself unobtrusively out of the house, hobbled off.

Advancing on the terrace outside the narrow double windows that gave on to her sitting-room, he drew up with a catch of breath. Yes, there she sat. With an agitated hand he tapped on the pane. Immediately she raised her head, turned toward the outer darkness, then came slowly forward and opened the tall window. For a long moment she looked at him fixedly, then in a calm, firm voice, totally devoid of solicitude, she said:

"My poor friend, how ill you look. Come! I will help you. So." Taking his arm, she guided him toward the sofa. "Here you must sit and rest."

"Thank you," he muttered, breathing with difficulty. "As you see, I'm rather under the weather . . . you may remember I hurt my back . . . it hasn't quite cleared up."

"Yes," she said, standing over him. "Three times I have seen you by the lake, attempting to take your walk. I said to myself, unfortunate man, soon he will come to me."

No note, no sign of triumph was evident in her tone or manner, but a kind of calm protectiveness, as though she were dealing with a favored yet refractory pupil.

"I felt I must come," he defended himself hurriedly. "I couldn't bear to leave the breach between us permanently unhealed. I . . . I am due to go the day after tomorrow."

She did not answer, but sat down beside him on the sofa and took his hand, holding it with strong, compelling fingers. For several moments there was absolute silence; then, gazing at him intently and speaking with the calm conviction of accomplished fact:

"My poor friend, you are not quite yourself. And now it is for a woman who knows and understands you, who has for you the best and strongest feelings, yes, it is now time for her to save you from yourself."

"From myself?" he repeated, confused and startled.

"You have been led foolishly into a bad situation. Because you are an honorable man and, although ill, would wish to be a brave one, you want to go through with it. Even when it is plain you will not survive." She paused quietly. "But for that I will not stand aside."

In the ensuing silence, compelled by a strange mixture of attraction and revulsion, he forced himself to raise his head and look at her.

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

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"But I'm committed . . . in every way," he protested.

"Yes, you have been wrong," she lifted a forefinger in admonition. "And stupid also. But listen."

"When you are walking in the mountains and discover yourself upon the wrong road, do you continue and fall into a crevasse? No. When you have asked directions of someone who knows better, you turn and go back. That is what you will do."

"No, no. I couldn't. What would Kathy and Willie think of me? Even the people here, after all the talk, my speech at the party. I'd be the laughing stock of the canton when they still saw me around."

"They will not still see you around,"

she answered, almost casually, "for you must go away for a long holiday . . . with me."

Again he started visibly, but she held him silent with a faint calm smile, went on in the same even, conversational tone.

"First we go to Montecatini, where there are wonderful baths for your back, and also, once you are better, a fine golf-course, where I will walk with you and admire your play. After we take a cruise on that nice, select little ship, the Stella Polaris. Only then in the spring do we return here, by which time all the silly business is finished and long forgotten."

Immobilised by those hypnotic eyes, he stared at her as though in a trance, yet perceiving, for the first time, that her hair had been freshly rinsed and set, that — as if she had expected him — she wore a new mauve silk dress, high in the waist, full and pleated in the skirt, a dress at once classic and correct, which enhanced her natural distinction.

Certainly a fine figure of a woman and still beautiful—at a distance. Yet from close range could this be compared with that other sweet face, that frail, fresh young body? An inward sigh shook him. And yet . . . in his present lamentable state . . . wasn't she a haven, an anchorage, a lady, too, cultured, distinguished? He drew a sharp breath, was about to speak

when, with a gleam of ridicule, she forestalled him.

"Yes, I am a reasonable bargain. And I will be the proper wife for you . . . by day and by night. Have I not also had strong longing during the years I have lived alone? And what an interest for us both to restore and redecorate the Seeburg, to fill it with your beautiful things."

He still mumbled a protest.

"I'm terribly fond of you, dear Frida. But . . ."

"But yes, my poor man, and I of you. For once and all, I will not let you go out there to destroy yourself."

A silence. What more could he say or do? He felt overpowered, dominated, possessed, yet filled with a slow, creeping tide of comfort. The plan

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BRI-NYLON

will 'do something' for his Christmas!



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One little word—BRI-NYLON—will make the difference between giving him just socks—or the finest socks—for Christmas! Ask for BRI-NYLON and you'll get the easiest-on-the-feet socks . . . today's trend-setters in color and design. Skilfully made to use nylon's stretch properties for the utmost in fit and comfort, BRI-NYLON socks by Holeproof are a joy to give, a thrill to receive and a pleasure to wear.

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she presented was so sane, so agreeable in all respects—vastly different from that dark future which, during these past few days, he had come to dread. Acceptance would be like sliding into a warm bath after a long exhausting journey. He closed his eyes and slid. The relief was indescribable. He lay back on the sofa.

"Oh, Frida . . . I feel I want to tell you everything . . . from the very beginning."

And he did, at length, with feeling.

"Ah, yes," she murmured, sympathetically if ambiguously, when he concluded. "I see it all."

"You're the only woman who has ever understood me."

"Now you are tired. Rest while I bring you something to restore you." She was soon back, glass in hand. "This is from your own country, very old and special. I have kept it for you for a long time. Now . . . to please me . . . you must drink all."

The one spirit he detested was whisky—it always disagreed with him, soured his stomach, upset his liver. But he did need a stimulant, and he wanted to please her; besides, he hadn't the will to resist.

As he had expected, the whisky went straight to his head. His face became flushed, and in no time at all he felt, not better, but stupid and inflamed. Presently, observing him, she said thoughtfully:

"I have been considering the best way to arrange our marriage. It must be done not only most quietly, but also quickly. It is best that we go to Basle,

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leaving early tomorrow. It will take altogether three days, for there are several formalities. But we can be back here on Wednesday evening."

"And then, dear Frida?"

"Off on our long holiday next morning."

THREE days later, at the hour of twilight on Wednesday afternoon, the car, mud-bespattered as from a journey, slid unobtrusively through the village of Schwansee, swung discreetly in the familiar acacia drive and drew up at Moray's villa.

"Well, here we are, Frida." Pulling off his driving gloves, he stated the obvious with a congratulatory smile, adding with a glance at the dashboard clock, "And dead on time."

The successful secrecy with which they had invested their wedding gave him a distinct glow of achievement—it had all gone exactly according to plan. He squeezed out of the driving seat and, hurrying round the car, helped her with uxorious solicitude to alight. At the same moment the door of the villa swung open and Arturo appeared, advanced with a determined smile of welcome.

"Everything all right?" Moray asked aside, as the man removed the suitcases from the boot.

"Quite all right, sir. We have the salon in order again with the china all arranged. But the library and the other rooms will take more time."

"You'll have time. We shall be off tomorrow for quite a long spell." He seemed to hesitate. "There were no messages of any kind?"

"None, sir."

Impossible to repress that involuntary breath of relief. He had feared the possibility of a last-minute telephone call, a distressing message awaiting his return. But no, they had gone off, without a word, exactly as Frida had predicted, off to the Mission, to their work—not his, it had never been his—yes, their life's work, which by its very complexities, its difficulties and dangers, would absorb them, make Kathy speedily forget.

How misguided he had been ever to imagine that he could beneficially link his future to that dear dedicated girl, yet how wise, in her interests and his own, to realise his mistake before it was too late. And now there would be no more idealistic nonsense, no more reaching after spiritual moonbeams; safely married to a mature and distinguished woman, he experienced a warm feeling of security, a sense of having at last reached journey's end.

"Bring tea quickly, Arturo," he said, following Frida into the drawing-room. Seating himself beside her on the Chesterfield settee, he glanced round appreciatively. Yes, everything was in order, exactly as before—the word had now a definite historic import denoting the demarcation between his pre- and post-redemption periods.

His pictures bloomed more attractively than ever—to think he could ever have existed without them—his silver shone, his porcelain, freshly washed and arranged, gleamed in the light of a heart-warming fire of crackling cedar logs.

He was about to speak when Arturo came in, wheeling the tea trolley, and offered him the salver from the hall.

"Your mail, sir."

With a shrinking of his nerves he recognised Kathy's round, even writing. But, glancing covertly at the date stamps on the envelope, he was immediately reassured. The letter had been posted the seventeenth, four days before her departure, and received at Schwansee on Monday the twentieth, the day he had left for Basle with Frida. As such, thank heaven, it could contain neither reproaches nor regrets. With a cautious side glance at Frida, who was still pouring tea, he slid it unobserved into his side pocket—he would read it later, when he was alone.

How gracefully Frida managed the tea things—to the manner born—neither nervous like Kathy nor clumsy like Doris, who in those distant, almost forgotten days had always upset things during her attacks. Yes, after all his troubled years, he had been right in this, his ultimate decision. He had always aspired to a well-bred

woman. Ah, yes, Frida would remake his life. And how restful was the immediate prospect.

Yet, through his complacency, as he sipped his tea in the warm comfortable room, he could not restrain his thoughts from reverting, not exactly self-accusingly, but with a kind of pricking discomfort, to that plane which, even now, after its overnight stop at Lisbon, must be winging toward Luanda. Surely by now Kathy must have got over the worst of it. She was young, she would recover, sorrow did not last forever, time was the great healer . . . he consoled himself with these and other profundities.

"I believe you are asleep." A half-chiding, half-amused voice recalled him.

"No . . . no . . . not really."

as though drugged by the scent of the burning cedar. Then, absently, through his euphoria, he remembered the belated letter. Whatever his reluctance, he owed it to Kathy to read and cherish it as a last sweet message. Feeling in his pocket, he withdrew it, and after considering the envelope again, and confirming the date stamps, he manfully opened it.

As he did so he became conscious of the ringing of a bell. The front door? Yes. He should have warned Arturo to say he was not at home. Too late now, the fellow was answering the door. Straining his ears, he heard Arturo say, almost entreatingly:

"Please . . . if you will wait here . . . I will see."

"But there's no need," a thin voice answered, with a strained note of urgency. "I'm expected. I'll go straight in."

Moray's heart contracted. He thought, it can't be . . . I'm

"Because I need you now . . . so much more . . ." Still close to him, she looked up as though uncomprehending. "You know that Uncle Willie sent me . . ."

"Willie?" he echoed, like a parrot.

"Didn't you get my letter?"

"No . . . yes . . . at least . . . I've been away."

"Then you don't know. Oh, David, it's too terrible. The entire Mission is destroyed, burned to the ground. There's been a fearful outbreak by armed terrorists. They're fighting all around and almost all our people are dead. All Uncle Willie's work, the labor of twenty years destroyed."

Tears were beginning to flow down her cheeks. "Uncle Willie has gone out to see the worst, if they'll allow him to go there, but he knows it's finished, he wouldn't let me go with him. He's broken-hearted, I think he'll have to give it up. And for me, there's nothing out there now . . . I have . . . only you, dear David. But for you, I think I would have lost my mind."

Silence. A cold sweat of panic beaded his forehead, his heart kept banging irregularly in his side. He broke away slightly, hand pressed against his brow, still struggling for speech.

"This . . . dreadful, Kathy. A great shock. If I had only known . . ."

KATHY looked at him with taut, uncomprehending eyes.

"But, David, when you didn't come to the airport I felt sure you had my letter telling you everything."

"Yes, precisely . . . it's just so difficult . . . having been away." What he was saying he scarcely knew, and he had begun to look at him strangely, nervously, too, with a sudden anxiety in her thin little face.

"David, is anything wrong?"

"Nothing, except . . ."

He could not go on, could not save his life have spoken the words. There followed a moment of complete and frightful silence. His mouth filled with bitter water, and through it all he kept thinking, I could have had her here, on my own terms, if only I had waited. It was agony.

And as he stood rigid with clenched hands, unable to meet her frightened eyes, the door opened and Frida came into the room. Arrested by the scene, with one comprehensive glance she took it in, then, without change of expression, came quietly forward.

"Kathy, you are here," she said, and kissed her on the cheek. At the same time she made toward Moray a brusque gesture of dismissal which said decisively, go, this you must leave to me.

Somehow, stumbling forward, he got himself out of the room. Kathy was very pale, but had stopped crying. Bewilderment and alarm had dried her tears.

"What is wrong with David? Is he ill?"

"I think he is slightly unwell at this moment. The shock you see. But come, dear child, we must sit down and be composed and have a little talk together." Persuasively, an arm round Kathy's shoulder, she led her to the settee. "Now first, my dear, how did you arrive here?"

"By plane to Zurich, train to Melsburg, then the little steamboat to Schwansee."

"What a tiring journey. Wouldn't you like to rest a while and have some refreshment?"

"No thank you, no." Kathy was shivering slightly, her teeth pressed together to prevent their chattering.

"At least a cup of tea. It can be brought so quickly."

"Oh, nothing, please. I only want to know about David."

"Yes, of course, we must

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Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"MARGOT."—Full skirt with pretty lace trim is a feature of this day-frock. Material is woven check seersucker in tan, lemon, pink, blue, and green, all with white.

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But on that subject, Frida, must you really spend the night at Seeburg? Why not stay here? After all, we are married."

"Yes, we are a nice married people and for that reason must be sensible."

"But why, dear Frida? It's been quite, well, difficult for me, away with you two nights . . . and separate rooms."

She laughed, well pleased.

"I am glad you have the same feeling as I. But for newlyweds it is better to make the honeymoon away. For me there is more novelty. And for you, especially, it is better to be free of recent associations that might trouble you."

"Yes," he agreed, unwillingly. "I suppose there's something in that."

"And now, I will go upstairs. After that long drive I have much need to wash."

When she left the room he sat dozing before the hot fire,

dreaming, or out of my mind. Instinctively he took a few steps backwards. Futile retreat. There came the sound of hurried footsteps in the hall, and the next instant Kathy was before him.

"David!" she cried, in sheer relief. "I thought from Arturo you weren't here." All her body seemed to incline toward him; then, running forward, she put her arms round him and laid her head against his breast.

He had turned deathly white, his face blank with horror and amazement. It was a nightmare, unreal, couldn't be true. He stood frozen into paralysed stillness.

"Oh David, dear David," she kept murmuring. "Just to be with you again . . ."

He could not speak, the skin around his mouth had suddenly become tight. But at last he gasped:

"Kathy . . . what . . . why are you here?"



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easy for you

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JUNKET
TABLETS**

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Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words, short short stories, 1100 to 1600 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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speaking of David for he is, as that nice book says, the heart of the matter. But we must speak plainly of him, for even if it gives pain we must establish the truth." She paused and took Kathy's hand in hers.

"You see, dear child, this David whom you love is a very nice man, so full always with good intentions, yet alas, not always with the strength to perform them, which is often sad for him and for others."

"Did you never ask yourself, dear little Kathy, for what real reason he came back to discover your family in Scotland? You thought to repay a youthful kindness. That was not so. It pains me to tell you and it will pain you to hear. It was because as a young man this David was the lover of your mother, really her lover if you understand me, had promised marriage, then cruelly left her, for a rich man's only daughter."

"No . . . no." She took a sharp anguished breath, her pupils wide with shock. "It's impossible. You're making this up."

"How do I make it up when I have heard it all from David himself? Yes, he is the kind of man who seeks to discharge his guilt by an emotional confession. And succeeds. With weeping, too, for like other great men, he weeps easily . . . like a woman."

"I won't, I won't listen to you."

"But you must, dear Kathy, for your own sake. So our David came back full of the best intentions to make his wrong completely right. And when your mother was unfortunately not available, you became the object of his kind attentions. And it was all good in the beginning, yes, beautifully good and proper, but then things changed a little, he wished very nobly to do even more for you and so — for those soft charming men have so much a way with women — on the promise to marry and go to your Mission he became your lover, as with your mother."

"Stop!" Distractedly she covered her ears. "I can't . . . I'll not hear any more. It's too horrible."

Detainingly, as Kathy tried to rise, Frida held her arm. "Can't you see I speak for your own good? I must show you your mistake. If you had married this famous David he would have tired of you and in six months broken your heart. You are altogether different, not of the same kind. You would never convert him to religion, or even to work again as a doctor. Nor could he have made you like his stupid antiques or his famous pictures, all a mode created by the dealers. Your marriage would have been a fatal disaster."

KATHY sat quite still, her expression blurred, as though the structure of her face had given way. There was something terrifying in her immobility. She felt feverishly sick, stripped of all that she had prized, degraded and unclean. She wanted to get away, but there was no strength in her, only weakness and self-disgust.

"So . . . is it not evident? The wife this David needs is not a sweet, gentle girl such as you, but a woman strong enough to master him, one who will make him obey and do always, always what is needed."

Kathy's eyes widened suddenly, great pools of darkness in her small white face.

"You," she gasped. "Yes. Today we were married in Bala."

Silence again. Kathy's brows, knit in pain, gave her a twisted look. She jumped up, wildly, frantically, bent only on escape.

But Frida had risen quickly and stood at the door, blocking the way.

"Wait, Kathy . . . you must be sensible. Believe me, I mean well by you. There is much we can do for you."

"Let me go. All I want is to go away . . . to go home."

"Kathy . . . the car will take you to the hotel . . ."

"No, no . . . I'll take the boat . . . I only want to go home."

The doorway was still blocked. She looked feverishly round, ran to the french window, flung it open.

"Stop, Kathy . . ."

But she had already dashed across the terrace and the lawn to the narrow garden path that led to the village. Down the steep path she ran, into the darkness, mindless of the unseen steps, falling to her knees in her desperate haste, rising again, straining through the vicious shadows, seeking only to escape.

Dark shapes of bushes whipped against her like things alive, stinging

her with all the malice of mankind. Shocked out of sorrow, she was no longer herself, not altogether living, moving in a confused and tragic dream. In the dim world in which she ran, everything within her drifted away but pain, all was gone. She was lost.

Frida could not follow. Standing silent and distressed at the open french window, which threw out a following beam, she watched until the stumbling, wavering little figure was lost as the brutal night took possession of it. Then, turning slowly, she shook her head, closed the window, and, advancing into the hall, called upstairs. Moray came down slowly, nervously, with watery eyes and a white face.

"It is all settled," she told him calmly. "She has gone. I offered her the car, but she prefers to return as she came, by boat. She goes home at once. All she wishes is to go home."

"But, Frida . . ." he faltered. "She has given up her job. She can't go to Willie. Where is her home?"

"You have put the question. You had better answer it."

"What did you tell her?"

"The truth. For her sake and ours it was necessary to perform a surgical operation. And I did so."

"Surely she understood I couldn't go out there."

"She did not come here for you to go."

"Frida, I feel horribly upset. I worry about her getting back." He looked at the clock. "She may have missed the boat . . . and it's the last to Melsburg. I should go after her."

"For the sake of pity, pull yourself into something like a man. She is young and, like her mother, will get over it. You can afford to make a settlement to her, and a large one. Later you must send it, in proper legal form."

"Yes." His face lifted slightly. "I can do that and I will. Make her comfortable for life. But Frida . . ." He hesitated, a longish pause, then said pleadingly, "I don't want to be alone tonight."

She seemed to study him with almost clinical curiosity, seemed about to refuse, then relented.

"Well, then, though you should be punished, I shall stay. You must go upstairs and take your bath. Then to bed, for you are tired. I will speak with the servants and have a tray brought to you. Afterwards I will come."

He looked at her abjectly.

"Bless you, Frida."

She waited until he had climbed the stairs, then, passing through the drawing-room, she went out upon the terrace. She gazed out across the lake. Yes, there was the steamer, a little fountain of light, cosy and bright, already on its way, quite far on its way, to Melsburg.

Turning, she looked down at the little pier. Yes. All quiet and deserted.

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FOR BRIGHTER LIVING — AND BRIGHTER GIVING — MAKE IT A SUNBEAM CHRISTMAS

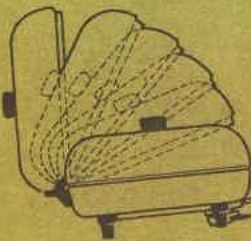
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Brighter living begins with a Sunbeam Frypan — just as
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EVERYONE NEEDS A SUNBEAM FRYPAN. No gift — no other appliance ever invented — so exactly meets the needs of everybody on your list — from the bachelor girl (or boy) to the man or woman who 'has everything'. No gift is so personal, either, for there's a size exactly tailored to everybody's tastes and way of life. (Elderly folk who live alone find it a wonderful way to prepare tempting meals and keep their fuel bills low!)

**Sunbeam
GOURMET FRYPAN**
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For energy to enjoy summer fun



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MILO CONTAINS:		WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU:
Malted cereal ...	Vitamin A	Provides energy food with tonic properties. Helps prevent infection, promotes growth, maintains vigour.
Vitamin B ₁	Vitamin D	Promotes appetite and digestion. Helps the body to utilize the minerals: calcium, magnesium and phosphorus.
Iron	Calcium	Helps keep blood healthy.
Magnesium	Phosphorus	Helps develop strong bones and teeth. Magnesium also helps strengthen nerve cells.

The single yellow lamp that was kept alight all night shone upon the solitary wooden bench. No one was seated there.

Starting painfully from a restless snatch of sleep, Moray awoke to the muddled consciousness of unfamiliar darkness. Where was he? And why alone? Then, through the oppression clamped on his forehead, the first dulled glint of consciousness brought the humiliating answer.

It had been frightful, his inability to find consolation in Frida's arms... she had tried to help him... All useless—he could not succeed. And then she had said, in a tone which concealed contempt but not bitterness and frustration: "We both need some rest if we're to be off tomorrow morning. Would it not be wise if you moved to another room?"

And so he was here, in the guestroom—a guest, almost, in his own house.

Why had this happened? Was it because of the paralysing images of the slender young form he had once possessed—Kathy, whom he could so easily have had, and instead had hopelessly lost.

Kathy... Stretched out on his back, he groaned. If only he had not failed her, everything would have turned out as he had wished. What

ALL characters in the series and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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a fool he had been, in his weakness, his craving for sympathy, to marry Frida.

She had caught him: he had swallowed the bait, hook, line, and sinker, and was now landed, gasping, on the bank. And how skillfully she had angled for him: first that resigned acceptance of his departure, congratulations, sweet offers of assistance, then the gradual dissemination of doubt, working up to a frontal assault upon his fears and, finally, when he had been sufficiently reduced, that determined stand, a command virtually, to take her. Miserably he acknowledged her strength. She would possess him body and soul.

TEARS

came burning to his eyes at the thought of his disloyalty to Kathy. Yet it had not been a deliberate betrayal, he told himself, simply a moment of aberration, a lapse for which he had already been punished, and for which he would eventually make amends.

Perhaps in due course everything might be straightened out. He began even to envisage, though dimly, an amicably arranged divorce that would set him free—surely he could rely on his dear child's forgiveness.

Stirring himself with an effort, he got up, switched on the

light, and, while struggling into his dressing-gown, looked at his wristwatch.

Twenty minutes to twelve—he couldn't have been asleep for much more than an hour.

Downstairs in the library, he sat down at the bureau by the window, switched on the shaded lamp, and took notepaper from the central inlaid drawer. Then, pen in hand, he stared into the outer darkness, anxiously seeking the most appropriately touching form of address.

After some thought he became conscious of a glow, shining distantly through the opacity of the night.

What on earth was it? He got to his feet, opened the french window, and, despite the lightness of his attire—he had always had a tendency to catch cold—went out on the terrace.

Clutching his thin dressing-gown about him, he peered toward the lights. They were near, mysteriously and disconcertingly near. But suddenly he understood, and in a reflex of absurd relief could have smiled, though he did not, at his own foolishness. It was the little fishing fleet, half a dozen boats bouncing gaily on the waves, the men casting their nets, night fishing with flares.

He was about to turn back into the comfort of the house when the sound of approaching footsteps detained him. He

swung around. Two men, at first dimly seen, then gradually taking recognisable shape, were coming up the path from below—the piermaster and Herr Sacht from the village police. He felt instead a sinking of his heart that was the sickening premonition of unknown yet inevitable disaster.

Respectfully, apologetically almost, the piermaster made himself spokesman—Sacht, a slow and stolid man, was at all times sparing of words. "We have some trouble down below... and have come for your advice... though not wishing to disturb you. A young woman..."

"No... no..." said Moray, barely breathing.

"Alas, yes. We have just found her."

"But how...?" He could say nothing more—pale and rigid, he had ceased to breathe.

"After the night boat I heard a splash... like a springing fish. Of it, I thought nothing. But when I made my last round of the pier there was a hand-bag, fallen down, and in the water, floating, a lady's small brown hat. I thought it wise to alarm the police."

"We got the boats out and after dragging just two hours, we found the young person... of course completely dead." He paused in respectful sympathy. "I fear it is... may be a friend to you... the young English girl, she who came this afternoon on the five o'clock boat."

Moray drew back, staring at them, horrified. Then all at once he was crying hysterically.

"Oh, no, it can't be. But yes, a young lady... she did come... Kathy—Kathy Urquhart—a friend, as you say, daughter of an old, very dear friend... she left us, running, running to catch the last boat..."

With a slow comprehending nod Sacht said, "She was running, in the darkness... perhaps... or surely, then, this has been an accident."

get chilled. We will wait here until you are ready."

In the hall cupboard he found a coat, cap, and scarf, a pair of felt-lined snowboots. Hastily rejoining the other two, he went down the path. Still in a state of shock, he was instinctively, protectively acting a part, but as they approached the little pier, where a silent group stood gathered outside the low wooden shed that served as a waiting-room, he could not repress a shudder of numbed and silent dread.

The group parted, still in silence, as they drew near. They went into the bare waiting-room, where they had laid her on the pitch pine table under a single hanging electric globe. Slowly and with great effort, he raised and twisted his head, still protecting himself, not looking at the face, not yet, making a swift and limited survey.

A faint convulsion went through him as, knowing it must be done, he forced himself to look toward her face. Almost unrecognisable in its dead ugliness, it was wrapped in a strange unbearable enigma. Most mysterious, most unbearable were the eyes, still open, expressionless, gazing directly at him. Within their unfathomable depths, suddenly, in a moment of truth, he saw himself exactly as he was, without illusion, naked under the watchful sky.

"Ach so? It is the young English lady?"

Moray turned, made a slow, melancholy gesture of assent.

To page 66

MOON-FACED.

Moray looked from one to the other, grasping toward the chance of exoneration, dizzily seeking a way out of the impact of this atrocious disaster.

"She was on her way home, looked in to visit me again—briefly—to say goodbye. She was a nurse, you understand—fully trained—a fully trained nurse... meaning to work with her uncle in Africa... a missionary. I wanted to send her back by the car... but she had her ticket and liked the boat. She must have slipped, missed her footing..."

"It is sad for you, Herr Moray," said the piermaster, "and we do not wish to cause you inconvenience. But you could help. Herr Sacht says if only you will come to identify the body, he can then complete his report."

"Yes, of course... Yes, I will come."

"First you must put on warmer clothes so you do not

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delicious
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*****AS I READ*****

THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting December 18

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>ARIES
MAR. 21 - APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.</p> | <p>★ With so much to do and so little time in which to get through a heavy programme, you should work methodically so that no detail is overlooked. Carry that notebook with everything listed.</p> |
| <p>TAURUS
APR. 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sun.</p> | <p>★ The pleasure you derive through giving loved ones happy hours will override everything else. Visits to the elderly, treats for small children, parties for teenagers will all play a part in your plans.</p> |
| <p>GEMINI
MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat.</p> | <p>★ The help of a member of the opposite sex may enable you to carry through an important business transaction. If you are young, a conversation at a party is likely to lead to a romantic date.</p> |
| <p>CANCER
JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.</p> | <p>★ You're on a merry-go-round and you'll love the excitement. You'll be at social events and you'll follow the crowds for success. Now is a wonderful time to meet new people.</p> |
| <p>LEO
JULY 23 - AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, blue, white.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.</p> | <p>★ Whatever your plans, some will be scrapped in favor of more exciting possibilities. Surprises come all along the line, from hasty, unforeseen invitations to mysterious unexpected parcels.</p> |
| <p>VIRGO
AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sat.</p> | <p>★ You are likely to be ending a chapter, either gladly or regretfully. You may feel as if you were in a vacuum, drifting, living from day to day. It's a case of time for play and relaxation.</p> |
| <p>LIBRA
SEPT. 23 - OCT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, rose, gold.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.</p> | <p>★ An advertisement may give you a wonderful idea. This could be anything from the purchase of a small gift to a major investment, such as a house or car or some change in holiday plans.</p> |
| <p>SCORPIO
OCT. 23 - NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thurs.</p> | <p>★ You may go off on an expedition without telling anyone. Your purpose may be indulging yourself in a bit of extravagance or luxury which gives your morale a lift, or a gift for your best-loved.</p> |
| <p>SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23 - DEC. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.</p> | <p>★ Evenings will be the climax to daytime activities. There are sure to be informal social events and casual visitors. You may see again a romantic figure who formerly played a part in your life.</p> |
| <p>CAPRICORN
DEC. 23 - JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Wed.</p> | <p>★ Because you know exactly what you want and how to get it, you will be apt to let others do the worrying. A calm even pace with your goal in sight gives you great pleasure. Romance is blossoming.</p> |
| <p>AQUARIUS
JAN. 20 - FEB. 18
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, gold.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.</p> | <p>★ If you've been trying something new, the stars will smile on you. It may be an unfamiliar job, an experiment you've had in mind for some time. Invention and originality will mark your efforts.</p> |
| <p>PISCES
FEB. 19 - MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, white, white.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.</p> | <p>★ The one who counts most in your life may have a distinction, a promotion bestowed upon him that will take him a step higher in his career. He is likely to plan a surprise gift for you.</p> |

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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The one deodorant you can trust to keep
you morning-fresh every hour, everywhere!

New roll-on Staisweet, guardian of your personal sweetness, comes to you in a ROLL-ON pack for easier than ever application. Apply delicately perfumed Staisweet daily and be confident that you will "stay as sweet as you are"... through the busiest day... the most exciting night. Staisweet Roll-on won't flake, will not irritate the skin—can't stain or damage clothes, and remember, Staisweet Roll-on will not clog skin pores. For complete, safe 24-hour protection, use new Staisweet Roll-on, just 7/6.

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Whichever way you prefer,
STAY AS SWEET AS YOU ARE with STAISWEET,
the deodorant you can trust.

Now in roll-on, stick,
tube, jar, spray or powder.

WA71/61
Page 65

Revelation might have shattered him, but habit, the style and form of years, persisted.

"Well . . . you will want particulars," Moray said, and, standing erect, he gave them calmly.

When it was all done, the pier-master, presuming in his sympathy, pressed Moray's arm.

"You do not look well, Herr Moray. Come to my house for a cup of coffee."

"You are most kind. But thank you, no." He turned to Sach. "You are finished with me now? I suppose you have no further need for me."

"For the present, no. But, of course, we will require you at the inquest."

"I see." He drew himself up. "You understand, of course, that it will be my privilege to defray all expenses of the interment."

Was there anything more to say?

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 65

Apparently not. He shook hands with both men and, not looking again, went out.

Though he went slowly, sparing himself with many enforced stops, his breath suffocated him as he went up the hill. He was sweating, too, despite the cold, an abject sweat that ran from his armpits and the back of his knees, sweating from the ghastly futility of his effort at self-deception. All part of the usual sham, the impressive front, the grand facade.

He knew the truth now . . . the truth about himself. And soon they would all know. Yes, it would all come out, all, all — the party for Willie, his engagement to Kathy, the heroic announcement of his departure

for Africa. And now, within a few days, he was still here, married to Frida, and Kathy dead. God, what would they think of him? The gossip, the scandal, the odium that would fall upon him.

He couldn't escape it, not this time, he couldn't leave with Frida in the morning, couldn't slide away and conveniently forget. He must stay for the inquest, stay till it all came out, and afterwards, stay bound helpfully to Frida, who would never let him go, but would grind him down remorselessly to an ultimate subjection. And all this when he might have had Kathy, when even at this moment

she might have been alive, warm, and loving in his arms.

He had meant well, tried to do the right thing. Yes, he had tried so hard, he had wanted to do well for everyone. It wasn't in him to hurt even a fly.

He couldn't be blamed if, with the best intentions, he had overestimated his strength, broken down and been obliged to withdraw. It had not been a deliberate betrayal, simply a moment of . . . no, he'd said that before, it was no use any more. Simply wouldn't work.

The instant of illumination when he stared into those dead eyes had shattered his self-constructed image. The hollow shell had broken, there was nothing left . . . nothing. In

destroying her he had destroyed himself. Among the ruins, the clearness of which he viewed the stale imposture of his life was amazing, stereoscopic, four-dimensional. All that had happened was his own doing, springing not from accident but from something within, always his propensity for taking the way he thought most advantageous for himself. A genius at dodging responsibility, trouble, unpleasant issues, he saw a sudden access of reason that he had developed to its logical conclusion.

And yet . . . such a nice man, a charmer, cultured, too, patron of the arts . . . how often had he heard, and merited, these compliments. Pity it was all gone — or would shortly go — reputation, position, freedom, happiness, hope in the future, and, naturally, his belief in himself. A queer logic had begun to take hold of him, comforting almost. He nodded twice in agreement. Imprisoned, walled in, every outlet sealed.

He reached the top of the hill and paused, exhausted, but strangely more reasonable than ever.

Say what they liked, he'd had an interesting life. An owl hooted in the orchard. Suddenly he caught sight of a hedgehog, a small brown ball, moving into its own shadow across the lawn with painful lack of speed. Of all things, a hedgehog. Amused, he almost smiled, recollecting how Wilhelm had reviled the little creature for its shallow rootings. He lost contact momentarily, then suddenly became aware of where he stood.

"*Cercis siliquastrum* . . ." he murmured. "The leaves are used for salads in the East."

Yes, a lovely tree in spring, dangling its purple drops that fell staining the lawn. A wine-press—he had always been poetic.

He ceased to meditate and, under the moving branches of the tree, raised his head in a sudden, upward glance. The swing, with its long ropes, was oscillating gently in the breeze. Seductive . . . the motion—it fascinated him. Following the gentle movements across the face of the moon, he simply couldn't take his

● No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory is likewise a lover of mankind, but only he who is a lover of virtue.

— Epictetus

eyes away. The faint rhythmic creak of the metal cleats began to beat a little tune inside his brain. Reality had left off; illusion was brightening his eyes.

He was beginning to understand everything in a peculiar and interesting way. This extraordinary calm was the most marvellous sensation he had ever experienced. And now he was talking to himself, in a quiet, confidential manner, carefully forming the words: restitution, complete vindication, the court of last appeal — absolving all guilt, restoring his ideal self.

He stood there for a long time smiling, enjoying his triumphant acquittal in advance, before he decided it was time for him to produce the evidence.

Next morning, just after seven o'clock, directed by the new Madame, Arturo went to the guestroom, knocked on the door and brought in the breakfast tray—fresh orange juice, toast, and boiled eggs, mountain honey, delicious coffee.

Arturo was in an unhappy frame of mind, almost convinced now that he would not keep his situation, but he said good morning, put the tray down on the oval occasional table by the window. Then he drew the lined silk curtains and flung the shutters back into their automatic catches.

The morning was cold, grey with mist, the raw air made his eyes water, and the wine he had drunk last night had left him with a thick head. He was about to close the window when he straightened suddenly, wondering if he were still not quite himself.

He peered into the mist, not seeing clearly, yet held by an extraordinary mirage. Turning his head slowly, he saw that there was no one in the bed.

He caught his breath, slewed round again, more slowly, then convulsively stepped back, knocking over the tray with a crash. A breeze from the hall had stirred and thinned the luminous haze. Now he saw quite clearly what was hanging in the tree.

THE END

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 20, 1961

AGEE PYREX

...what a beautiful gift



This Christmas, the gift to choose is a gift to use. And what nicer way of serving food than in wonderful Agee Pyrex. The famous clear Agee Pyrex to show off the appetizing colours of the food itself. The elegant new Agee Pyrex Festive Ware that makes every meal a feast. Agee Pyrex . . . a truly beautiful gift . . . for yourself, or someone else . . . In all stores 5/- to 55/-.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE and Magnon are leading a fleet of space-ships in an attempt to destroy the "star eater." Magnon decides, when all other methods fail, to land on the "thing." NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- To make a living he must keep his "peckers" up (7, 6).
- Excites rage (3, 3).
- It can be pertaining to Manx, Cornish, Gachs, or Bretons (6).
- Building with a frozen, watery end (7).
- Sharply inclined containing a place for a hall (5).
- He married the Adriatic (4).
- This indicates a woman, yet ends as a man (3).
- Tax of Gaelic origin (4).
- Carriage in a small hut (5).
- Tear all (Anagr., 7).
- The pride of this English city is Irish (6).
- Severe in most rictus (6).
- One-half of them takes you away, the other half brings you back (6, 7).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- In England this style succeeded the Decorated (13).
- Immortal (7).
- Calamitous cat rig (6).
- Unwilling in a stanza (6).
- Measure of length, 39.37 inches (5).
- Summarises a slate picture (13).
- Opening for spies (7).
- Rifle including 18 across (7).
- Done within a house (6).
- Pertaining to bodies at rest, and you may cast it (6).
- Be free from discount to ensnare (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 845 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4980, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6148, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7474.—Slim-skirted summer frock has full overskirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. chiffon and 3½yds. 36in. matching lining. Price 4/9.

F7304.—Pretty scoop-necked frock with either short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. For three-quarter sleeves it takes 4½yds. 36in. material; for short sleeves, 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7370.—Simple teenage frock with short sleeves, round neck, and full skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. embroidery material. Price 4/6.

F7307.—Two-piece ensemble with straight skirt and belted top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Style with matching belt requires 3½yds. 36in. material, and with contrasting belt it takes 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9.

F7503.—Casually styled dress with bloused top and tie at waist. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7231.—Teenage party frock with full skirt and tucked bodice. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 581.—MUD-MUD Available cut out ready to make in no-iron spotted cotton; in blue, green, grey, caramel, pink, red, and turquoise spots, all on white ground. Bobbie trimming is supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 32/11, 34 and 36in. bust 34/9. Postage 3/6 extra.

No. 582.—GIRL'S SUN HAT Available cut out ready to make in check gingham; in pink, red, lemon, green, and blue, all with white. Sizes two years, 7/8; four years, 9/3; six years, 9/8; and eight years, 10/6. Postage on all sizes 1/9 extra.

No. 583.—GIRL'S SUN HAT Available cut out ready to make in striped cotton; in pink, red, blue, and aqua, all with white. Sizes two years, 7/8; four years, 9/3; six years, 9/8; eight years, 10/6. Postage on all sizes 1/9 extra.

No. 584.—SHIRT THAT GREW Available cut out ready to make in a woven no-iron multi stripe embossed cotton; in caramel/gold/aqua; red/blue/grey; orange/grey/blue; green/red/yellow, all on white ground. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 30/11; 36 and 38in. bust 42/9. Postage 4/9 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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IN TIN



2 LB. CAKE
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AMPOL

**AMPOL
PETROLEUM
LIMITED**

25th. Annual Report 1961

AND NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Supplied to The Australian Women's Weekly - December 20, 1961



L. J. THOMPSON
Chairman of Directors



W. G. WALKLEY, C.B.E.
Managing Director

Foreword

To mark the 25th anniversary of Ampol Petroleum Limited, with great pride we present the 1961 Ampol Annual Report in this unique form — as a supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly. Thus we bring Ampol's achievements in 1961 not only to the attention of our 65,000 stockowners but to millions of Australians—to the people on whom Ampol depends. We do this because we want all Australians to know of Ampol's 25 years of solid yet spectacular progress. Above all, we want them to see shining out of the Ampol story the unlimited opportunities which exist in Australia. From humble beginnings, in a highly competitive industry, Ampol in 25 years has grown into one of Australia's biggest companies, dedicated to the Australians who own it and support it; dedicated equally to Australia's advancement.

Notice of Meeting

NOTICE is hereby given that the Twenty-fifth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of the holders of the Ordinary Stock in Ampol Petroleum Limited will be held at the Auditorium of Macquarie Broadcasting Service Pty. Limited, 136 Phillip Street, Sydney, on Friday, 19th January, 1962, at 3.30 p.m.

Business

1. To receive Directors' Report and Balance Sheet as at 30th September, 1961.
2. To declare a Dividend.
3. To elect two Directors representing the holders of Ordinary Stock Units. Messrs. Leslie James Thompson and Percival John Adams retire in accordance with the Articles of Association and, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.
4. To fix Directors' remuneration.
5. To elect Auditors. Messrs. Holt & Thompson are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
6. To determine the Auditors' remuneration.
7. To transact any other business that may be brought forward in conformity with the Memorandum and Articles of Association.
8. To show a film version of the Annual Report.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD, V. H. TATE, General Secretary.
DATED THE 23rd DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1961.
BUCHANAN STREET, BALMAIN, SYDNEY.

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Directors

Chairman:

L. J. THOMPSON

Deputy Chairman:

P. J. ADAMS

W. J. DUNLOP, W. G. HALL,
A. E. HARRIS, W. M. LEONARD,
C. D. SAXTON, S. W. THORPE,
W. G. WALKLEY, C.B.E.

Managing Director:

W. G. WALKLEY, C.B.E.

General Manager:

W. M. LEONARD

Assistant General Manager:

A. E. HARRIS

General Secretary

V. H. TATE, A.A.S.A.

Registered Offices

Buchanan Street, Balmain, N.S.W.
and Elder Road, Birkenhead, S.A.
and 197 Adelaide Terrace, Perth, W.A.
and 336 Elizabeth Street, Hobart, Tas.

Subsidiary Companies

AMPOL DEVELOPMENTS LIMITED
Office: Buchanan Street, Balmain, N.S.W.

AMPOL PETROLEUM (VICTORIA)
PTY. LTD.

Office: 792 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne
AMPOL PETROLEUM (Q'LD)
PTY. LTD.

Office: Kingsford Smith Drive, Meeandah,
Queensland

YELLOW CABS HOLDINGS PTY. LIMITED
Office: 166-184 City Road, South Melbourne, Vic.

SECURITY SHARE SERVICES PTY. LTD.
Office: Buchanan Street, Balmain, N.S.W.

Bankers

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Auditors

HOLT & THOMPSON
Chartered Accountants (Aust.)

Highlights

	This Year	Last Year	Increase	% Up
Sales and Other Revenue	£36,584,814	£35,351,659	£1,233,155	3.49
Income Tax Provision	£937,939	£920,000	£17,939	1.95
Net Profit (after tax)	£2,273,324	£2,103,883	£169,441	8.05
Earning Rate on Average Paid-up Ordinary Stock	19.02%	18.94%		.08
Stockowners' Fund	£26,612,735	£18,915,745	£7,696,990	40.69
Number of Stock/Share Note and Option Owners	57,100	47,006	10,094	21.47
Dividends Paid	£1,701,450	£1,570,815	£130,635	8.32
Total Assets	£51,000,757	£42,434,821	£8,565,936	20.16
Paid to Staff (including Retirement Benefits)	£2,560,264	£2,536,547	£23,717	.94
Number of Employees	1,835	1,904	—69	—3.62

One in Every 200 Australians Owns This Dynamic Australian Company

Ampol Petroleum Limited is a company which you, your friends and neighbours have helped to create and consolidate.

It was incorporated in 1936 as the Australian Motorists' Petrol Company Limited. In 1948 it assumed its present title. But it changed only its name. In fact and in concept it is, and always has been, a company owned by many Australians, serving many, many more Australians.

Today 65,000 people (96 per cent of them Australians) hold a financial interest in Ampol. That means, more or less, that one in every 100 adult Australians owns stock in Ampol or an Ampol subsidiary. It means, also, that all but a fraction of Ampol profits remain in Australia.

Beyond these 65,000 stockowners are the millions of their fellow Australians whom Ampol is proud to acknowledge as its customers. This combined support of stockowner and customer has achieved something truly notable in the 1961 Australian commercial scene. It has enabled Ampol to grow, since the last war, at a

rate perhaps a little better than the rate of our nation's remarkable growth. It has enabled Ampol, whenever and wherever it could, to play as big a part as it could in our nation's destiny.

Ampol (then A.M.P.) started business in December, 1937, by bringing one small tanker-load of Californian petrol to Australia and putting it on sale in New South Wales. In its first six months it lost £18,677. In the next 12 months it earned £10,300. For its first 3½ years it did not pay a dividend. World War II slowed its progress. But since then, thanks to stockowner-customer support, its expansion has been extraordinary.

Today Ampol's assets exceed £51,000,000. It brings crude oil to Australia in its own tankers (currently it is building at Whyalla Australia's first super tanker); it markets petroleum products in all States through service stations as good as any in the world; it is a partner in the current construction of Australia's first lubricating oil refinery; it is investigating building a great refinery in Queensland.

For 15 of its 25 years, Ampol has striven for the epitome of its conception—to find its own supply of oil in Australia. It shared as a partner in the first non-commercial discovery in 1953. It continues, unshakably, in this endeavour, which, more than anything else, will assure Australia's future.

In 1961 Ampol's net profit was £2,273,324, of which £1,701,450 goes as dividends to its stockowners. This year, also, despite the "credit squeeze", it indicated its faith in Australia's future by boldly increasing its capital—and the spread of its Australian ownership—by a new share issue of more than £6,000,000.

It is because of this breadth of ownership that Ampol now brings its 25th Annual Report to Australia as a whole.

It is the 1961 story of an Australian company on whom Australians have conferred greatness in its first 25 years; whose future, with the continued support of all Australians, is as unlimited as the future of Australia itself.



Ampol started in 1936 in the small two-storey building immediately below. Now its Balmain headquarters spreads over five acres and epitomises the Company's phenomenal expansion in 25 years.

The Directors'

Your Directors regard the results for the year as most satisfactory, particularly in view of the difficult economic conditions experienced since November, 1960.

Although there was a substantial reduction in the number of new motor vehicle registrations, with a consequent effect on petrol consumption, our sales increased and the earning rate on average paid-up capital was maintained at 19%.

This result is the more gratifying when it is realised that a large amount of the company's funds is invested in the following developmental projects from which no profit was earned for the year, namely:

- The new building tanker at Whyalla
- B.F. Goodrich Australia Pty. Limited
- Australian Lubricating Oil Refinery Limited
- Undeveloped land for service stations.

Consolidated Profits

The consolidated net profit for the year was £2,273,324—an increase of £169,441 (or 8%) as compared with last year and was arrived at after providing £937,939 for income tax, £1,160,852 for depreciation and £335,550 for interest on Registered Unsecured Convertible Notes.

Last year, £920,000 was provided for income tax, £962,614 for depreciation and £221,258 for interest on Registered Unsecured Convertible Notes.

The net profit does not include a capital profit of £160,797 arising from the sale of certain assets of Yellow Cabs of Australia Limited. This amount has been added to the Bad Debts Provision which now stands at £262,592 representing 8% of total Trade Debtors as at the 30th September, 1961.

Sales and Revenue

Sales and other revenue for the year totalled £36,584,814. This figure does not include the turn-over of Yellow Cabs Holdings Pty. Ltd.

Our sales volume of petroleum products in gallons totalled 235,216,073.

This means that we have doubled our gallonage in the last five years.

Increased sales in motor spirit arises principally from the continuing benefit being derived from the introduction of Boron.

In November, 1961, we introduced a new and improved super Boron which will give appreciable improvements in performance. Your Board believes that this will materially assist in increasing our turnover for 1962.

Consolidated Balance Sheet

The assets and liabilities of the parent company and all subsidiaries, with the exception of Ampol Exploration Limited, are set out in detail on pages 18, 19 of this report.

The assets now total £51,000,757 being an increase of £8,565,936. Of this amount £1,579,145 results from the acquisition and re-valuation by qualified independent valuers of the freehold of seventy-three service stations acquired on the 22nd September.

A further £1,369,756 arises from the acquisition of the assets of Yellow Cabs Holdings Limited.

The increase by re-valuation of service station properties and Yellow Cabs assets amounts to £773,437 and has been transferred to Revaluation Reserve in the Balance Sheet.

Other increases in assets included new service stations, progress payments on the new building tanker and ten bulk storage depots opened throughout Australia.

Liabilities, on the other hand, only increase from £17,926,575 to £18,795,521.

New Share Issues and Liquidity

On the 16th May, 1961, your Company announced an issue of 13,808,453 ordinary shares of 5/- each at a premium of 4/3 per share. Five shillings was due and payable on the 15th September, 1961 (of which two shillings and sixpence was capital and two shillings and sixpence was premium). The balance of 4/3 per share (two shillings and sixpence capital and one shilling and ninepence premium) is payable on the 1st April, 1962.

This issue was underwritten by J. B. Were & Son and it is interesting to note that 98.21% of the issue was subscribed.

The company's liquidity is now £2,891,769 resulting from this injection of new funds.

In addition to this current issue, further issues were made during the year, and comprised:—

1. An issue of 3,000,000 5/- deferred stock units, at a premium of 8/4d. made to the California Texas Oil Corporation. The resulting premium of £1,250,000 has been carried to "Share Premium Reserve Account." These deferred stock units carry ordinary voting rights, the right to a five per cent dividend until the 1st October, 1966, and no participation rights in new issues of ordinary capital until after 1st October, 1966.
2. An issue of 3,409,218 5/- stock units was made in November, 1960, for the acquisition of the whole of the issued capital of Yellow Cabs Holdings Limited.
3. An issue of 426,986 5/- stock units at a premium of 6/4d. was made to acquire real estate.
4. An issue of 3,000 5/- stock units arose from option conversion.

Subsidiaries

YELLOW CABS HOLDINGS LIMITED:

All of the shares in this company were purchased on the 30th November, 1960. As previously reported, certain of the assets were sold at a satisfactory capital profit.

The taxi fleet has been expanded and your Directors report that this has been a very profitable acquisition.

The total fleet of Yellow Cabs throughout Australia now numbers 652.

B. F. GOODRICH AUSTRALIA PTY. LIMITED:

1961 has been a difficult trading year in the tyre industry but, in spite of this, sales are increasing at a satisfactory rate.

No dividends have been received yet from this company in which Ampol Petroleum Limited holds 41.79% interest but it is anticipated that B.F. Goodrich Australia Pty. Limited will enter the profit-making stage early in 1962.

AMPOL EXPLORATION LIMITED:

Seismograph and geological work, as well as drilling, still continues in West Australia.

Oil exploration is covered in detail on page 13 of this report.

Plans are now being formulated with our partners for the 1962 programme.

AMPOL DEVELOPMENTS LIMITED:

As foreshadowed at the last Annual Meeting, Ampol Developments Limited was formed on the 18th July, 1961, with an authorised capital of £10,000,000.

Your Board has not yet finally determined the exact role that this subsidiary will perform in the future financing requirements of the parent company.

Report

AMPOL PETROLEUM LIMITED, 1961

Refineries

LUBE OIL REFINERY:

Ampol has a 25% shareholding in Australian Lubricating Oil Refinery Limited and work has commenced at Kurnell.

Your Directors are confident that this will be a sound investment which will contribute materially to Australia's development and the conservation of overseas funds.

PORT ALMA REFINERY:

Recently the Tariff Board recommended and the Government acted upon the elimination of a one penny per gallon protection to Australian refineries.

This made some material alteration to the economics of this project and meant a re-evaluation of the projected investment.

Your Board is still currently examining the project and, in the meantime, has exercised its option on four hundred acres at Port Alma where it is presently building a large seaboard terminal which is scheduled to commence operations early in 1962.

Shipping

Although there is a world-wide depressed tanker market involving a surplus of 5,000,000 dead-weight tons, all of our vessels, both owned and chartered, have continued to operate on a fulltime basis.

The charter on the "France Stove" expired in February, 1961, and she was re-delivered to the owners. This vessel has not yet been replaced but, of course, will be when we take delivery of our new tanker at Whyalla in September of next year.

This vessel will be named "P. J. Adams" in honour of our Deputy Chairman and will be launched on the 10th January, 1962, by Dame Pattie Menzies.

Reserves

The reserves now aggregate £10,881,137 and represent a cover equivalent to 72.0% of Stockowners' Capital.

Movements in Reserves

	AMPOL SUBSIDIARIES TOTAL		
Balance, September 30, 1960	£5,830,025	£1,094,649	£6,924,674
Premium of 2/6d. on the issue of 13,433,613 shares arising from the current issue	£1,679,202		
Less: Underwriting fee	172,606	1,506,596	—
			1,506,596
Premiums Paid in advance on share issue in progress	189,477	—	189,477
Premium of 8/4d. on the issue of 3,000,000 deferred stock units to Californian Texas Oil Corporation	1,250,000	—	1,250,000
Premium of 6/4d. on the issue of 426,986 stock units for property acquisition	135,453	—	135,453
Premiums paid on option conversions	1,500	—	1,500
Increase arising from revaluation of certain fixed assets	394,676	378,761	773,437
Transfer ex 1961 Profit Appropriations	100,000	—	100,000
Transfer ex 1961 Profit Appropriations for Oil Search	391,031	—	391,031
	£9,798,758	£1,473,410	£11,272,168
Less: Amounts paid out for Capital Contributions to our Oil Search activities during year	391,031	—	391,031
	£9,407,727	£1,473,410	£10,881,137

Parent Company Profits

The profits of the Parent Company, apart from its subsidiaries but including dividends therefrom, and after providing £434,011 for income tax and writing off £772,637 for depreciation of fixed assets, were

	£2,335,644
to which is added the amount brought forward from the previous year	30,771
making available	£2,366,415

Appropriations Recommended

Interim Ordinary Dividend paid July, 1961, of 7%	816,669
Provision for Final Ordinary Dividend of 7% making 14% for the year	824,781
Preference Dividend for the year	60,000
Reserve for Oil Search	391,031
Transfer to Capital Reserve	100,000
Balance Carried Forward	173,934
	£2,366,415

Staff

The results for the year could not have been attained without the efficiency and loyalty of the executives and every employee in the parent company and all subsidiaries.

The difficult economic conditions of 1961 produced a challenge to management and staff to do things better at less cost and they responded magnificently to that challenge.

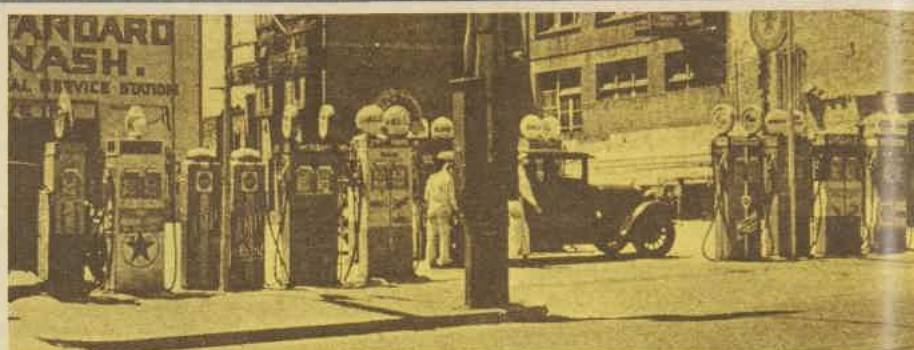
Your Directors, for their part, have constantly endeavoured to create opportunities through staff training, job improvement, first-class Provident Fund and good working conditions for the young men and women in the company who have accepted and will continue to accept greater responsibilities.

L. J. THOMPSON
Chairman of Directors

W. G. WALKLEY
Managing Director



The new—and the old! This magnificent Ampol station in Elizabeth Street, Sydney, gives the last word in service to Sydney motorists. It typifies the 700 spacious stations Ampol has built throughout Australia and provides a striking contrast to the old-fashioned kerbside garage (inset) with its variety of pumps—one of the first to install Ampol pumps in 1937.



Ampol Has Played a Big Role in Developing Ultra Modern Service Stations

One of the major improvements in the Australian commercial scene in the last 10 years has been the replacement of old-fashioned "garages" with their kerbside pumps by spacious, company-owned service stations.

This was an inevitable change in the face of progress. It was brought about, primarily, to cope with the swiftly increasing tempo of automotive traffic in the last decade—just as many millions have had to be spent on road and expressway development to cater for the increasing number of car owners in Australia.

Ampol is very proud to have played a leading part in the development of modern service stations in Australia and in the friendly, courteous service, conveniences and amenities they bring to Australian motorists.

Today Ampol has some 2,000 retail outlets in Australia. Of them 700 are company-owned stations—designed to offer Australian motorists service and facilities as good as those available anywhere in the world.

The construction of these stations has been a major undertaking for Ampol because, collectively, they represent a substantial investment. Therefore, right from the inception of construction of its own stations in 1952, Ampol has striven to build stations which will not only provide a service to motorists but will be an acquisition to the area in which they are located.

Wherever possible it has not converted existing, old-fashioned garages. Rather has it bought available land in carefully selected positions and on it built stations which incorporate the best features of the finer types of station in other parts of the world; stations designed to meet the needs of motorists for many years to come.

At the start of its company station building programme in 1952, Ampol brought to Australia an American specialist in service station design and service station marketing. The wisdom of this is shown in the fact that stations built at that time—up to nine years ago—are still "modern" by 1961 standards.

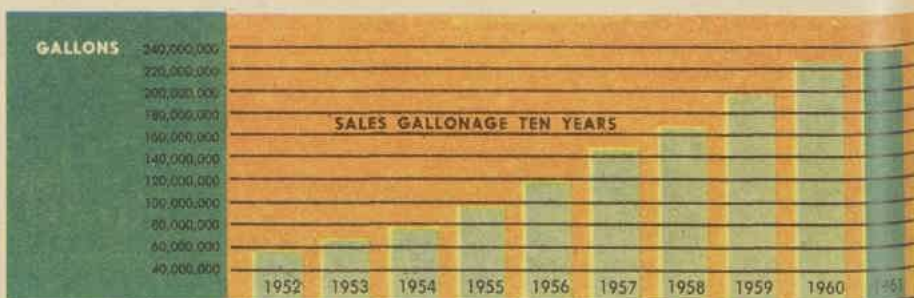
Naturally, of course, service station design does not stand still. As new expressways are built, and as existing roads are widened to handle the increasing traffic flow, new sites become available for the

erection of "super" stations, like the magnificent station Ampol opened in Elizabeth Street, Sydney this year (picture above).

Side by side with the construction of modern Ampol service stations has gone the training of all Ampol dealers—including the bulk of our dealers who operate non company-owned sites—so that they can give real service to the Australian motoring public.

In every capital city Ampol operates dealer schools, all designed to assist the dealer to become a little more helpful to the motorist who favours him with his custom.

Ampol pioneered this form of courteous service in Australia because the quality of the "service" its stations offer the public is every bit as important to Ampol as the quality of the products they sell.



Ampol BORON By-Product of The Space Age

To break into the Australian petrol business in 1937 Ampol had to "go one better" than its established competitors. It did this by marketing a superior petrol. It supplied an 80 octane petrol when the best competitive petrol had an octane rating of only 76.

Ever since, Ampol has jealously preserved the superiority of its petrol and other products by keeping abreast of the latest advances in petroleum chemistry and technology in the United States and Great Britain.

Today, for superiority in the Australian petrol field, Ampol relies on Ampol BORON, which it has marketed exclusively since 1959. We believe it the finest petrol developed in the 102 year history of the world petroleum industry.

Its development began in 1952 when the United States Government asked the American chemical and oil industries to perfect a super high-energy fuel for use in giant rockets destined to travel at tremendous speeds into the void of outer space.

The ideal rocket fuel, of course, is pure hydrogen, now used in liquid form to fuel some rockets. But in 1952 scientists had not solved the problem of liquifying it in quantity without the use of bulky cooling equipment. So they concentrated on compounding hydrogen with BORON, the magical element contained in common borax and found they had a fuel which produced half as much heat per pound as pure hydrogen; a fuel which would send rockets farther and faster than any other then developed.

Up to this time, the highly versatile BORON element had been used mainly as a mild antiseptic (Boracid Acid), as a key ingredient in heat resistant and optical glass and as the material which caused porcelain to fuse to steel.

The success of the BORON rocket-fuel experiments led eminent petroleum chemists in the laboratories of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio to apply themselves to perfecting a different compounding of BORON to produce a new and superior petrol.

Months of trial-and-error research, followed by months of exhaustive testing, passed before they announced in 1954 that they had perfected a new petrol which was superior because of its BORON content. BORON, they found, gave the new petrol more power and more smoothness. It achieved this by causing the petrol to burn more uniformly in a car's engine, thus releasing



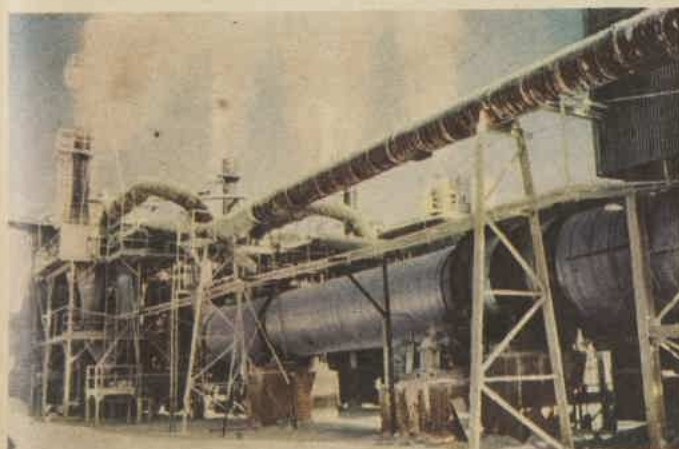
In this research centre of the Standard Oil Co. of Ohio, America's leading petroleum chemists worked for months conducting thousands of experiments on all types of automotive engines before they perfected a petrol containing BORON, a magical high-energy element refined from borax. Ampol receives its supplies of BORON from a British-owned company which (below left) refines 70 per cent of the free world's BORON from raw borax mined from a huge open-cut in California.

its full power. This, in turn, meant more economy (miles per gallon) and better "engine health" because BORON petrol left fewer harmful deposits inside the cylinder.

The new petrol proved such a sensation among American motorists that Ampol, again true to its traditional policy of being "first with the latest", snapped up the Australian rights. But it did not introduce Ampol BORON to Australian motorists until January, 1959 — until the new petrol had been thoroughly tested under a full range of everyday motoring conditions in America and Australia.

Since then thousands of Australian motorists have found that Ampol's BORON slogans — "Nothing Matches BORON" and "BORON IS BETTER" are indeed statements of fact; that they get better performance from their car on Ampol BORON than on ordinary petrol. Truck drivers have their own way of extolling the quality of Ampol BORON. They reckon it "as good as another gear".

There are no known commercial borax deposits in Australia. Therefore, for the blending of Ampol BORON, Ampol draws its supply of BORON from the British owned United States Borax and Chemical Corporation of California which operates a huge open cut borax mine in the Mohave Desert some 120 miles from Los Angeles. This giant hole in the desert produces 70 per cent of the Free World's borax. From it comes a raw material which has become an adjunct of space-age science — and the key ingredient of Australia's best petrol.



Australia Builds a Great Ship

Ampol Super Tanker is National Achievement

At 8 a.m. on January 10 next year, Ampol's 32,250 ton super tanker — largest ship ever built in Australia — will be launched in the B.H.P. shipyard at Whyalla. Dame Pattie Menzies, wife of the Prime Minister, will name her *P. J. Adams*, for Ampol's Deputy Chairman of Directors.

This will be a momentous national event. It will proclaim to the world that Australia can build big ships just as well as any nation.

This is exactly why W. G. Walkley and his fellow Ampol directors decided to build this giant at Whyalla.

Ampol owns two other tankers, *William G. Walkley* (18,200 tons) built in England in 1954 and *Leslie J. Thompson* (24,700 tons) built in Belgium in 1959. But even before the latter's completion it became obvious that to cope with its expansion Ampol would need to add to its fleet. This

posed the question: "Why not build a super tanker in Australia?"

Up to that time, the largest ship built in Australia was a 19,000 ton iron ore carrier which the Broken Hill Proprietary Co. Ltd. built for itself at Whyalla. If B.H.P. could build a 19,000 ton iron ore carrier, W. G. Walkley argued, surely it could build a 32,250 ton super oil tanker? He took his proposition to B.H.P., the Federal Government, the Australian Shipbuilding Board and the Government of South Australia. The result was a contract between the Australian Shipbuilding Board and B.H.P. to build for Ampol a super tanker costing £4,000,000, of which £1,000,000 would be Government subsidy. The National Bank of Australasia Ltd. agreed to finance Ampol.

Tankers, of course, are the "tramp steamers" of the oil industry (although the builders of the Whyalla super tanker will shudder at any suggestion that she is a "tramp steamer"). In peace or war they carry oil from where it is to where it has to be. Today, just as 25 years ago, Australia depends on them for its vital

petroleum supplies. The only real difference is that now tankers coming to Australia mostly carry crude oil for Australian refineries, whereas 25 years ago they carried petrol and refined products.

Before Ampol started marketing in 1937, W. G. Walkley took a calculated risk on Ampol's future. He chartered the small Norwegian tanker *Vera* for five years, using overdraft funds provided by the Bank of New South Wales to meet the owners' £30,000 guarantee. It was a big gamble, but it paid off because the outbreak of war two years later made tankers almost unprocurable. It also started Ampol's association with the Alba Company of Victoria (which culminated in amalgamation in 1945) because *Vera* brought in petrol for Alba as well as for Ampol.

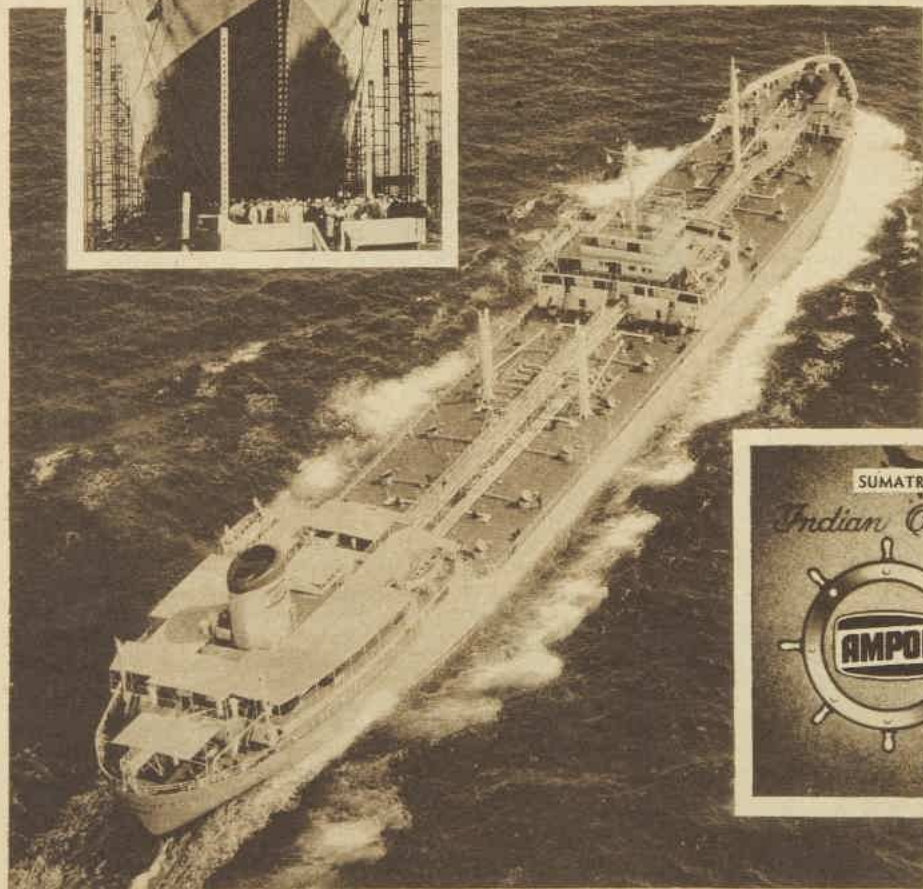
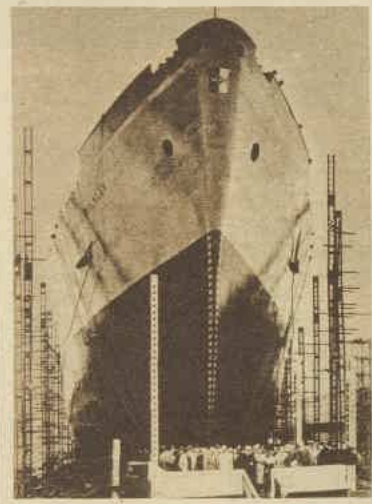
The war obliged Ampol to cease buying Californian petrol and to purchase from a sterling source in the Middle East. Since 1940 it has drawn supplies from the California Texas Oil Company. Up to early 1956, when Australian Oil Refining Ltd. at Kurnell in Sydney came "on stream", it brought in petrol refined at Bahrain. In that year it started bringing crude oil from Sumatra for refining at Kurnell. Now Ampol tankers carry from Sumatra all the crude required for the refining of all the products Ampol sells.

From its humble start in 1937 with one charter tanker, Ampol in recent years became Australia's largest operator of overseas shipping, with many tankers on charter. But the commissioning of its own tankers, *William G. Walkley* and *Leslie J. Thompson*, naturally has reduced its need for charter ships. In 1961 its fleet comprised the *William G. Walkley*, *Leslie J. Thompson* and *Eli Maersk* (29,400 tons) which Ampol has on charter until 1964. Between them in 1961 they brought in 1,000,000 tons of crude from Sumatra.


Toward the end of next year, the super tanker to be launched at Whyalla next January 10 will join the fleet — the biggest ship in Australia's biggest overseas shipping fleet, carrying in crude for the company destined to become Australia's biggest oil company!

Left: The launching in England in 1953 of Ampol's first company-owned tanker, *William G. Walkley* — proud forerunner of the super tanker.

Below: Newer and bigger, Ampol's second tanker, *Leslie J. Thompson*, commissioned in 1959. It is the largest Australian owned ship now in service.



The Ampol tanker route — 4,500 miles from Sumatra to Botany Bay. Each Ampol tanker makes 12 return trips (about 108,000 miles) each year.



Much Bigger Than Our Biggest Building !

The Ampol super tanker, shown here on the slipway at Whyalla almost ready for launching, is bigger than any skyscraper built in Australia. She is 665 feet long and 87 feet wide. Her hull consists of 8,000 tons of plate steel. To build her, B.H.P. had to extend a slipway at Whyalla and instal a crane capable of hoisting 40 tons in one lift. This huge crane was necessary because the super tanker is an "all-welded" ship. The only rivets she contains are those needed as "crack arrestors". She was built largely "on the ground", with a team of 100 welders pre-assembling great sections into prefabricated units to be lifted into place by the big crane. Her hull, composed of 30 huge tanks surrounded by an outside "skin", is held together by miles of welded joints. At 8 a.m. on January 10 next, in a climactic 60-second slide into the still waters of Spencer's Gulf, she will cease to be an inert mass of steel on which men have planned and labored for two years and become a ship with a name, ready to receive in her commodious bulk the machinery and equipment which will bring her to life. As befits this biggest-ever ship built in Australia almost all of this machinery will be made in Australia.

Proudly She Will Fly the Flag of Ampol

Work Starts on Lube Refinery

Ampol Inspires £13,000,000 Project

Had Captain Cook pushed inland for a couple of miles from the foreshore at Kurnell where he first landed in Australia in 1770, he would have found his way blocked by an impenetrable swamp—a morass of squelchy peat, innocent looking on the surface but deep enough to engulf any living thing which stumbled into it.

Late this year that swamp was drained. Drag line buckets scooped out 135,000 cubic yards of glutinous, black ooze. At the same time, bulldozers filled the excavation with hard, dry filling. By 1963 on these reclaimed acres will rise Australia's first lubricating oil refinery, a £13,000,000 project, a significant addition to Australia's economic self-sufficiency.

Already some £300,000 has been spent reclaiming the peat swamp, levelling adjacent sand hills (for a total area of 150 acres) and building access and permanent roads. The site is now almost ready for the commencement of construction of the process units of the refinery and the installation of its essential tank storage facilities.

The construction of this first Australian lubricating oil refinery is a natural extension of the development of oil refineries in Australia since World War II to the point where today they supply almost all

of Australia's requirements of petrol, kerosine, diesel and fuel oils—just about everything but lubricating oil.

Up to now, the Australian oil industry—including Ampol Petroleum Limited—has had to import from overseas refineries the basic oils which are blended into lubricating oil. In Ampol's case, it has searched the world to obtain the purest basic oils procurable for blending, through its own exclusive process, into premium quality Ampol lubricating oils.

But always in the minds of Ampol Board members has been the conception that Australia should refine its own lubricating oil, just as it now refines its requirements of petrol and kerosine.

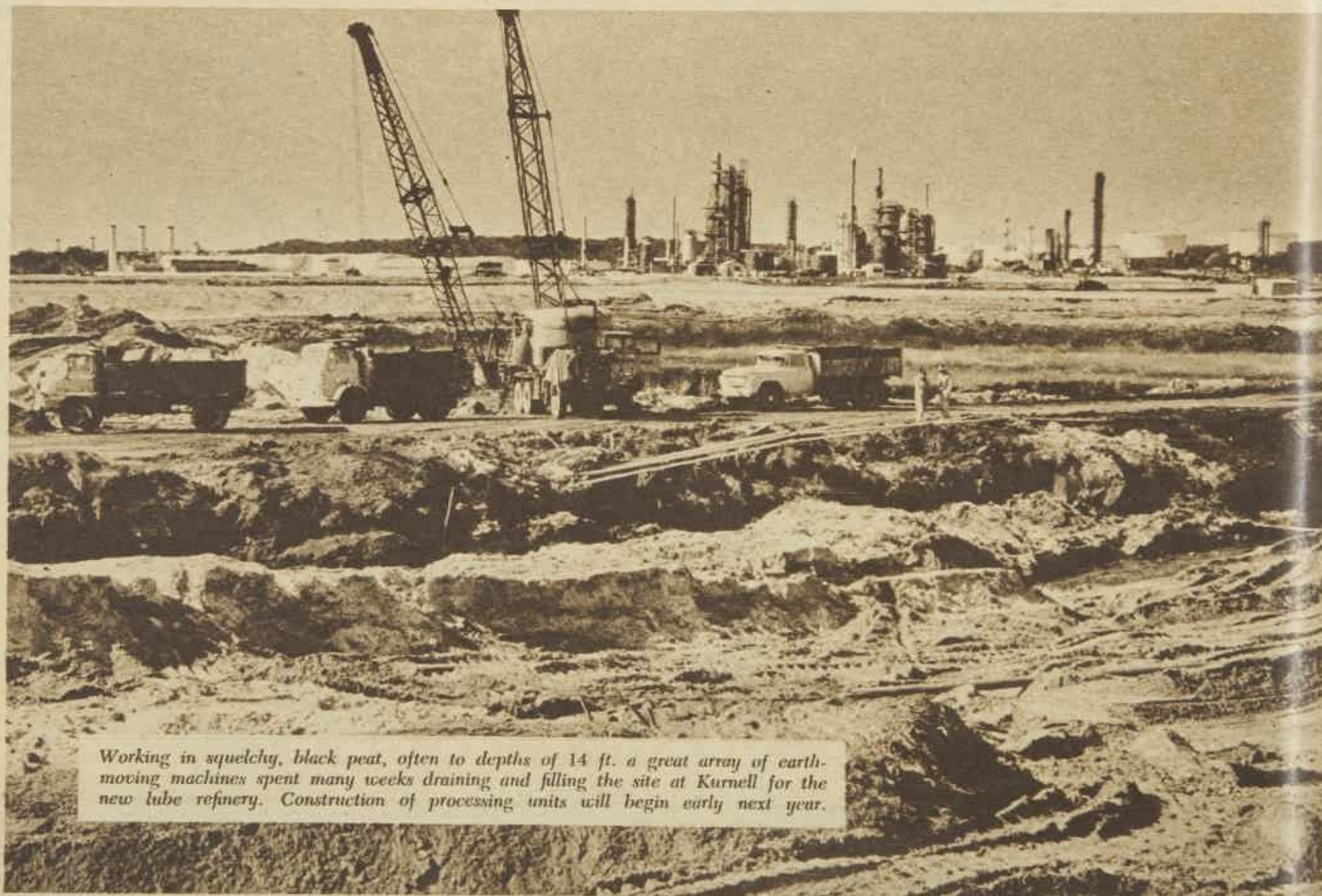
Because oil refineries are costly installations and because bulk output is essential to their profitable operation, Ampol sought the co-operation of two other companies in the establishment of an Australian lube oil refinery. The result was the creation of the Australian Lubricating Oil Refinery Ltd. in which Ampol and H. C. Sleight Ltd. each are 25 per cent partners and Caltex Oil (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. is a 50 per cent partner. Thus there will be 50 per cent Australian ownership of this new refinery.

Ampol's payments will be made pro-

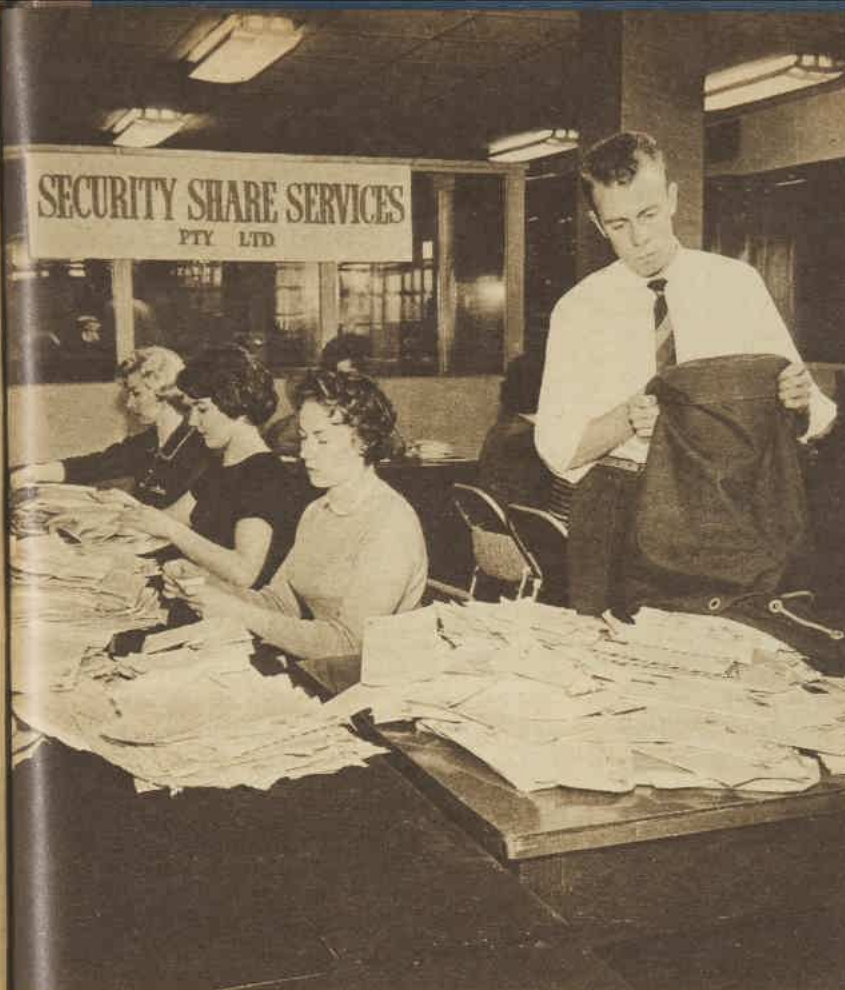
gressively up to late 1963 when the new lube refinery is scheduled to come "on stream". When completed it will be as modern as any refinery in the world. It will use special crude oil most suitable for the extraction of lubricating oils. It will, consequently produce basic oils of premium quality for blending by Ampol, through its own exclusive process, into a full range of lubricants.

Ampol is investigating the possibility of building a refinery at Port Alma, near Rockhampton, in Queensland. Should Ampol decide to proceed with this giant project, it is envisaged that Ampol Developments Limited—a new subsidiary which Ampol created this year—or a similar subsidiary, will arrange for finance, if and when required. The Australian public will be able to invest in Ampol Developments Limited with certain priorities to Ampol stock and noteholders.

Already Ampol has leased from the Queensland Government 400 acres of foreshore at Port Alma as the proposed site for the refinery; already on adjacent land it is building a £250,000 seaboard terminal capable of storing about 3,000,000 gallons of petroleum products. This terminal will be in operation within six months.



Working in squelchy, black peat, often to depths of 14 ft. a great array of earth-moving machines spent many weeks draining and filling the site at Kurnell for the new lube refinery. Construction of processing units will begin early next year.



Share applications by the mailbag-full reached Security Share Services during this year's mammoth Ampol issue. In all, some 68,000 separate applications were received.

65,000 Own Ampol Shares

This year's new Ampol share issue—the biggest single issue in the company's history—has increased the number of Australians who have a financial interest in Ampol (and its subsidiary Ampol Exploration Limited) to more than 65,000.

Because of the great spread of its stock and note-holding, Ampol for a number of years has been obliged to operate Australia's largest stock and share department.

This year, fully to capitalise on the facilities available in this department, Ampol converted it into a separate subsidiary—Security Share Services Pty. Limited—so that it could operate and maintain complete stock, share and note registers for large or small public companies.

Now, in addition to handling the Registers for Ampol and Ampol Exploration Limited, Security Share Services operates and maintains the register for three other public companies, thus placing in its charge a total of more than 140,000 separate accounts.

Security Share Services Pty. Ltd. provides the same high standard of service in delivery of scrip after receipt of share transfers or applications for which the Ampol stock and share department was always noted. For example, in an issue this year for one client company it was able to despatch scrip 36 hours after receipt of share applications.

One of the unique aspects of Ampol's financial structure is that members of the Ampol staff hold more than 2,000,000 stock units. A dissection of the Company Registers at September 30, 1961, appears on page 17.

Ampol's "New Deal" for Taxi Users

Ampol's acquisition last year of Yellow Cabs Holdings Limited, through an issue of 3,421,263 stock units, presages a "new deal" for taxi users throughout Australia.

It will result, within a year or so, in the creation of Australia's first national taxi organisation providing a service not previously available in Australia and the equal of any now operating anywhere in the world.

At the time of the acquisition, Yellow Cabs Holdings Ltd. operated 275 cabs and 70 drive-yourself cars in Melbourne, and 15 cabs, 60 hire cars and 70 drive-yourself cars in Sydney. At the same time, through another exchange of shares, Ampol acquired the business of Yellow Cabs West Australia Limited. Since 1952 Ampol has owned Yellow Cabs (Queensland) Pty. Ltd., which embraces a fleet of Yellow Cabs in Queensland. In recent months all of the fleets have been appreciably expanded.

In association with individual taxi owners, Ampol is now building Yellow Cabs into Australia's premium taxi organisation concentrating on providing prompt service in modern, well maintained vehicles all equipped with two-way radio and driven by smartly uniformed men who will set new standards in service, safety and courtesy.

Ampol will bring the advantages of "big company" organisation to its latest subsidiary. They can result only in better facilities to the public. For example, the headquarters depots of Yellow Cabs in Sydney and Melbourne will be made the most up-to-date in Australia, to be followed, as the company expands, by similar depots in other cities. These depots, together with the two-way radio installed in every cab, mean a Yellow Cab will be at a customer's door within minutes of a telephone booking.

Ampol, of course, will receive a direct benefit because the growing fleet of Yellow Cabs exclusively will use Ampol and B. F. Goodrich Australia products.

All this will be part and parcel of Ampol's "new deal" for taxi users. Through its fleets of Yellow Cabs, Ampol will offer them the same brand of courtesy and service that Australian motorists have come to expect from Ampol service stations—the brand of service and courtesy which Ampol feels the customer is entitled to receive!





Prestige for Australia

Next year the Australian flag will fly in a new sphere of international sport. For the first time an Australian yacht will challenge for the America's Cup in a race against the American trophy holder off Newport, Rhode Island. Ampol Petroleum Limited, Australian Consolidated Press Limited and W. D. & H. O. Wills (Aust.) Ltd. are principals in an Australian syndicate formed to meet the substantial cost involved in this new bid to bring prestige to Australia.

Ampol's support for this Australian challenge for the America's Cup is in line with its consistent backing, over a period of 15 years, of sporting contests aimed at increasing Australia's international reputation as a sporting country.

First step in this bold bid to win the America's Cup was to bring to Australia the American 12 metre racing sloop, Vim (70 ft. long), (left), built before the last war by the designer of Columbia, the present holder of the Trophy. The syndicate leased Vim so that the crew of the Australian challenger could train on her and so that the Australians building the challenger could closely study her classical construction. Australia's best naval architect spent many months in designing models of Vim. From these he evolved his own design for an Australian 12 metre sloop which he believes could win the America's Cup. Early next year she will try her speed against Vim before being shipped to America.

In the 110-year history of this classic, only British and Canadian yachts, backed by almost unlimited finance, have been bold enough to challenge for the America's Cup. Next year, the challenge will come from "Down Under", largely thanks to the fact that Ampol is not only Australian-owned but Australian-minded as well.

In association with the Police and Education Departments of New South Wales, West Australia and Tasmania, Ampol is making a very real contribution to the growing problem of teaching young people to become safe and intelligent drivers. Ampol operates a Junior Car Club at TCN Channel 9 in Sydney where school children, driving miniature cars under police supervision, learn the essentials of road safety, and is associated with a similar venture in Tamworth, N.S.W. This year, in association with Australian Motor Industries Ltd., it opened a driver training school at Clarence High School, Hobart. Here pupils, as part of their school curriculum, learn to drive in real cars (pictures at right). It is the only project of its kind in Australia. Ampol also is associated with a safe-driving annexe at Perth, W.A. It will be principal sponsor in the establishment of a large driver-training range which will be operating under police supervision in Newcastle next year. In the near future, also, Ampol plans to extend its driver-training schools to other States.



70 WELLS

£17,000,000

OVER 9 YEARS

- Fitzroy-Canning Basin.
16 Wells—88,000 feet.
- Carnarvon Basin.
53 Wells—150,000 feet.
- Perth Basin.
Enceabba No. 1—10,000 feet.



Ampol's Lead In The Long Search for Oil

Nothing is more important to the Australian economy than the discovery of oil in Australia in sufficient quantity to meet all or most of the nation's ever-increasing requirements of petroleum.

At present Australia is spending more than £100,000,000 a year on petroleum imports. The discovery of Australian oil would not only substantially eliminate this debit in our balance of trade but would usher in new and unprecedented development. In time of war, of course, its value would be incalculable.

For 15 years Ampol has consistently and substantially contributed toward achieving this tremendous goal. In 1947, on the advice of eminent petroleum geologists, it acquired permits to explore vast areas in Western Australia. Then, because huge sums have to be spent on oil exploration, it succeeded in persuading the California Texas Corporation to join it in a mammoth search. In 1952 Ampol transferred its permits to the operating company, West Australian Petroleum Pty. Ltd. (WAPET) in which, at that time, Ampol had a 20 per cent share. In 1958 the Royal Dutch Shell Group joined as a partner. In nine years WAPET has spent £17,000,000.

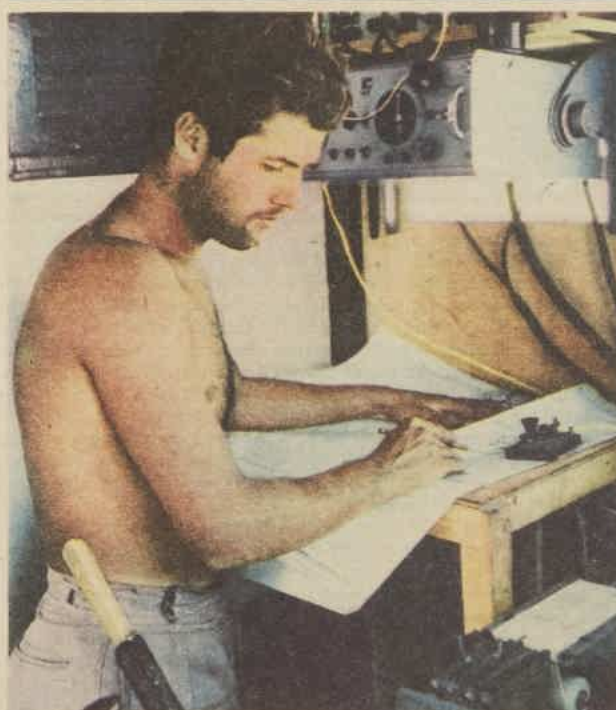
It is now history that the first well WAPET drilled in Rough Range on Exmouth Gulf struck flow oil in December, 1953. For a few months an excited Australia believed it was on the verge of discovering its own requirements of petroleum. These high hopes dwindled as dry well after dry well in Rough Range established that the amount of oil found was, unfortunately, too small in such a remote area to be commercial. Since then, despite recurring disappointment, Ampol and its partners in WAPET have stuck doggedly to the costly task of exploration in areas which experts still consider could contain an enormous oil field.

In nine years WAPET has drilled 70 wells from as far north as Derby in the Kimberleys to Enceabba, 180 miles from Perth, location of its latest well. Many have produced gas flow and traces of oil but none has produced anything as encouraging as the oil flow from Rough Range No. 1, the source of which is still being investigated.

How this apparently small accumulation of oil got there is a geological riddle, and a great deal of study has been applied to its solution. This year, in a further attempt to solve the problem, WAPET conducted a marine seismograph survey (the explosion of gelignite below the sea surface and the measuring of resultant sound waves reflected from submarine rocks) in the waters of Exmouth Gulf and in the Indian Ocean between Point Cloates and Cape Cuvier. A total of 735 miles of line was shot (489 miles within the gulf and adjacent waters and 246 miles outside.) The results of this survey are expected to add substantially to the understanding of the geology of the area.

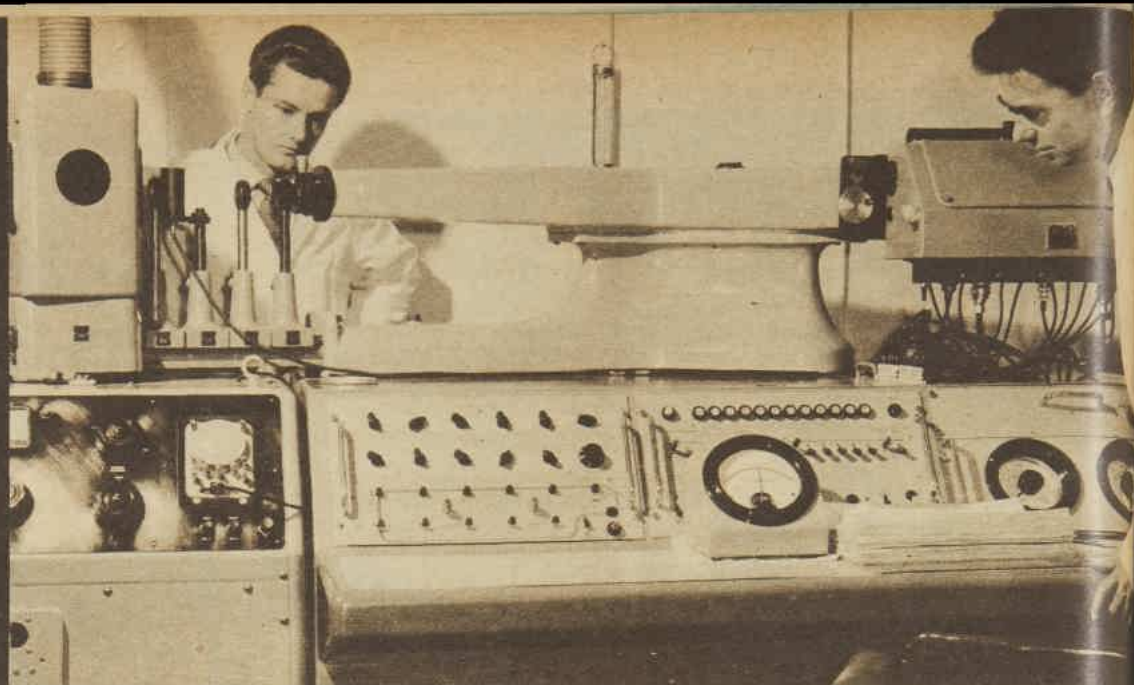
Ampol's—and WAPET'S—faith that success will crown their dogged efforts in West Australia is still unshakeable. While it has not yet discovered an oilfield, the search in the West has done more than anything to stimulate the search throughout Australia—and to kindle Government support for this great national task.

Largely due to Ampol's representations, the Federal Government in 1958 extended the income tax concessions in respect to moneys subscribed by way of share capital for oil exploration. It has followed this by voting millions to drilling companies to subsidise costly drilling in various parts of Australia. Today more money than ever is being poured into the search. The strike this year at Cabawin in Queensland is additional proof that there IS oil in Australia—oil that will amply reward the years of searching!



These photographs record some of the drama in this year's seismic exploration offshore from Rough Range. A geo-physicist (top) reads a charge for explosion under the sea (centre) while (bottom) a technician records sound waves from layers of rocks under the sea.

The £10,000 spectrograph which Ampol installed this year to enable it to "follow through"—as a service to its customers—in the quality control of Ampol lubricating oils. This machine, which eliminates human error, tells the Ampol chemists whether an oil is doing the job it was intended to do and enables them quickly to eliminate any detected deficiencies in the oil.



Research Guarantees Superiority of Ampol's Premium Grade Oil

In this mechanised age, when Australian industry, transport and national development depend to a tremendous degree on petroleum-powered machines, a heavy responsibility rests on the oil industry to supply products of a quality that will keep these machines operating at a maximum efficiency.

This emphasis on quality is not just a gimmick. It is an absolute necessity because the operating conditions of modern equipment are so severe that it can function efficiently and economically only on premium products—particularly lubricating oil.

Working on the old policy that no customer is as valuable as a satisfied customer, Ampol has always gone to great pains to ensure that its lubricating oils are equal to any in the world.

All modern motor and industrial oils are a blending into grades recommended by vehicle and plant manufacturers of base stocks of highly refined oils and, depending on the type of oil, anti-wear and anti-sludge additives.

To obtain these ingredients in their highest quality, Ampol imports basic lubricating oils from a refinery in the United States whose oils are acknowledged to be the best in America and additives from major suppliers of world standing. Both these suppliers are constantly improving their products to keep step with the development of more and more efficient power units.

Having ensured that its base oils and additives are the world's best, Ampol proceeds to blend its oils in Cornell blenders—the most precise machines available to the world oil industry. Ampol has exclusive use of these blenders in Australia. They ensure that best lubricating oils and matched additives are most intimately blended together so that absolute uniformity of quality is achieved—that the exact amount of additive in the first gallon is identical with that in the last gallon of the blend being processed.

But Ampol's quality control goes much further. It obtains back from its customers oils that have been used in a variety of engines and in an extraordinary £10,000 electronic machine known as a spectrograph it tests the used oils to see if their already high quality can be improved.

Australia has only four spectrographs of this type in use for oil testing. The Department of Civil Aviation uses one to test oils used by Australian airlines; the South Australian Railways has one for testing oils used in its diesel locomotives and one other oil company has one.

The spectrograph is accurate to a microscopic degree, eliminating human error. It passes an electric current through the various elements which compose a lubricating oil, including all additives in the oil. It identifies each element in an oil as a different colour in the colour spectrum and measures by colour vibration the amount of any element present in an oil.

For example, if an oil is not doing its job properly and is allowing, let us say, copper to wear from a bearing, the spectro-

graph will reveal the presence of this metal in the oil and will chart the degree of wear. This is vital information for the petroleum chemist. It enables him to make compensating adjustments in oil blending to correct any deficiency in the oil.

This is the type of research which goes on continually in Ampol laboratories—research for the finest ingredients for its oils; research into the most precise process of blending and a final check up to see that the oils perform under operating conditions what they are designed to do.

It is research which wins the confidence of customers, which pays big dividends in the form of ever increasing sales to all types of industry throughout Australia.

In addition to marketing Australia's purest lubricating oils, Ampol manufactures at its Balmain headquarters Australia's finest multi-purpose grease and an exclusive range of extreme high temperature industrial greases.



Ampol Places Great Emphasis on Training For The Future

One of the factors which has contributed to Ampol's extraordinary growth and success is that its top management has encouraged the staff to realise they are working just as much for their own betterment as for the progress of the company.

This team spirit has been part and parcel of Ampol ever since its inception. One indication is that Ampol staff members own more than 2,000,000 shares in the company. Another is that, wherever possible, promotions are made from within the staff — and promotions are frequent at Ampol as the company's growth and diversification create new opportunities and new responsibilities.

Because of this, Ampol consistently seeks to locate among staff members men and women to whom greater responsibility can be delegated. Therefore, over the years, staff training has been a major phase of the company's domestic activities.

On the level of senior management, each year since 1956 Ampol has sent a senior executive to the Harvard school of Business Administration in Hawaii. There, under the tutelage of eminent teachers from Harvard University, and as classmates of some of the coming men of American commerce, they have had the benefit of one of the best balanced courses in business instruction available in the world.

But it is on the young executive level that Ampol concentrates most of its staff training because these are the men Ampol looks to to step into bigger and yet bigger jobs as the company expands.

A typical group of young Ampol executives hard at work at the training school. Ampol has found this type of training to be of immense benefit.

To accelerate and accentuate this training, Ampol this year converted two spacious old homes in the Sydney suburb of Wahroonga into a seven bedroom residential college for executive training.

Young executives of promise from all states are brought to this school in groups of 12 for an intensive three week course which is conceded to be the most comprehensive of its type conducted in Australia.

This residential college, with its bright, comfortable bedrooms, its television-equipped lounges and its tennis court has the atmosphere of a holiday resort. In this relaxed, informal atmosphere, the classes study carefully prepared courses which equip them to organise their work, to handle people (both customers and staff), to manage themselves, to speak effectively and to think clearly and positively.

In addition, "case studies" (most of them based on actual occurrences in Australian companies) are submitted to the students who resolve them as if they were grappling with real problems of their own.

Above all, they are taught to make the most effective use of the time they have available at work — to make quicker and clearer decisions; to express themselves more concisely either orally or on paper — to make their working time work better for them and for Ampol.

In many ways these three week classes are an Australian version of the instruction available at the Harvard School of Business Administration in Hawaii.

The classes held so far have achieved a notable broadening of the outlook of the student executives. In addition, both inside and outside the classroom, they have achieved an inestimable camaraderie among talented young men, making them intimate and integral parts of a great company although their duties oblige them to work hundreds, and even thousands of miles apart.

Ampol is a company with a tremendous future. Hence the wisdom of its present policy of preparing its young executives to share in that future!



One of the spacious old homes in Sydney which Ampol has converted into its residential school for executive training.

Ampol Has One Of Australia's Best Provident Funds

Ampol staff members enjoy what is freely acknowledged as one of the best Provident Funds in Australia. The Fund was established in 1944 and now has assets exceeding £1,500,000 owned by more than 1,300 members. Each member contributes 5 per cent of salary which is matched by an equal contribution from the company.

In the last seven years the moneys coming into the Fund have been very prudently invested in first mortgage, government and semi government securities and in stock of a number of Australia's soundest companies.

Capital growth of these stockholdings, and dividends they have earned, have helped appreciably to increase the assets of the Fund and to assure that it achieves its purpose of providing worthwhile superannuation to retiring members.





Ampol House, Melbourne — Ampol headquarters in Victoria

8,000 Partners Enable Ampol to Give Service in Every State

There is 'nothing impersonal about Ampol Petroleum Limited. This great company is as personal as a big, spread-out family. It is a huge national organisation in which the human factor ranks high; truly a partnership of some 8,000 people scattered throughout Australia.

It is natural when a company starts from "scratch", as Ampol did in 1936, that there should be warmth and intimacy among those who throw in their lot with the new venture. This feeling of "belonging", of being members of a team, has persisted through the years. It is just as strong today as when Ampol was founded. Today it is shared by 8,000 "partners", made up of Company staff members and service station dealers and country agents and their staffs—all seeking, in the name of Ampol, to serve the Australian public.

Ampol is an autonomous organisation with its headquarters and nerve centre in Sydney, with branch offices in every capital city and in Newcastle and Townsville and with district offices in some

25 large provincial towns.

While the bulk of Ampol business is done through its service stations it does big business with a great variety of primary producers and industrial users of petroleum products and large and small transport operators—and is able to render them very real service.

One example of this diversification of Ampol business is that a large proportion of all new cars made in various Australian factories leave the production lines with their crankcases full of Ampol lubricating oils. Others are that some of Australia's biggest contractors, engaged on national projects which are re-shaping Australia,

and many rural co-operatives engaged in mechanised primary industry—from wheat to tobacco growing—also are exclusive users of Ampol.

Ampol started in 1936 with a staff of two. Now, directly and indirectly, it employs some 8,000. In the years ahead, as Ampol gets into the refinery business and as it puts to work the new money it obtained from its stockowners this year, to be followed inevitably by even greater capital expansion, its team of "partners" will grow. But the personalised basis of the "partnership" will, just as inevitably, remain as constant as it has been for 25 years.

Story Of Ampol's First 25 Years

"Show Me a Mountain", a vivid account of Ampol's first 25 years written by leading Australian non-fiction author Colin Simpson is now on sale in bookshops through-

out Australia. This remarkable story tells how Ampol overcame mountains of opposition to reach its present place as one of the biggest Australian-owned companies.

1961 Financial Folio

1961 Balance Sheet in Simplified Form

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
(What we own)	£	(Where we got our money and what we owe)	£
In Fixed Assets — Freehold and Leasehold Properties, Terminals, Land, Plant, Machinery, Equipment and Tankers	34,661,250	From the 46,460 Stock/Share-owners who back us with their investments and savings	15,464,863
In Stocks	4,305,460	From Stock/Shareowners' earnings reinvested in the business so that employment and operations may be continued	11,147,872
In Accounts due from those who owe us for our products and in Cash at Bank or elsewhere	8,902,654	From Holders of Registered Notes (including Convertible Notes)	10,778,801
In Investments	3,069,175	We owe others for current purchases and services (including Bank Loans)	8,492,695
In Intangibles	62,218	We have contracted Long-term Debts	3,237,745
		We have provided against Income Tax Commitments	1,054,000
		We have provided for Current Dividends to Stockowners	824,781
	<u>£51,000,757</u>		<u>£51,000,757</u>

How the Ampol Pound was Spent

We received in 1961:

	£	%
From sale of products and other income	36,584,814	100.00
The receipts went to:		
Suppliers of products	15,356,002	41.97
Government for duty	8,852,165	24.20
Services and overhead	5,444,268	14.88
Employees for salaries and wages	2,560,264	7.00
Provide for depreciation	1,160,852	3.18
Income Tax	937,939	2.56
Ampol Stock/Shareowners	1,701,450	4.65
The business to provide facilities and working capital	571,874	1.56
	<u>36,584,814</u>	<u>100.00</u>

Suppliers of products	8/4 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.
Government for duty	4/10d.
Services and overhead	2/11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.
Salaries and wages	1/4 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.
Provision for depreciation	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Income tax	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Ampol Stock/Shareowners	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Facilities and working capital	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.

Who Owns Ampol?

The Ampol subsidiary, Ampol Exploration Limited, has 13,457 Stockowners. Many holders of Ampol securities own more than one type of security and our records reveal that there are over 65,000 individuals who have an interest in Ampol or its subsidiary Company.

Securities	Holders	Total Holdings	Average Holdings
Preference Shares of £1 each	1,892	1,000,000	528
Ordinary 5/- Stock Units	45,259	47,059,918	1,040
Ordinary 5/- Stock Units (Deferred)	1	3,000,000	3,000,000
Ordinary Contributing Shares of 5/- each, Called to 2/6	48,200	13,433,613	278
Options over 5/- Ordinary Shares	387	182,731	472
6% Registered Unsecured Convertible Notes (1963) of 5/- each	20,203	5,974,430	296
6% Registered Unsecured Convertible Notes (1967) of 5/- each	33,949	16,395,573	483
6% Unsecured Registered Notes of £1 each	2,993	1,411,900	472
7 $\frac{1}{2}$ % Registered Unsecured Notes of £100 each	535	22,744	42
7%-9% Registered Unsecured Notes of £1 each	2,724	1,500,000	551

PARENT COMPANY

YEAR 1960

THIS YEAR

1,000,000		1,000,000	
25,000,000		25,000,000	
<u>£26,000,000</u>		<u>£26,000,000</u>	
1,000,000		1,000,000	
10,805,179		11,764,980	
—		750,000	
—		1,679,202	
11,805,179		15,194,182	
—	11,805,179	270,681	15,464,863
2,477,817		2,477,817	
1,502,019		4,585,045	
49,592		149,592	
1,382,657		1,777,333	
417,940		417,940	
5,830,025		9,407,727	
30,771		173,934	
—	5,860,796	—	9,581,661
—	17,665,975	—	25,046,524
1,493,608		1,493,608	
4,098,893		4,098,893	
—	5,592,501	—	5,592,501
<u>£23,258,476</u>		<u>£30,639,025</u>	
11,434,666		13,677,031	
5,859,057		6,596,189	
4,856,940		6,128,840	
22,152,663		26,402,060	
3,253,392		3,979,254	
—	18,899,271	—	22,422,806
1,417,940		1,417,940	
591,754		1,344,272	
9,619,964		11,500,454	
531,868		605,722	
560,353		878,000	
120,000		150,000	
—	12,841,879	—	15,896,390
—	38,544	—	41,544
2,279,030		2,770,570	
4,687,509		3,882,024	
—	6,966,539	2,439,490	9,092,084
—	38,746,233	—	47,452,824
1,664,486		1,822,554	
3,630,193		4,992,057	
756,317		824,781	
397,594		478,666	
36,387		36,196	
191,510		—	
122,000		440,500	
—	6,798,487	—	8,594,754
1,003,950		3,950	
—	—	—	
1,413,050		1,411,900	
1,500,000		1,500,000	
2,274,400		2,274,400	
—	6,191,400	—	5,190,250
1,597,870		1,228,795	
900,000		1,800,000	
—	2,497,870	—	3,028,795
—	15,487,757	—	16,813,799
<u>£23,258,476</u>		<u>£30,639,025</u>	

Balance Sheets

OF AMPOL PETROLEUM LIMITED AT 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1961

Authorised Capital of Ampol Petroleum Limited

1,000,000 Preference Shares of £1 each
100,000,000 Ordinary Shares of 5/- each

Issued and Paid-up Capital of Ampol Petroleum Limited (Note 1)

1,000,000 Preference Shares of £1 each (Fully Paid)
47,059,918 Ordinary Shares of 5/- each (Fully Paid) converted to stock units
3,000,000 Deferred Ordinary Shares of 5/- each (Fully Paid) converted to deferred stock units
13,433,613 Ordinary Shares of 5/- each (Paid to 2/6)

ADD Calls paid in advance

Surplus and Reserves

(Used in the Business) —

General Reserve
Share Premium Reserve
Capital Reserve
Revaluation Reserve
Reserve for Oil Search

Unappropriated Profits

Stockowners' Funds

Registered Unsecured Convertible Notes —

6% 5/- Registered Unsecured Notes convertible into Ordinary Shares at par
5,974,430 Maturing 1st May, 1963
16,395,573 Maturing 1st April, 1967

STOCKOWNERS' FUNDS AND CONVERTIBLE NOTES

THESE FUNDS ARE REPRESENTED BY—

Fixed Assets (At Cost or Valuation, less Depreciation) — (Note 2)

Freehold, Leasehold Properties and Storage Terminals
Plant, Machinery, Pumps, Equipment, etc.
Tankers

LESS Provision for Depreciation

NET FIXED ASSETS

Investments — (Note 3)

Subsidiary companies:

Shares in Ampol Exploration Limited (11,172,347 Fully Paid) (at book value)
Shares in Subsidiary Companies (at cost less dividends from pre-acquisition Profits)
Amounts owing by Subsidiary Companies
Shares in other companies not listed on Stock Exchanges and semi-government inscribed stock (at cost)
Long-term Loan Associate Company
7%-9% Registered Unsecured Notes Redemption Sinking Fund (lodged with Trustee for Note Holders)

Intangible Assets —

Balances on Consolidation (including Goodwill (at Cost) and the difference between the Net Cost of Shares in Subsidiary Companies and the Net Asset Values in those Companies' Accounts at dates of purchase)

Current Assets — (Note 4)

Stock on Hand and in Transit (at cost)
Debtors, Deposits, Cash and Prepayments (after providing for all Debts considered Bad and Doubtful)
Deposits at call

TOTAL ASSETS

LESS

Current Liabilities and Provisions —

Secured Bank Loans (including Surrendered Bills of Lading)
Sundry Creditors
Provision for Dividends
Provision for Taxation
Provision for Long Service and Staff Contingencies
Short-Term Monies
Short-Term Loan—Subsidiary Company

INTER-COMPANY balances, being adjustment on account of variation in balancing dates

Other Liabilities — (Note 5)

Long-Term Loan
Building Loan (Secured)
Registered Unsecured Notes—
6% Maturing 1st December, 1964
7% Participating to 9% Maturing:
1st August, 1968 1,137,600
1st August, 1971 155,000
1st August, 1976 207,400
7½% Maturing:
30th September, 1970 889,400
30th September, 1975 1,385,000
2,274,400

Tanker Finance — (Note 6)

The First National City Bank of New York-London (Secured)
The National Bank of Australasia Limited (Secured)

NET ASSETS

V. H. TATE, General Secretary L. J. THOMPSON, P. J. ADAMS, Directors

Page 18—25th Ampol Annual Report

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—December 20, 1961

CONSOLIDATED

THIS YEAR	YEAR 1960
1,000,000	1,000,000
25,000,000	25,000,000
<u>£26,000,000</u>	<u>£26,000,000</u>
1,000,000	1,000,000
11,764,980	10,805,179
750,000	—
1,679,202	—
15,194,182	11,805,179
270,681	—
15,464,863	11,805,179
2,550,000	2,550,000
4,585,045	1,502,019
299,592	199,592
3,028,560	2,255,123
417,940	417,940
10,881,137	6,924,674
266,735	185,892
11,147,872	7,110,566
26,612,735	18,915,745
1,493,608	1,493,608
4,098,893	4,098,893
5,592,501	5,592,501
<u>£32,205,236</u>	<u>£24,508,246</u>
23,955,823	19,656,878
10,751,467	9,136,474
6,128,840	4,858,940
40,836,130	33,652,292
6,174,880	4,844,509
34,661,250	28,807,783
1,417,940	1,417,940
623,233	532,119
878,002	560,353
150,000	120,000
3,069,175	2,630,412
62,218	363,901
4,305,460	3,700,205
6,463,164	6,927,360
2,439,490	—
13,208,114	10,627,565
51,000,757	42,429,661
1,845,771	1,702,883
6,070,817	5,179,663
824,781	756,317
1,054,000	1,003,753
80,476	66,179
440,500	191,510
10,316,345	122,000
55,131	9,022,305
3,950	—5,160
205,000	1,003,950
215,000	—
5,186,300	5,187,450
5,395,250	6,406,400
1,228,795	1,597,870
1,800,000	900,000
3,028,795	2,497,870
18,795,521	17,921,415
<u>£32,205,236</u>	<u>£24,508,246</u>

Supplementary Information

1. Issued and Paid Up Capital

Movements during the year were:—
 Issue in progress at 30th September, 1961, of ordinary 5/- shares on basis of 1 ordinary share for every 5 ordinary shares and/or convertible notes held. 13,433,613 Ordinary 5/- shares (paid to 2/6) 1,679,202
 Issue to California Texas Oil Corporation of 3,000,000 ordinary 5/- stock units fully paid at a premium of 8/4 per unit. These stock units will rank for 5% dividend until 1st October, 1966, and will have no participation rights to future share issues, until 1st October, 1966, when they will rank with ordinary stock units in all respects 750,000
 Issue of 3,409,218 ordinary 5/- stock units fully paid to acquire the assets of Yellow Cabs Holdings Limited 852,304
 Issue of 426,986 ordinary 5/- stock units fully paid at a total premium of £135,453 to acquire certain freehold properties 106,747
 Conversion of 3,000 options by 13 holders, who under the terms of the 6% Unsecured Note issue were given the option to take up one 5/- Ordinary Share at a premium of 10/- for each £1 note held (387 holders of option retain the right to take up 182,731 Ordinary Shares before 1st December, 1961) 750
£3,389,003

2. Fixed Assets

Comprise:
 Freehold and Leasehold Properties 21,522,916
 Plant, Machinery, Pumps and Equipment 7,847,468
 Tankers (and Tanker Under Construction) 5,290,866
£34,661,250

3. Investments

Ampol Exploration Limited:
 The accounts of this company have not been included in the consolidation, but the shares in that company are shown as an investment of the group. Since 1957 capital contributions for Oil Exploration have been financed out of current revenue. Consequently, the call of 3/6 per share on the contributory shares made during the year amounting to £391,031 appears in the profit appropriations. In addition a specific reserve for Oil Search has been created and this is included in "Surplus and Reserves."

Shares in Subsidiary Companies and Amounts Owed by Subsidiary Companies:
 These figures do not appear in the Consolidated Balance Sheet as separate items because they are consolidated in Fixed and Current Assets, etc.

Shares in Other Companies not listed on Stock Exchanges:
 This includes capital contribution of £500,491 to our Associate Company, B. F. Goodrich Australia Pty. Limited, in which Ampol Petroleum Limited has a 41.79% stockholding.

Long-Term Loan—Associate Company:
 As the partnership arrangement between Ampol and International B. F. Goodrich involves financing by way of secured long-term loans in the same proportions as capital contributions an additional amount of £317,649 was advanced during the year.

1% - 9% Registered Unsecured Notes Redemption Sinking Fund Investment:
 Under the terms of the Trust Deed, £30,000 per annum is lodged with the Trustee for Noteholders' investment.

4. Current Assets

Debtors, Deposits, Cash and Prepayments comprise:
 Trade Debtors 3,021,994
 (Less provision for Doubtful Debts)
 Other Debtors 2,432,887
 Cash on Hand and in Bank 471,187
 Prepayments 537,096
£6,463,164

Deposits at Call:
 Funds from the share issue in progress, not required immediately were placed on deposit at short call.

5. Other Liabilities

Long-Term Loan:
 £1,000,000 of the Long-term Loan was repaid during the year.

Building Loan:
 The cost of the Melbourne office was financed by mortgage to the Australian Mutual Provident Society.

6. Tanker Finance

The First National City Bank of New York, London, financed the building of the tanker "Leslie J. Thompson" and is secured by tanker mortgage. The National Bank of Australasia Limited is financing the construction of the tanker at Whyalla, South Australia, and has security over the vessel.

7. Contingent Liabilities

There are commitments in respect of buildings in course of erection, properties in process of purchase and tanker under construction. The company has also guaranteed the overdrafts of some subsidiary and associated companies.

Auditors' Report

We report that we have audited the accounts of Ampol Petroleum Limited for the year ended 30th September, 1961. We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required and in our opinion the accompanying Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company. In our opinion, the Register of Members and other records which the Company is required to keep by the New South Wales Companies Act, 1936, or by its Articles, have been properly kept.

20th November, 1961

HOLT & THOMPSON
 Chartered Accountants

Registered under the Public Accountants Registration Act, 1945, as amended.

Profit and Loss Accounts

OF AMPOL PETROLEUM LIMITED FOR TWELVE MONTHS ENDED 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1961

PARENT COMPANY

CONSOLIDATED

YEAR 1960	THIS YEAR		THIS YEAR	YEAR 1960
1,768,098	2,372,870	NET PROFIT ON TRADING AND SHIPPING (After allowing for Distribution and Administrative Expenses)	4,467,557	4,074,480
—	—	Pre-acquisition Profits of Subsidiary Company	97,834	—
—	—	Capital Profits on sale of Assets	160,797	—
1,768,098	2,372,870		4,726,188	4,074,480
		DEDUCT:		
7,000	7,000	Directors' Fees	12,900	9,600
658,071	772,637	Provision for Depreciation	1,160,852	962,614
51,641	54,934	Staff Provident Fund	82,542	78,383
361,000	434,011	Provision for Taxation	937,939	920,000
1,077,712	1,268,582		2,194,233	1,970,597
690,386	1,104,288		2,531,955	2,103,883
		ADD:		
1,316,314	1,489,987	Dividends received from Subsidiary Companies	—	—
2,006,700	2,594,275			
		LESS:		
—	97,834	Pre-acquisition Profits applied in reduction of cost of shares in subsidiary	97,834	—
—	160,797	Capital profits on sale of assets added to provision for bad and doubtful debts	160,797	—
	258,631		258,631	
	2,335,644		2,273,324	2,103,883
		ADD:		
6,609	30,771	Balance brought forward from previous year	185,892	64,547
2,013,309	2,366,415	AVAILABLE FOR APPROPRIATION	2,459,216	2,168,430
		DEDUCT:		
60,000	60,000	Preference Dividend (year ended 30/9/61)	60,000	60,000
754,498	816,669	Interim Ordinary Dividend	816,669	754,498
756,317	824,781	Provision for Final Ordinary Dividend	824,781	756,317
111,723	391,031	Reserve for Oil Search	391,031	111,723
—	100,000	Transfer to Capital Reserve	100,000	—
300,000	—	Transfer to General Reserve	—	300,000
1,982,538	2,192,481		2,192,481	1,982,538
£30,771	£173,934	LEAVING A BALANCE CARRIED FORWARD OF	£266,735	£185,892

V. H. TATE, General Secretary

L. J. THOMPSON }
P. J. ADAMS } Directors

NOTE: The profits of Subsidiary Companies have been included in the accounts of Ampol Petroleum Limited only to the extent of dividends declared by the Subsidiary Companies.

Funds Received and How Employed

FOR TWELVE MONTHS ENDED 30th SEPTEMBER, 1961

SOURCES OF FUNDS WERE:—

TRADING OPERATIONS:

Net Profit	2,273,324	
Provision for Income Tax	937,939	
Provision for Depreciation	1,160,852	
	<u>4,372,115</u>	
LESS Payment For:		
Income Tax	887,692	
Dividends to Stock/Shareowners	1,632,986	
	<u>2,520,678</u>	1,851,437

NEW CAPITAL & NOTE ISSUES:

Share Issue in progress	3,818,562	
Stock units issued at a premium to California Texas Oil Corporation	2,000,000	
Stock units issued for acquisition of Yellow Cabs Holdings Limited	852,304	
Stock units issued at a premium to acquire Freehold properties	242,200	
Stock units issued at a premium for option conversions	2,250	
	<u>6,915,316</u>	
		8,766,753

TOTAL NEW FUNDS AVAILABLE FOR DISPOSAL:

ADDITIONAL FUNDS MADE AVAILABLE FROM WORKING CAPITAL:

Reduction in Debtors, Deposits, Cash & Prepayments	464,196	
Increase in Bank Loans	142,888	
Increase in Creditors	905,451	
Short-Term Loan—Subsidiary Company	318,500	
Adjustment of Inter Company Balances	60,291	
	<u>1,891,326</u>	

SECURED BANK LOAN:

The National Bank of Australasia Limited	900,000	
REDUCTION IN INTANGIBLES:	301,683	

TOTAL FUNDS AVAILABLE FOR DISPOSAL:

£11,859,762

DISPOSED OF AS FOLLOWS:—

FIXED ASSETS:

Freehold, Leasehold Properties & Storage Terminals	3,355,987	
Plant, Machinery, Pumps & Equipment	1,614,993	
Tankers	1,269,902	
	<u>6,240,882</u>	

WORKING CAPITAL:

Deposits at Call	2,439,490	
Reduction of Short-Term Monies	191,510	
Increase in Value of Stocks on Hand	605,255	
	<u>3,236,255</u>	

SINKING FUND FOR REDEMPTION 7%-9% NOTES:

BUILDING LOAN REPAYMENT:	30,000
OIL SEARCH EXPENDITURE:	10,000
	391,031

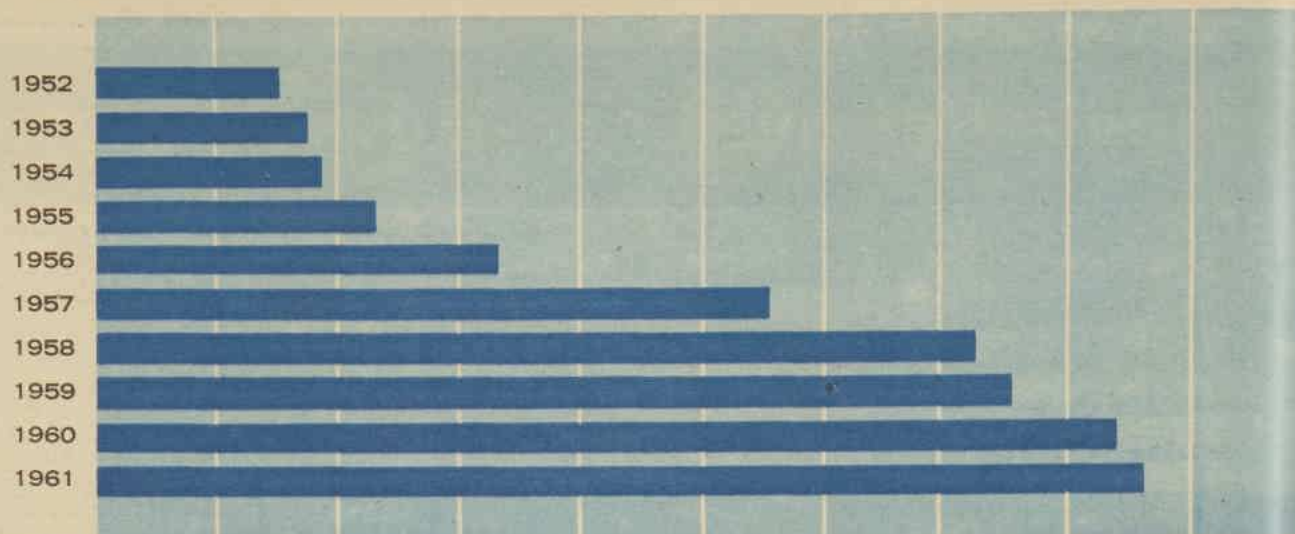
REDUCTION OF SECURED BANK LOAN:—The First National City Bank of New York—London

	369,075
LONG-TERM LOAN:—Associated Company	317,649
REPAYMENT OF A LONG TERM LOAN:	1,000,000

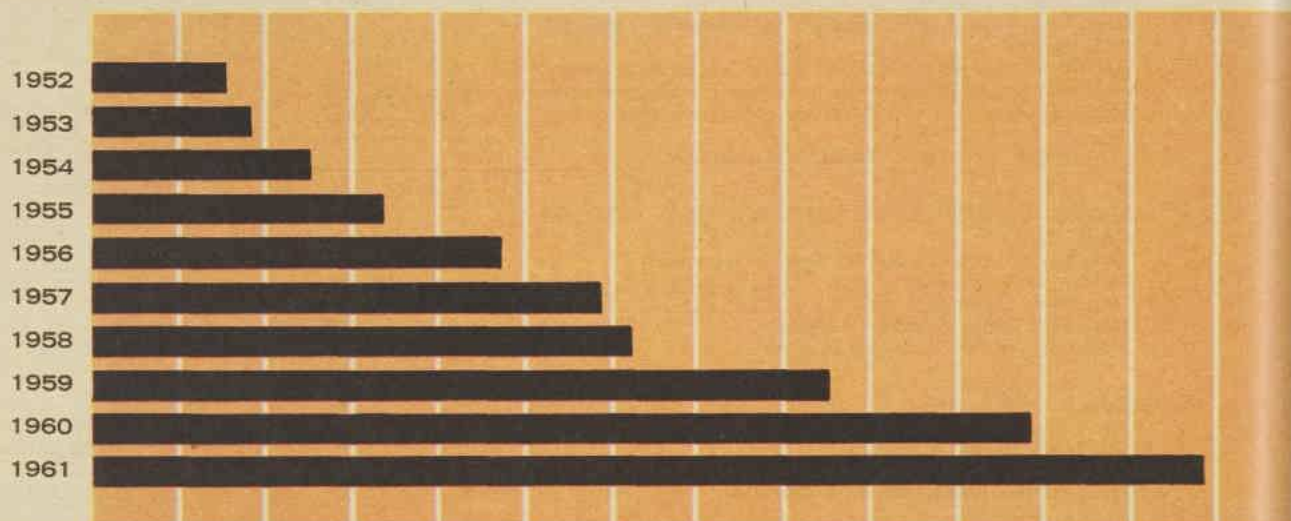
SURRENDER OF 1964 NOTES ON CONVERSION OF OPTIONS:	1,150
PURCHASE OF SHARES IN OTHER COMPANIES:	23,854

PURCHASE OF INSCRIBED STOCK:—Government and Semi-Government	67,260
	172,606

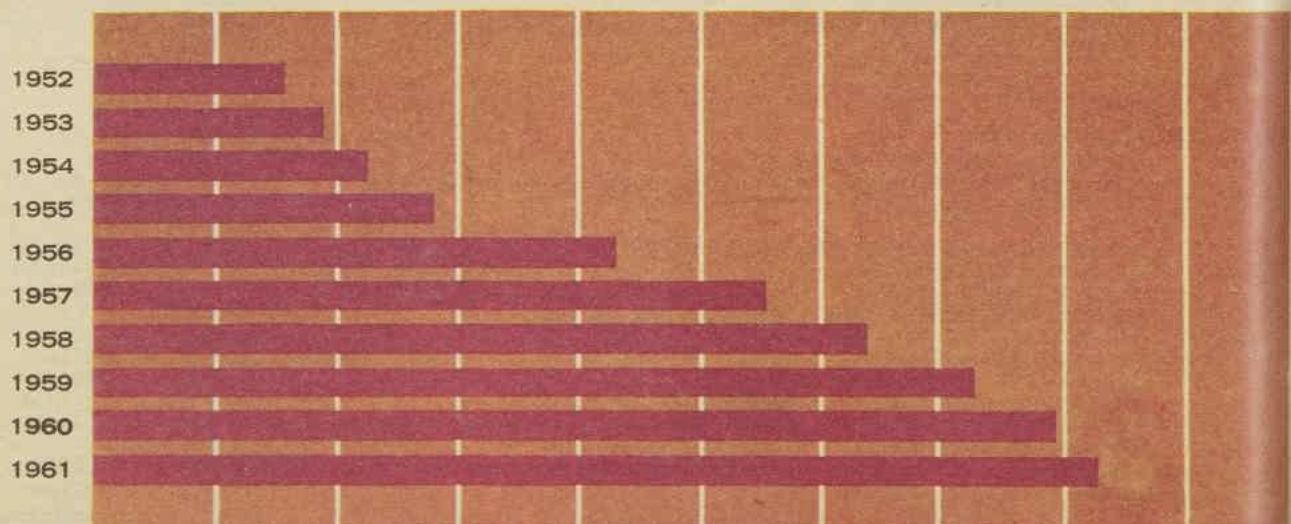
UNDERWRITING FEE:—Share Issue	<u>£11,859,762</u>
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NET PROFIT £'s 250,000 500,000 750,000 1,000,000 1,250,000 1,500,000 1,750,000 2,000,000 2,250,000
AFTER TAX



TOTAL ASSETS £'s 4,000,000 8,000,000 12,000,000 16,000,000 20,000,000 24,000,000 28,000,000 32,000,000 36,000,000 40,000,000 44,000,000 48,000,000 52,000,000



TURNOVER £'s 8,000,000 12,000,000 16,000,000 20,000,000 24,000,000 28,000,000 32,000,000 36,000,000 40,000,000

Financial History

OF THE LAST TEN YEARS

	1961	1960	1959	1958	1957	1956	1955	1954	1953	1952
Sales Gallonage	235,216,073	225,007,833	195,367,831	168,511,182	146,576,017	117,685,728	98,782,033	78,824,936	67,285,432	58,688,717
Wholesale and other Revenue	£36,584,814	£35,351,659	£32,547,096	£29,453,903	£25,844,978	£20,551,093	£15,229,717	£12,447,790	£11,346,807	£9,969,921
	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£
Net Profit after Tax	2,273,324	2,103,883	1,866,613	1,760,599	1,436,519	779,820	585,948	455,917	366,930	304,286
Taxation Provision	937,939	920,000	1,002,239	934,287	814,798	478,174	235,194	261,659	233,002	311,250
Dividends Paid	1,701,450	1,570,815	1,336,555	1,068,063	812,825	526,202	405,512	346,177	238,129	195,629
Preference Dividend Rate	6%	6%	6%	6%	6%	6%	6%	6%	6%	6%
Ordinary Dividend Rate	14%	14%	13½%	13½%	12½%	12½%	12½%	12½%	10%	10%
Paid-up Capital	15,464,863	11,805,179	11,695,859	9,378,241	8,128,284	5,608,038	3,744,850	3,735,600	2,672,273	2,480,000
General Reserves	6,562,827	5,608,547	4,146,051	3,696,000	3,154,509	2,558,266	978,176	879,589	769,849	694,048
Share Premium Reserve	4,585,045	1,502,019	1,302,168	552,168	546,691	1,529,877	1,834,365	1,833,716	433,716	433,716
Stockowners' Funds	26,612,735	18,915,745	17,144,078	13,626,409	11,829,484	9,696,181	6,557,391	6,448,905	3,875,838	3,607,764
Convertible Notes	5,592,501	5,592,501	1,493,608	1,493,608	—	—	—	—	—	—
Fixed Assets	34,661,250	31,438,195	24,894,710	18,226,748	17,045,664	14,599,511	9,424,767	6,590,335	4,123,840	2,795,632
Total Assets	51,000,757	42,434,821	33,582,294	24,900,589	23,223,850	19,701,884	13,572,354	9,729,501	7,350,996	6,271,126

The Covers

The front and back covers aptly illustrate Ampol's 1961 Australia-wide activities. As the front cover shows, an Ampol station is a good place to take a good car to get good petrol at any time, but particularly on a night when you are out to enjoy yourself. There is contrast in the back cover, just as there is great contrast in the 1961 scope of Ampol. It shows a group of "roughnecks" hard at work on the drilling rig at Eneabba in Western Australia—the latest well that Ampol and its partners in WAPET have put down—the 70th well they have drilled in nine years in their unrelenting search for oil.

